

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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A MADONNA OF DAGNAN-BOUVERET.



I.

OH, brooding thought of dread!
Oh, calm of coming grief!
Oh, mist of tears unshed
Above that shining head
That for an hour too brief
Lies on thy nurturing knee!
How shall we pity thee,
Mother of sorrows—sorrows yet to be!

II.

That babyhood unknown
With all of bright or fair
That lingers in our own
By every hearth has shone.
Each year that light we share
As Bethlehem saw it shine.
Be ours the comfort thine,
Mother of consolations all divine!



PICTURESQUE NEW YORK.¹

I.



N the last century, Sir Uvedale Price, preaching the new gospel of reaction against formality in gardening art, tried through a whole volume to explain picturesqueness. By dint of piling up descriptions, in very pretty phrases, he succeeded. But he nowhere hit upon a good quotable definition, and I do not think that any writer since his day has found one. However, many writers have tried to define beauty with no better

natural man. Its charm—if I must attempt a bit of defining myself—is made up of harmonious and alien elements. It must have some elements which speak to the esthetic sense, and also some which speak to that love of sharp and telling contrasts, to that delight in the fortuitous and surprising, which is equally innate in our souls.

Thus the essence of picturesqueness is variety; and the charm of variety is more easily appreciated than the charm of simple and pure perfection. More attractive to the average tourist than even the cathedrals, which



THE BATTERY.

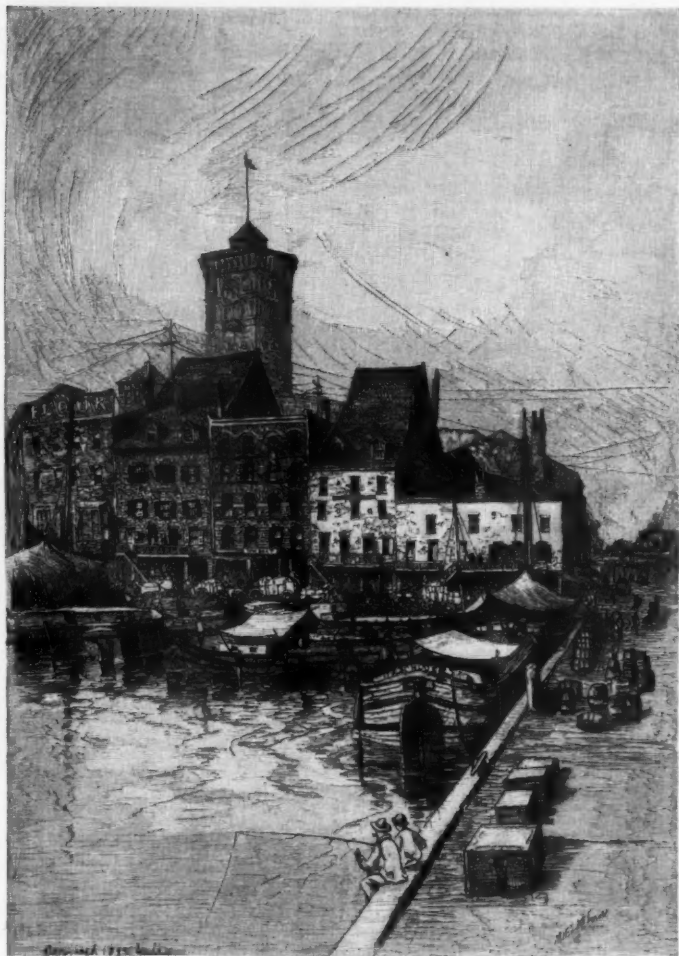
ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

success, and yet most people know, although they cannot tell, what beauty and picturesqueness are.

Of course, with the one as with the other, individual estimates differ. But divergence in taste is greater, I think, as regards beauty than as regards picturesqueness. Only that long practice of the eye and mind which we call cultivation can fully reveal the higher kinds of beauty; but picturesqueness instantly appeals to the

stand undisturbed, are the ruined abbeys of England—those abbeys to which the destroying hand of the Reformer and the decorating hand of Nature have given a greater amount of variety, a larger element of the unexpected, a higher degree of picturesqueness. There must be many persons who would rather look at the Parthenon in fragments than see it as it was before the Turkish bomb exploded. I am sure that a quite naïve, untrained eye would rather see its fragments picturesquely overgrown with ivy and sprinkled with wild flowers than beautifully naked under the un-

¹ With nine etchings by Charles F. W. Mielatz, reproduced by wood-engraving, and three pen-and-ink drawings by T. R. Manly, on page 174.



COENTIES SLIP.

ENGRAVED BY A. GAMM.

clouded sun. And such an eye would admire Alcibiades more in the peaked cap, scalloped jerkin, and pointed shoes of the fifteenth century, than draped in the straight folds of a chiton, or passing unclothed from the wrestling-ground to the bath.

Nevertheless, not all eyes can appreciate picturesqueness wherever it occurs. While esthetic cultivation leads one gradually to rank the beautiful above the picturesque, at the same time it opens the senses to many forms of picturesqueness hitherto unperceived. It is a truism to say that a landscape-painter finds a hundred things paintable, pictorial (and this comes very near to meaning picturesque), which the Philistine finds absolutely uninteresting or

actually repulsive. Why should this be? It is because, as I have said, some elements of real beauty must enter into the picturesque, and the artist's eye is so trained to seek out beauties that it finds them, very often, where the untaught eye sees unmitigated ugliness.

Among the things it has learned to value are beauties of light and shadow. Ordinary folk seldom notice these. To them a landscape is the same landscape at dawn, at noon, and at dusk. To the artist it is three different landscapes at these different hours; and at one hour, perhaps, is totally uninteresting, at another exquisitely lovely. Again, the artist notes charms of color with especial keenness. And, again, he has trained himself to see things as

a whole, when they look best that way, without being disturbed by their details, and, in a contrary case, to forget the whole in admiration for certain features or effects.

Thus the artist sees more in nature, and sees it better, than the ordinary man. And as it is with the spontaneous products of the earth, so

of New York, which seems to sparkle with Atlantic salt, also stands by itself to the eye. Even the air of Philadelphia seems duller and less vital, and the air of Boston colder and more raw.

The quality of the atmosphere influences not only the aspect of sky and cloud, the in-



ON THE EAST RIVER.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

it is with those huge artificial products we call cities. The painter will agree with you when you say that Paris is beautiful and New York is not, or that, compared with Nuremberg, New York is prosaic. But, whether you assert or deny the fact, he will insist that there are many picturesque things and places in New York, and that, under certain conditions, it presents many broadly picturesque effects; and he may even tell you that it is a picturesque city in a queer New World fashion of its own.

II.

ONE great influence determining the aspect of a city is the quality of its atmosphere. This quality is not alike in any two large towns unless they are geographically and industrially very near akin. Doubtless the atmosphere of Birmingham is quite like that of Manchester. But the smoky air of London is not the same as the smoky air of Chicago. The delicate, grayish atmosphere of Paris can nowhere be matched. And the clear, pure, crystalline air

tensity of sunshine, and the look of long street-perspectives, but every minor fact of color, and of light and shadow. Put our party-colored New York buildings in London, and we should hardly recognize them, even while their surfaces were still unstained by soot; the thickness of the air would effectually disguise them. Put the dull-looking buildings of London in New York, and they would be transfigured to something new by our brilliant sky, our crisp lights, and our strong, sharp shadows.

Ugly as the American tourist thinks the smokes and fogs of London, they have a great attraction for the artist, lending themselves to the most powerful effects of chiaroscuro, and removing the need to draw details with prosaic accuracy. The fact that London has so seldom been portrayed by English artists simply shows that there have not been many sensitive artists in England. On the other hand, the much thinner, purer, but still slightly misty air of Paris, has had a thousand devotees. It subdues without shrouding facts of local color, and softens details into manageable shape without conceal-



A RAINY NIGHT, MADISON SQUARE.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBLER.

ing them. The transparent, almost metallic air of New York is more difficult to deal with. It keeps our city incomparably clean, and cleanliness is not so artistic as it is godly. I am glad of this chance to celebrate the cleanliness of New York, for we are always being told how dirty it is. It is certainly very dirty underfoot in many of its streets. But the eye which is looking for beauty or picturesqueness—the eye which is really seeing a city—does not care chiefly about pavements. And above our pavements we are so extremely clean that an artist of any previous generation would have declared us impossible to paint. The modern artist, however, is not afraid of subjects which lack “tone.” He has washed the old traditional palette, and set it anew with

fresh, cheerful colors; he has learned how to portray the brightest sunshine; and he can rejoice in a place where he must paint sunlight falling on clear whites and yellows, bold reds, bright browns, and vivid greens, no less than one where, as in London, he can confine himself to neutral tones, or where, as in Paris, he can veil his whites, his pale light blues, his soft greens, and occasional notes of a more brilliant kind, with a delicate gauze of airiest gray. Indeed, the more modern in temper he is, the more he is attracted by the “toneless” problem; for it is the more difficult one, the newer one, and, therefore, the one with which he has the best chance to do something that was not hackneyed long before he was born.

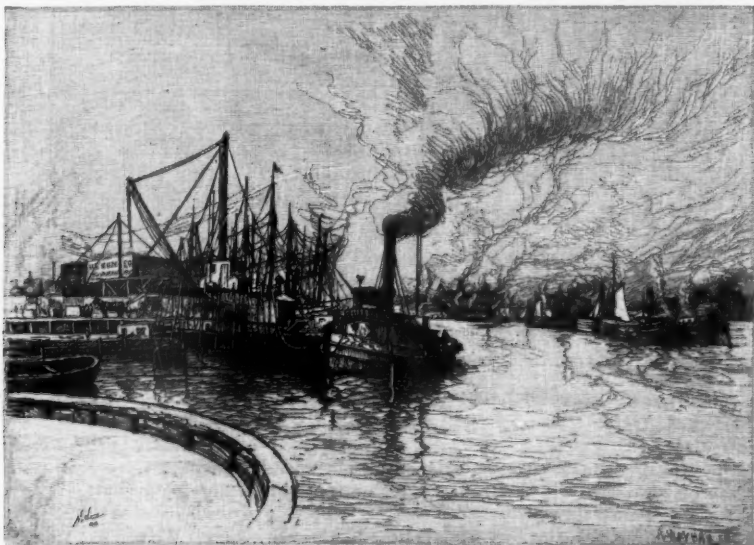
So our young artists are beginning to draw

and to etch and to paint New York, and here and there they find corners and vistas of delightfully novel flavor. They are excited by those frank, big irregularities of form which drive an architect to righteous despair, and which tune the Philistine tongue to less discriminating contumely. They are stimulated by our high, clear notes of color. And they take particular pleasure in seeing how finely an occasional stream of black smoke from a chimney, or billowy rush of white steam from an elevated train, cuts into and contrasts with the crystal air and the azure sky, and then dies away, leaving them unpolluted. They do not say that New York is beautiful, but they do say that it is "most amusing"; and this is the current studio synonym for picturesque.

The most picturesque of all the sights that New York offers is its general aspect when seen at night from a boat on the water. The abrupt, extraordinary contrasts of its sky-line are then subdued to a gigantic mystery; its myriad, many-colored lights spangle like those of some supernally large casino; and from the east or

ward, the big islands in mid-stream look much too pleasantly varied and bright to be the abodes of poverty, illness, and crime. And there is nothing in any land which, to the searcher for broadly picturesque effects, can be more satisfying than the southward outlook from the bridge itself, when the afternoon sun is shining on the gray-and-silver bay.

One of the most beautiful views I have ever beheld, one far too nobly beautiful to be called picturesque, is the view of Paris, seen from the top of the towers of Notre Dame. None of New York's towers can show us anything which equals this panorama of pale gray and verdant tones, slipping away to the encircling hills, and cut through the middle by the shining line of the many-bridged Seine. Yet we get a very entertaining panorama of ruddy architectural irregularities, spotted by the more aggressive tall white or yellow irregularities of recent years, from the tower on Madison Square, while the desirable element of beauty is supplied by the distant boundary-lines of water and further



EAST RIVER AT GRAND STREET.

ENGRAVED BY A. HAYMAN.

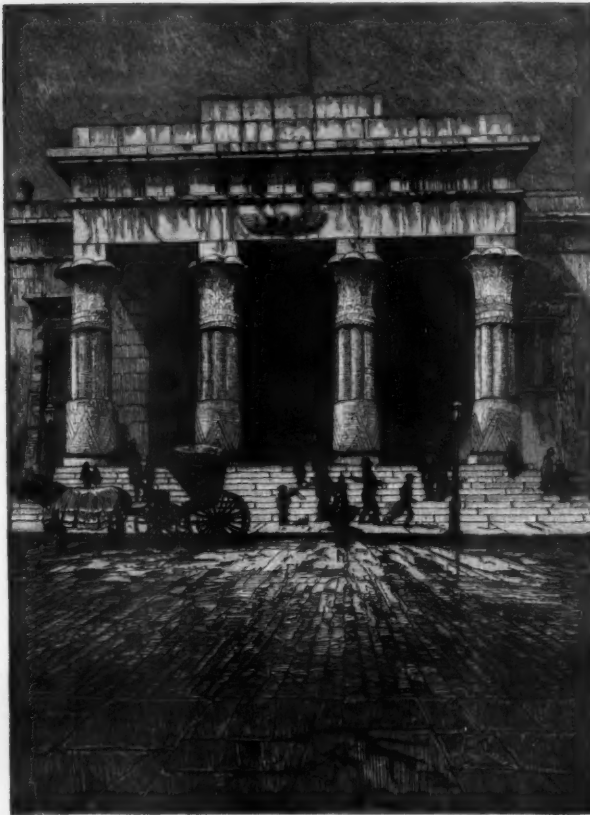
south we see one element of rare and solemn beauty — the sweep of the great bridge, defined by starry sparks, as though a bit of the arch of heaven had descended to brood over the surface of the waves.

In the daylight the city's sky-line, all along the western shore, is much too pronounced and yet prosaic to be picturesque. But on the more winding eastern shore there are many picturesque points of view, with the bridge always playing its part. When we get further north-

shore. And from the top of the "World" tower down-town, where the adjacent buildings are loftier and the wide waters are much nearer, the prospect is astonishingly picturesque, astonishingly beautiful even, although in a wilder, cruder way than the one from the towers of Notre Dame.

III.

WHEN we walk through our streets we want to appreciate all the picturesqueness they con-



THE TOMBS.

ENGRAVED BY J. CLEMENT.

tain, we must cultivate the artistic faculty of seeing only just as much at a time as we ought to see. We must sometimes note the general effect without considering special features, and sometimes contemplate a special feature to the exclusion of its neighbors. And we must put all rules of enjoyment learned in other towns out of mind, and all respect for ancient architectural canons.

For example, we may walk a long way upon Fifth Avenue without finding a truly picturesque feature. But do you want to see a finely picturesque general effect? Take an hour toward sunset, stand near Thirty-fifth street. Look to the southward, first down the slope of the long, gentle hill, and then down the longer level reach beyond, and let your eye rest on the far roseate mist and the crimson southern sky. This is more than a picturesque sight. It is a beautiful sight, and there are so few of its kind in New York that it ought never to be offered to unheeding eyes.

VOL. XLV.—23.

Continue your course down the avenue, and perhaps you will be lucky enough to round the shoulder of the Brunswick while the shadows lie heavy on the trees in Madison Square; but the sky is still vivid overhead, and a strong beam of sunshine still lingers far up on Diana's saffron tower. This too is a beautiful sight, if you look only at the tower. But, seen from a more southerly point, with alien buildings around it, and a mat of foliage at its feet, the tower is eminently picturesque even at noon-time, still more at sunset, and especially at night when it is wreathed with flashing lamps. But it grows purely beautiful again in a clear midnight, when there is no light but the stars' light, yet this suffices to bring out its pallid grace against a sky which, being the sky of New York, is, even at midnight, definitely blue.

A little further to the southward still, and you stand at the corner of Twenty-third street. Here you will be happiest in winter, for then

a carpet of snow may give a key-note of color repeated in the white fronts of certain big shops, and again in the clouds which mark the flight of an elevated train at the end of the vista. This is not a beautiful view, but it

judge them collectively as an element in a tangled street-perspective. Our elevated roads have certainly "spoiled" many of our avenues; yet they bring numerous picturesque notes into the vistas of our cross-streets; and when we



ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLE.

ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.

is a picturesque one, and picturesque in a bold, careless, showy way quite characteristic of New York. For in other American towns where architecture is as audacious and irresponsible as here, there are not the same high colors distributed in the same effective large masses, and bathed in the same almost yet not quite metallic air. Chicago uses more different kinds of building-material than do we; but even if her smoke did not subdue their tints, she would still lack the coloristic decision of New York; for we make a much larger use of white and pale-yellow stone and brick and terra-cotta.

Twenty-third street is a good place in which to learn that there are two sides to many optical questions. Our women, for instance, clothe themselves much too gaudily outdoors if we judge them individually by the standard of good taste in dress; but they do not if we

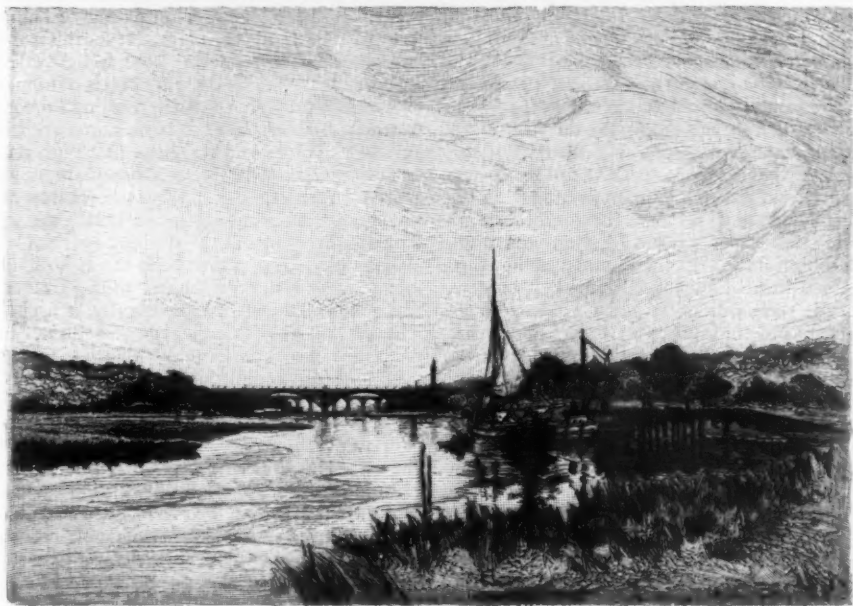
travel by them, especially at night, they delight our eyes with striking effects never seen until they were built. And it is the same with our flaunting sign-boards. Architecturally criminal, and destructive of that look of dignified repose which may be even better in a city than picturesqueness, they add to the accidental contrasts which a painter of modern temper loves.

The whole of Madison Square is picturesque to a painter of this sort, by day and night, in summer and winter. Or it would be if only some one would build, on its sharp southern corner, another tall light-colored tower to challenge Diana's across the trees. Even this same shabby corner, as our etcher shows, is not unpicturesque when veiled by night and a rain-storm; and there are many other places in New York which assume a surprisingly pictorial aspect under these conditions.

But these are not our characteristic conditions. They do not show our picturesqueness as most distinctly different from that of any other town. Our atmosphere and our light are our chief glories, with the splendid sapphire sky they give, and the sumptuous masses of white clouds they allow to brood or fly above us. Therefore we have been wise of late years to run so decidedly to architectural whites and yellows. And therefore a shining spring day is the one on which we prefer that a stranger shall first behold us; or a snow-clad but equally shining winter day—the sort of day which

filthy water-streets show touches of it, and from the water itself there unrolls a perpetually new grouping of those many-sized hulls and tangled spars and cordages which, in every century and every maritime land, have been the artist's joy. Queer, sordid and ramshackle are many of these waterside pictures, but often good to paint, and still more often very good indeed to draw.

New York has nothing, alas, to recall the clean, stately quays which are a distinctive feature in most European seaports. But around the Battery there is a dignified promenade, and



TWO BRIDGES ON THE HARLEM.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

comes rarely now, as regards the snow, but, if we may believe veracious elders, used to come by months at a time. Then, when the sleighs are out, and every note of color in house or dress is keyed up to a double intensity by the white background, and the sleigh-bells do not ring more gaily than the brisk wind greets our cheeks, it must be a dull eye which finds the upper part of New York dully prosaic.

IV.

BUT it is not only up-town, in the central, respectable streets, that the picturesqueness of New York resides,—not only and, in one sense, not chiefly,—although here our color-effects are most brilliant. Picturesqueness of detail is unending along the river-fronts. Even the grimy,

the prospect it offers of restless water and protean craft need not fear a rival. South street is more respectable than most of our water-streets, and seems distinctly picturesque to me. But perhaps this is because, as a child, I used to sit there in my grandfather's office and marvel at the giant bowsprits which almost came in at the window. Farther north lies Coenties Slip, with some rare remaining bits of old-time architecture—"stores" whose quaint, Dutch, bourgeois quietude is emphatically brought out by the self-assertiveness of the big square red tower of the Produce Exchange behind them.

Then, as we penetrate toward the center of the down-town district, there are picturesque glimpses of verdure, lighted up by flaming flower-beds, at Bowling Green and near the City Hall; and there are the varying reaches,

now straight, now curving, now narrow, and now broad, of the teeming business streets. Here is the famous slant of Wall street, made almost tunnel-like in recent years by the height of its reconstructed buildings. And from it we get another of New York's best sights—the sight of Trinity Church, and of that peaceful graveyard which looks doubly peaceful amid this riot and roar; church and graveyard impressing not only the eye but the mind as witnesses that beauty and righteousness have their claims no less than money-making and architectural display.

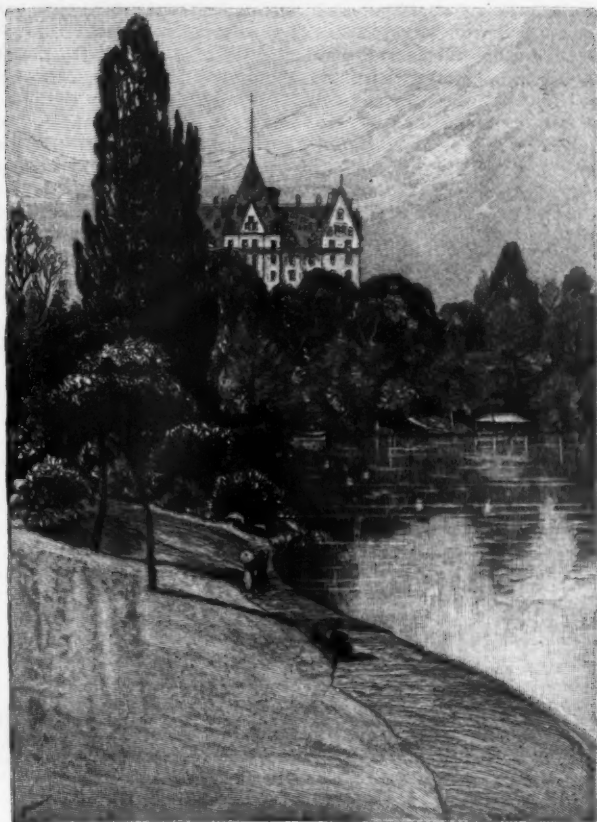
But we cannot appreciate the picturesqueness which New York wears to both mind and eye unless we go immediately from the stately commercialism of its down-town streets to the adjacent tenement-house districts. Pest-holes to the sanitarian and the moralist, loathsome abodes of filth and horror to the respectable citizen, many parts of these districts gratify the eye that seeks pictorial pleasure. I have seen Grand street at Christmas-time when the East-siders had on their best clothes, and were wandering in crowded groups along the booth-lined pavement, and the big shops seemed to have disgorged half their contents outside their windows; and Grand street was almost as picturesque as a German *Jahrmarkt*. I have seen Hester street on a Friday afternoon in May, when it swarmed so thickly with Jews of a dozen lands—hucksters and buyers inextricably mixed—that there seemed no room for another, and all were as little like Americans as though they had never left their outlandish homes, and not a sound in their loud Babel was a recognizable part of civilized speech; and Hester street was amazingly like those foreign ghettos which traveling New-Yorkers take such pains to visit. I have seen Mulberry Bend on an October day, when it was just as full of Italians, lounging, eating, working, gossiping out of doors, with faces as beautifully brown and ruddy, teeth as white, smiles as quick, speech as voluble, jewelry as profuse, and garments as party-colored, as though they were at home in their Naples; and the New York sun gilded them as radiantly as though it had been the sun of Naples. I have seen the Bowery at night, when it is not a Parisian boulevard, but is something the like of which one could not see in any Paris; and a Chinese theater filled with Chinamen as absolutely celestial as though they had come through instead of around the globe. And while of course I know that there are many other odd sights to be seen in New York, these have been enough to prove that he who says it is unpicturesque has never looked at it at all.

Even yet we are by no means at the end of it. We must not forget the City Hall Park,

which, with the giant newspaper buildings around it, would be so fair a center for the downtown districts had not Uncle Sam seen fit to truncate it and shut it in with his great ugly Post-office. Still, however, it is shady, flowery, and attractive, as the newsboys always know, and as scores of tramps daily discover. And it still holds unchanged that old City Hall, which is perhaps the most beautiful of all our buildings, and which ought never to be changed, no matter how much money and how many other alterations it may cost us to preserve it. A couple of miles up-town is Washington Square, where, again, there are many tramps, but, instead of the newsboys, a sprinkling of baby-wagons and white-capped nurses; for this is the boundary-line between very poor and crowded and very well-to-do and roomy streets of homes—South Fifth Avenue, with its teeming French, German, Irish, and negro population, ending against one of its sides, and the true Fifth Avenue starting from another. This square shows at its best, perhaps, when from the window of some tall apartment-house we look over its crowding tree-tops at the flushing morning or evening sky. But even at the street-level its foliage gives a double interest to the University building, which, architecturally, is a poor imitation of English collegiate structures, but pictorially has considerable charm; to the neighboring gray church whose qualities are of a similar sort; to our new white Washington Arch; and to the beautiful Italianesque campanile of the new yellow-and-white Baptist church. This arch and this tower have made Washington Square really picturesque, especially when, standing near the one, we see the other against a sunset sky, and its great crowning cross begins to glow with electric flame—a torch of warning and of invitation alike to the outwardly righteous dweller on Fifth Avenue and the openly sinful dweller on South Fifth Avenue.

Buildings which are pictorially, if not architecturally, very valuable can here and there be found in every quarter of New York. The Tombs is one of them. Jefferson Market is another. Grace Church is a third, when we stand so far off to the southward that it seems to finish Broadway once and for all. And still another, very different in character, is the Quaker Meeting-house on Stuyvesant Square, which, with its simple shape, big trees, and little plot of well-tended grass, looks as though it had been bodily transported from some small Pennsylvanian town.

Picturesqueness is hardly thought of when we go miles to the northwestward and find the Riverside Drive. It is beauty that greets us here, in the drive itself and the quite matchless river-view. But both beauty and pictur-



IN CENTRAL PARK.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

esqueness can be found by him who seeks along the Harlem River, and, still further away, along the Bronx. And if he has time to search out here and there those scattered, fringing spots which go by the general name of Shantytown, he will find perpetual picturesqueness in their tottering, pitiful, vanishing, yet often greenly environed, relics of bucolic days.

But even if all that ought to be said could be said about every other quarter of Manhattan, how should one describe the Central Park? I shall not try. You, across the bridge, who own Prospect Park, may say you have a more beautiful pleasure-ground. But scarcely any other people in all the world can say this, and no one can say that he has a more picturesque pleasure-ground. Out of the nettle difficulty Mr. Olmsted, great artist that he is, plucked the finest flower of achievement in this especial line. Out of the most unpromising park-site that men ever chose, he made the most picturesquely lovely park that men

ever created. Few New Yorkers know it; few know more of it than its eastern and western drives. But the artist is finding it out; and whether or not he cares to bring into his canvas bits and glimpses of adjacent streets, he will not soon exhaust its capabilities of pictorial service.

V.

PERHAPS the most characteristic trait of our city is the quick and thorough way in which it makes good New Yorkers of its immigrants, foreigners or Americans, and the tenacious way in which it retains its hold, no matter how far off its sons may stray. The New Yorker who lives abroad may fancy himself a cosmopolite; but he always remembers he is a New Yorker, and can never even fancy himself a simple American, much less a semi-German or a semi-Frenchman. But the Berliner who lives here is not a Berliner, a simple German, or even a mere German-American. He is a New York

German, and this, as a florist would say, is a well-marked subvariety of the German species. And I need not speak of the Irishman who so instantly identifies himself with his

feeling in the sense of historic vanity, municipal self-respect, local public spirit. But they love their city so well that they shudder at the thought of living anywhere else. They are deeply hurt if a stranger is dull enough to question where they belong. And if they were born here, they never pay any other city the compliment of discussing how it would seem to have been born there, while the proud Bostonian is apt to show his pride by declaring he is glad he is not a native of New York. We are all good New Yorkers, I say, whether we were born on Fifth Avenue, in a far European village, at North Granite Ledge in Vermont, or near the head waters of the Yellowstone. And yet there is a dif-



AN OLD LANE, BOULEVARD NEAR 94TH STREET.



BOULEVARD NEAR 95TH STREET.

new home that he instantly thinks it ought to belong altogether to him. Then, if one of us removes to Boston, he or she remains, to the end of the chapter, a New Yorker who happens to live in Boston; but a Bostonian who comes here is transformed at once into a New Yorker who happens to have been born in Boston. Manhattan is for all the world, and all the world has taken possession of it; but Manhattan retaliates by taking possession of every man who comes, and marking him with earmarks which no one can mistake.

This is partly, of course, because we who were born here care so little where our neighbors were born. We care only what they are, and they are all good New Yorkers. They are not proud of their city, perhaps, as Parisians are proud of Paris, Bostonians of Boston. At least it is the fashion to say that they have no filial



IN SHANTYTOWN.

ference between the merely good New Yorker and the true, or born, New Yorker.

John, who came by rail from Buffalo three years ago, feels in the same way about his present home as James, who came forty years ago, by an older path, trailing his little clouds of glory straight from heaven. But he does not see this present home in the same way. He sees our actual, visible New York. But James—

even if he came only thirty years ago—sees this and an earlier, vanished one as well; and his constant perception of the vanished one vastly increases the picturesqueness of the actual one.

As I, a born New Yorker, take my walks abroad, I note a series of composite pictures, much more striking in their contrasts, unexpected in their variety, than any which you, a recently adopted New Yorker, can behold. My mother's composites are more picturesque still, for often she sees three bits of New York mistily standing together on the same piece of ground. And if my grandfather could come back,—I am proud to say he was born in New England, but I am sure he thinks less of this fact now than of the fact that he lived nearly seventy years in New York,—if he could come back, he would behold, as a setting for his composites, the open fields and gardens upon which most of our New York has been built since he left Connecticut; and so their picturesqueness would be green and flowery.

There is a city in the West which, within twenty years, has sprung up, new in body and feathers, from the ashes of its predecessor. And there are younger cities in the farther West which have been born, and have grown to architectural maturity, within the same brief period. But the deliberate hand of man has, during this period, done for New York almost as much as flame did for Chicago. Old New York has been torn down, and another city has arisen on its site, since the days when our streets rang to the tread of the returning armies of the Union. For a parallel to what we have done with this city of ours, we must look far back to some English cathedral where the still sturdy work of earlier generations was destroyed simply that living men might rebuild it bigger and taller and more in accordance with their own ideas of architectural excellence.

To realize what this change means to the true New Yorker, we need not examine those districts within a mile of the City Hall where transformation has been most audacious. We need only look, I will say, at Union Square, and only with the eyes of one who holds the day of Lincoln's assassination among her earliest clear memories. Union Square is a lively place now and an amusing; and when we see it from upper Broadway, with, over the trees, the tall Domestic Building in the far distance, it is not an unpicturesque place. But this is how I behold it: Tiffany's store stands on a certain corner, and it is commonplace and prosaic enough. But on this same corner I see

a pale-gray stone church with a square tower, plausibly like that upon some English parish-church, and with a thick mantle of ivy exactly like an English one. There are no sky-scraping business buildings anywhere, and not a single shop, and no horse-cars except along the Fourth Avenue side. The tallest structure is the Everett House, and elsewhere there are merely rows of modest high-stoop dwellings, with vines on their balconies and trees along their sidewalks. The trees in the square itself are much more numerous than you think, and spread out much farther, so that there are only narrow streets between them and the houses; and they are mingled with dense thickets of shrubs, and inclosed by a high picket-fence. Under their shadow all of us—all the boys of the neighborhood and one or two bad little girls as well—are playing "I spy" among the bushes, digging shallow pits in the earthen paths for our game of marbles, and drawing circles out of which we hope, with our pet *lignum-vitæ* top, to drive the tops of the other fellows, perhaps—oh, bliss!—splitting them in two in the act. There are no tramps or other doleful figures on the benches; there is only a rare policeman, who takes a fatherly interest in our sport; and there is a stall at one corner, where a fat Irishwoman in a red shawl dispenses pinked-out gingersnaps of a heavenly essence which, cannot be purchased, even by bad little girls, within a mile of the sophisticated Union Square of to-day.

Now, this quiet old Union Square that I see, lying like a pretty cloud over the variegated and noisy one that you see, makes with it a very picturesque composite scene. And picturesque, too, is the Broadway I see, looking northward from the square; for there, mingling with the lofty stone and iron shops, are the ghosts of rows of little two-storied shops, with broad wooden platforms in front of them such as still exist in small New Jersey towns. And high up, before one of these shops (*the* toy-shop of my youth, kept by a Frenchman named Phillipoteaux, for whose sake I have always liked to praise the painter of panoramas), stands the ghost of a life-size figure of Santa Claus, picturesquely promising next Christmas while the trees are still in their budding season.

Even you, young artist, born on the Pacific slope and now fresh from Parisian boulevards, can see that your New York is picturesque. But I wish that I could show you mine—mine, which is not mine of my infancy or mine of to-day, but the two together, delightfully, inextricably, mysteriously, perpetually mixed.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS VINCENT DU MOND.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MADONNA.

THE sloping street ran down a little hill
And touched the tide;
The clustered town was lying warm and still
By the waterside.

I wandered up amid the noonday heat
Through humble doors,
Where leafy shadow lay on path and seat
And open floors.

A tiny town it was of yellow walls
For toiling folk,
Where river boom and hurrying engine-calls
The silence broke.

But like a vision on the narrow way,
Divinely sweet,
Within the mother's arms a baby lay
Beside the street.

'T was under shadow of the maple boughs
She sat at rest,
A lowly mother by her simple house,
Her babe at breast;

A slender matron of a score of years,
With soft black eyes;
Full of delights that trembled into fears
Young-mother wise.

Bending, she gazed upon the little head,
Nor heard a sound;
Her lips, drawn up to bless, were tender red
And kissing-round.

But fainter than her cheek's autumnal rose,
A pale sweet glow
Lay round her, as if wings in white repose
Guarded her so.

Most like it was the magic color made
By some old brush:
A halo like a light within a shade,
A holy hush!

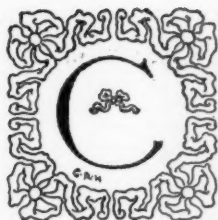
And I—what though the steaming mills awoke
The heated air?
What though the rattling engine through the smoke
Made echo there?—

I crossed the barrier years and won the land
Of tenderest art,
And knew the golden masters hand to hand
And heart to heart.

Harrison S. Morris.

MY COUSIN FANNY.

By the Author of "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," etc.



CHRISTMAS always brings up to me my cousin Fanny; I suppose because she always was so foolish about Christmas.

My cousin Fanny was an old maid; indeed, to follow St. Paul's turn of phrase,

she was an old maid of the old maids. No one who saw her a moment could have doubted it. Old maids are a peculiar folk. They have from most people a feeling rather akin to pity—a hard heritage. They very often have this feeling from the young. This must be the hardest part of all—to see around them friends, each "a happy mother of children," little ones responding to affection with the sweet caresses of childhood, while any advances that they, their aunt or cousin, may make are met with indifference or condescension. My cousin Fanny was no exception. She was as proud as Lucifer; yet she went through life—the part that I knew of—bearing the pity of the great majority of the people who knew her. This seemed to be quite natural.

She lived at an old place called "Woodside," which had been in the family for a great many years; indeed, ever since before the Revolution. The neighborhood dated back to the times of the colony, and Woodside was one of the old places. My cousin Fanny's grandmother had stood in the door of her chamber with her large scissors in her hand, and defied Tarleton's red-coated troopers to touch the basket of old communion-plate which she had hung on her arm.

The house was a large brick edifice, with a pyramidal roof, covered with moss, small windows, porticos with pillars somewhat out of repair, a big, high hall, and a staircase wide enough to drive up it a gig if it could have turned the corners. A grove of great forest oaks and poplars densely shaded it, and made it look rather gloomy, and the garden, with the old graveyard covered with periwinkle at one end, was almost in front, while the side of the wood—a primeval forest, from which the place took its name—came up so close as to form a strong, dark background. During the war the place, like most others in that neighborhood, suffered greatly, and only a sudden

exhibition of spirit on Cousin Fanny's part saved it from a worse fate. After the war it went down; the fields were poor, and grew up in briers and sassafras, and the house was too large and out of repair to keep from decay, the ownership of it being divided between Cousin Fanny and other members of the family. Cousin Fanny had no means whatever, so that it soon was in a bad condition. The rest of the family, as they grew up, went off, compelled by necessity to seek some means of livelihood, and would have taken Cousin Fanny too if she would have gone; but she would not go. They did all they could for her, but she preferred to hang around the old place, and to do what she could with her "mammy," and "old Stephen," her mammy's husband, who alone remained in the quarters. She lived in a part of the house, locking up the rest, and from time to time visited among her friends and relatives, who always received her hospitably. She had an old piece of a mare (which I think she had bought from Stephen), with one eye, three legs, and no mane or tail to speak of, and on which she lavished, without the least perceptible result, care enough to have kept a stable in condition. In a freak of humor she named this animal "Fashion," after a noted racer of the old times, which had been raised in the county, and had beaten the famous Boston in a great race. She always spoke of Fash with a tone of real tenderness in her voice, and looked after her, and discussed her ailments, which were always numerous, as if she had been a delicate child. Mounted on this beast, with her bags and bundles, and shawls and umbrella, and a long stick or pole, she used occasionally to make the tour of the neighborhood, and was always really welcomed; because, notwithstanding the trouble she gave, she always stirred things up. As was said once, you could no more have remained dull where she was than you could have dozed with a chinkapin burr down your back. Her retort was that a chinkapin burr might be used to rouse people from a lethargy (she had an old maid's tongue). By the younger members of the family she was always welcomed, because she furnished so much fun. She nearly always fetched some little thing to her host,—not her hostess,—a fowl, or a pat of butter from her one old cow, or something of the kind, because, she said, "Abigail had established the precedent, and she was 'a woman of good un-

derstanding'—she understood that feeding and flattery were the way to win men." She would sometimes have a chicken in a basket hung on the off pommel of her old saddle, because at times she fancied she could not eat anything but chicken soup, and she did "not wish to give trouble." She used to give trouble enough; for it generally turned out that she had heard some one was sick in the neighborhood, and she wanted the soup carried to her. I remember how mad Joe got because she made him go with her to carry a bucket of soup to old Mrs. Ronquist.

Cousin Fanny had the marks of an old maid. She was thin ("scrawny" we used to call her, though I remember now she was quite erect until she grew feeble); her features were sharp; her nose was inclined to be a little red (it was very straight); her hair was brown; and her eyes, which were dark, were weak, so that she had often to wear a green shade. She used to say herself that they were "bad eyes." They had been so ever since the time when she was a young girl, and there had been a very bad attack of scarlet fever at her home, and she had caught it. I think she caught a bad cold with it,—sitting up nursing some of the younger children, perhaps,—and it had settled in her eyes. She was always very liable to cold.

I believe she had a lover then or about that time; but her mother had died not long before, and she had some notion of duty to the children, and so discarded him. Of course, as every one said, she 'd much better have married him. I do not suppose he ever could have addressed her. She never would admit that he did, which did not look much like it. I think we used to speak of her as "sore-eyed"; I know she was once spoken of in my presence as "a sore-eyed old maid"—I have forgotten who said it. Yet I can now recall occasions when her eyes, being "better," appeared unusually soft, and, had she not been an old maid, would sometimes have been beautiful—as, for instance, occasionally, when she was playing at the piano in the evenings before the candles were lighted. I recollect particularly once when she was singing an old French love-song. Another time was when on a certain occasion some one was talking about marriages and the reasons which led to or prevented them. She sat quite still and silent, looking out of the window, with her thin hands resting in her lap. Her head was turned away from most of the people, but I was sitting where I could see her, and the light of the evening sky was on her face. It made her look very soft. She lifted up her eyes, and looked far off toward the horizon. I remember it recalled to me, young as I was, the speech I had heard some one once make when I was a little boy, and which I had thought so ridiculous, that

"when she was young, before she caught that cold, she was almost beautiful." There was an expression on her face that made me think she ought always to sit looking out of the window at the evening sky. I believe she had brought me some apples that day when she came, and that made me feel kindly toward her. The light on her hair gave it a reddish look, quite auburn. Presently she withdrew her eyes from the sky, and let them fall into her lap with a sort of long, sighing breath, and slowly interlaced her fingers. The next second some one jocularly fired this question at her: "Well, Cousin Fanny, give us your views," and her expression changed back to that which she ordinarily wore.

"Oh, my views, like other people's, vary from my practice," she said. "It is not views, but experiences, which are valuable in life. When I shall have been married twice I will tell you."

"While there's life there's hope, eh?" hazarded some one; for teasing an old maid like her, in any way, was held perfectly legitimate.

"Yes, indeed," and she left the room, smiling, and went up-stairs.

This was one of the occasions when her eyes looked well. There were others that I remember, as sometimes when she was in church; sometimes when she was playing with little children; and now and then when, as on that evening, she was sitting still, gazing out of the window. But usually her eyes were weak, and she wore the green shade which gave her face a peculiar pallor, making her look old, and giving her a pained, invalid expression.

Her dress was one of her peculiarities. Perhaps it was because she made her clothes herself, without being able to see very well. I suppose she did not have much to dress on. I know she used to turn her dresses, and change them around several times. When she had any money she used to squander it, buying dresses for Scroggs's girls or for some one else. She was always scrupulously neat, being quite old-maidish. She said that cleanliness was next to godliness in a man, and in a woman it was on a par with it. I remember once seeing a picture of her as a young girl, as young as Kitty, dressed in a soft white dress, with her hair down over her ears, and some flowers in her dress (that is, it was said to be she; but I did not believe it). To be sure, the flowers looked like it. She always would stick flowers or leaves in her dress, which was thought quite ridiculous. The idea of associating flowers with an old maid! It was as hard as believing she ever was the young girl. It was not, however, her dress, old and often queer and ill-made as it used to be, that was the chief grievance against her. There was a much stronger ground of opposition; she

had *nerves*! The word used to be strung out in pronouncing it, with a curve of the lips, as "ner-er-ves." I don't remember that she herself ever mentioned them; that was the exasperating part of it. She would never say a word; she would just close her thinlipstight, and wear a sort of ill look, as if she were in actual pain. She used to go up-stairs, and shut the door and windows tight, and go to bed, and have mustard-plasters on her temples and the back of her neck; and when she came down, after a day or two, she would have bright red spots burnt on her temples and neck, and would look ill. Of course it was very hard not to be exasperated at this. Then she would creep about as if merely stepping jarred her; would put on a heavy blue veil, and wrap her head up in a shawl, and feel along by the chairs till she got to a seat, and drop back in it, gasping. Why, I have even seen her sit in the room, all swathed up, and with an old parasol over her head to keep out the light, or some such nonsense, as we used to think. It was too ridiculous to us, and we boys used to walk heavily and stumble over chairs,—“accidentally,” of course,—just to make her jump. Sometimes she would even start up and cry out. We had the incontestable proof that it was all “put on”; for if you began to talk to her, and got her interested, she would forget all about her ailments, and would run on and talk and laugh for an hour, until she suddenly remembered, and sank back again in her shawls and pains.

She knew a great deal. In fact, I recall now that she seemed to know more than any woman I have ever been thrown in with, and if she had not been an old maid, I am bound to admit that her conversation would have been the most entertaining I ever knew. She lived in a sort of atmosphere of romance and literature; the old writers and their characters were as real to her as we were, and she used to talk about them to us whenever we would let her. Of course, when it came from an old maid, it made a difference. She was not only easily the best French scholar in our region, where the ladies all knew more or less of French, but she was an excellent Latin scholar, which was much less common. I have often lain down before the fire when I was learning my Latin lesson, and read to her, line by line, *Cæsar* or *Ovid* or *Cicero*, as the book might be, and had her render it into English as fast as I read. Indeed, I have even seen *Horace* read to her as she sat in the old rocking-chair after one of her headaches, with her eyes bandaged, and her head swathed in veils and shawls, and she would turn it into not only proper English, but English with a glow and color and rhythm that gave the very life of the odes. This was an exercise we boys all liked and often engaged in,—Frank, and Joe,

and Doug, and I, and even old Blinky,—for, as she used to admit herself, she was always worrying us to read to her (I believe I read all of *Scott's* novels to her). Of course this translation helped us as well as gratified her. I do not remember that she was ever too unwell to help us in this way except when she was actually in bed. She was very fond of us boys, and was always ready to take our side and to further our plans in any way whatever. We would get her to steal off with us, and translate our Latin for us by the fire. This, of course, made us rather fond of her. She was so much inclined to take our part and to help us that I remember it used to be said of her as a sort of reproach, “Cousin Fanny always sides with the boys.” She used to say it was because she knew how worthless women were. She would say this sort of thing herself, but she was very touchy about women, and never would allow any one else to say anything about them. She had an old maid's temper. I remember that she took Doug up short once for talking about “old maids.” She said that for her part she did not mind it the least bit; but she would not allow him to speak so of a large class of her sex which contained some of the best women in the world; that many of them performed work, and made sacrifices, that the rest of the world knew nothing about. She said the true word for them was the old Saxon term “spinster”; that it proved that they performed the work of the house, and that it was a term of honor of which she was proud. She said that Christ had humbled himself to be born of a Virgin, and that every woman had this honor to sustain. Of course such lectures as that made us call her an old maid all the more. Still, I don't think that being mischievous or teasing her made any difference with her. Frank used to worry her more than any one else, even than Joe, and I am sure she liked him best of all. That may perhaps have been because he was the best looking of us. She said once that he reminded her of some one she used to know a long time before, when she was young. That must have been a long time before, indeed. He used to tease the life out of her.

She was extraordinarily credulous—would believe anything on earth any one told her, because, although she had plenty of humor, she herself never would deviate from the absolute truth a moment even in jest. I do not think she would have told an untruth to save her life. Well, of course we used to play on her to tease her. Frank would tell her the most unbelievable and impossible lies, such as that he thought he saw a mouse yesterday on the back of the sofa she was lying on (this would make her bounce up like a ball), or that he believed he heard—he was not sure—that

Mr. Scroggs (the man who had rented her old home) had cut down all the old trees in the yard, and pulled down the house because he wanted the bricks to make brick ovens. This would worry her excessively (she loved every brick in the old house, and often said she would rather live in the kitchen there than in a palace anywhere else), and she would get into such a state of depression, that Frank would finally have to tell her that he was just "fooling her."

She used to make him do a good deal of waiting on her in return, and he was the one she used to get to dress old Fashion's back when it was raw, and to put drops in her eyes. He got quite expert at it. She said it was a penalty for his worrying her so.

She was the great musician of the connection. This is in itself no mean praise; for it was the fashion for every musical gift among the girls to be cultivated, and every girl played or sang more or less, some of them very well. But Cousin Fanny was not only this. She had a way of playing that used to make the old piano sound different from itself; and her voice was almost the sweetest I ever heard except one or two on the stage. It was particularly sweet in the evenings, when she sat down at the piano and played. She would not always do it; she either felt "not in the mood," or "not sympathetic," or some such thing. None of the others were that way; the rest could play just as well in the glare of day as in the twilight, and before one person as another; it was, we all knew, just one of Cousin Fanny's old-maid crochets. When she sat down at the piano and played, her fussiness was all forgotten; her first notes used to be recognized through the house, and the people used to stop what they were doing, and come in. Even the children would leave off playing, and come straggling in, tiptoeing as they crossed the floor. Some of the other performers used to play a great deal louder, but we never tiptoed when they played. Cousin Fanny would sit at the piano looking either up or right straight ahead of her, or often with her eyes closed (she never looked at the keys), and the sound used to rise from under her long, thin fingers, sometimes rushing and pouring forth like a deep roar, sometimes ringing out clear like a band of bugles, making the hair move on the head and giving strange tinglings down the back. Then we boys wanted to go forth in the world on fiery, black chargers, like the olden knights, and fight giants and rescue beautiful ladies and poor women. Then again, with her eyes shut, the sound would almost die away, and her fingers would move softly and lingeringly as if they loved the touch of the keys, and hated to leave them; and the sound would come from away

far off, and everything would grow quiet and subdued, and the perfume of the roses out of doors would steal in on the air, and the soft breezes would stir the trees, and we were all in love, and wanted to see somebody that we did n't see. And Cousin Fanny was not herself any longer, but we imagined some one else was there. Sometimes she suddenly began to sing (she sang old songs, English or French); her voice might be weak (it all depended on her whims; *she* said, on her health), in that case she always stopped and left the piano; or it might be "in condition." When it was, it was as velvety and mellow as a bell far off, and the old ballads and *chansons* used to fill the twilight. We used even to forget then that she was an old maid. Now and then she sang songs that no one else had ever heard. They were her own; she had composed both the words and the air. At other times she sang the songs of others to her own airs. I remember the first time I ever heard of Tennyson was when, one evening in the twilight, she sang his echo song from "The Princess." The air was her own, and in the chorus you heard perfectly the notes of the bugle, and the echoes answering, "Dying, dying, dying." Boy as I was, I was entranced, and she answered my enthusiasm by turning and repeating the poem. I have often thought since how musical her voice was as she repeated,

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

She had a peculiarly sentimental temperament. As I look back at it all now, she was much given to dwelling upon old-time poems and romances, which we thought very ridiculous in any one, especially in a spinster of forty odd. She would stop and talk about the branch of a tree with the leaves all turning red or yellow or purple in the common way in which, as every one knows, leaves always turn in the fall, or even about a tangle of briars, scarlet with frost, in a corner of an old worm-fence, keeping us waiting while she fooled around a brier patch with old Blinky, who would just as lief have been in one place as another, so it was out of doors; and even when she reached the house she would still carry on about it, worrying us by telling over again just how the boughs and leaves looked massed against the old gray fence, which she could do till you could see them precisely as they were. She was very aggravating in this way. Sometimes she would even take a pencil or pen and a sheet of paper for old Blinky, and reproduce it. She could not draw, of course, for she was not a painter; all she could do was to make anything look almost just like it was.

There was one thing about her which excited much talk; I suppose it was only a piece of old-maidism. Of course she was religious. She was really very good. She was considered very high church. I do not think from my recollection of her that she really was, or, indeed, that she could have been; but she used to talk that way, and it was said that she was. In fact, it used to be whispered that she was in danger of becoming a Catholic. I believe she had an aunt that was one, and she had visited several times in Norfolk and Baltimore, where it was said there were a good many. I remember she used to defend them, and say she knew a great many very devout ones. And she admitted that she sometimes went to the Catholic church, and found it devotional; the choral service, she said, satisfied something in her soul. It happened to be in the evening that she was talking about this. She sat down at the piano, and played some of the Gregorian chants she had heard, and it had a soothing influence on every one. Even Joe, the fidgetiest of all, sat quite still through it. She said that some one had said it was the music that the angels sing in heaven around the great white throne, and there was no other sacred music like it. But she played another thing that evening which she said was worthy to be played with it. It had some chords in it that I remembered long afterward. Years afterward I heard it played the same way in the twilight by one who is a blessed saint in heaven, and may be playing it there now. It was from Chopin. She even said that evening, under the impulse of her enthusiasm, that she did not see, except that it might be abused, why the crucifix should not be retained by all Christian churches, as it enabled some persons not gifted with strong imaginations to have a more vivid realization of the crucified Saviour. This, of course, was going too far, and it created considerable excitement in the family, and led to some very serious talk being given her, in which the second commandment figured largely. It was considered as carrying old-maidism to an extreme length. For some time afterward she was rather discountenanced. In reality, I think what some said was true: it was simply that she was emotional, as old maids are apt to be. She once said that many women have the nun's instinct largely developed, and sigh for the peace of the cloister.

She seemed to be very fond of artists. She had the queerest tastes, and had, or had had when she was young, one or two friends who, I believe, claimed to be something of that kind; she used to talk about them to old Blinky. But it seemed to us from what she said that artists never did any work; just spent their time lounging around, doing nothing, and daubing

paint on their canvas with brushes like a painter, or chiseling and chopping rocks like a mason. One of these friends of hers was a young man from Norfolk who had made a good many things. He was killed or died in the war; so he had not been quite ruined; was worth something anyhow as a soldier. One of his things was a *Psyche*, and Cousin Fanny used to talk a good deal about it; she said it was fine, was a work of genius. She had even written some verses about it. She repeated them to me once, and I wrote them down. Here they are:

LINES TO GALT'S PSYCHE.

Well art thou called the soul;
For as I gaze on thee,
My spirit, past control,
Springs up in ecstasy.

Thou canst not be dead stone;
For o'er thy lovely face,
Softer than music's tone,
I see the spirit's grace.

The wild æolian lyre
Is but a silken string,
Till summer winds inspire,
And softest music bring.

Psyche, thou wast but stone
Till his inspiring came:
The sculptor's hand alone,
Made not that soul-touched frame.

They have lain by me for years, and are pretty good for an old maid. I think, however, she was young when she addressed them to the "soul-touched" work of the young sculptor, who laid his genius and everything at Virginia's feet. They were friends, I believe, when she was a girl, before she caught that cold, and her eyes got bad.

Among her eccentricities was her absurd cowardice. She was afraid of cows, afraid of horses, afraid even of sheep. And bugs, and anything that crawled, used to give her a fit. If we drove her anywhere, and the horses cut up the least bit, she would jump out and walk, even in the mud; and I remember once seeing her cross the yard, where a young cow that had a calf asleep in the weeds, over in a corner beyond her, started toward it at a little trot with a whimper of motherly solicitude. Cousin Fanny took it into her head that the cow was coming at her, and just screamed, and sat down flat on the ground, carrying on as if she were a baby. Of course we boys used to tease her, and tell her the cows were coming after her. You could not help teasing an old maid like that.

I do not see how she managed to do what she did when the enemy got to Woodside in the war. That was quite remarkable, consid-

ering what a coward she was. During 1864 the Yankees on a raid got to her house one evening in the summer. As it happened, a young soldier, one of her cousins (she had no end of cousins), had got a leave of absence, and had come there sick with fever just the day before (the house was always a sort of hospital). He was in the boys' room in bed when the Yankees arrived, and they were all around the house before she knew it. She went downstairs to meet them. They had been informed by one of the negroes that Cousin Charlie was there, and they told her that they wanted him. She told them they could not get him. They asked her, "Why? Is he not there?" (I heard her tell of it once.) She said:

"You know, I thought when I told them they could not get him that they would go away, but when they asked me if he was not there, of course I could not tell them a story; so I said I declined to answer impertinent questions. You know poor Charlie was at that moment lying curled up under the bed in the boys' room with a roll of carpet a foot thick around him, and it was as hot as an oven. Well, they insisted on going through the house, and I let them go all through the lower stories; but when they started up the staircase I was ready for them. I had always kept, you know, one of papa's old horse-pistols as a protection. Of course it was not loaded. I would not have had it loaded for anything in the world. I always kept it safely locked up, and I was dreadfully afraid of it even then. But you have no idea what a moral support it gave me, and I used to unlock the drawer every afternoon to see that it still was there all right, and then lock it again, and put the key away carefully. Well, as it happened, I had just been looking at it—which I called inspecting my garrison. I used to feel just like *Lady Margaret* in Tillie-ludlam Castle. Well, I had just been looking at it that afternoon when I heard the Yankees were coming, and by a sudden inspiration—I cannot tell for my life how I did it—I seized the pistol, and hid it under my apron. I held on to it with both hands, I was so afraid of it, and all the time those wretches were going through the rooms down-stairs I was quaking with terror. But when they started up the stairs I had a new feeling. I knew they were bound to get poor Charlie if he had not melted and run away,—no, he would never have run away; I mean evaporated,—and I suddenly ran up the stairway a few steps before them, and, hauling out my big pistol, pointed it at them, and told them that if they came one step higher I would certainly pull the trigger. I could not say I would shoot, for it was not loaded. Well, do you know, they stopped! They stopped dead still. I declare I was so afraid the old pistol

would go off, though, of course, I knew it was not loaded, that I was just quaking. But as soon as they stopped I began to attack. I remembered my old grandmother and her scissors, and, like General Jackson, I followed up my advantage. I descended the steps, brandishing my pistol with both hands, and abusing them with all my might. I was so afraid they might ask if it was loaded. But they really thought I would shoot them (you know men have not liked to be slain by a woman since the time of Abimelech), and they actually ran down the steps, with me after them, and I got them all out of the house. Then I locked the door and barred it, and ran up-stairs and had such a cry over Charlie. [That was like an old maid.] Afterward they were going to burn the house, but I got hold of their colonel, who was not there at first, and made him really ashamed of himself; for I told him we were nothing but a lot of poor, defenseless women and a sick boy. He said he thought I was right well defended, as I had held a company at bay. He finally promised that if I would give him some music he would not go up-stairs. So I paid that for my ransom, and a bitter ransom it was too, I can tell you, singing for a Yankee! But I gave him a dose of Confederate songs, I promise you. He asked me to sing the 'Star-spangled Banner'; but I told him I would not do it if he burnt the house down with me in it. Then he asked me to sing 'Home, sweet Home,' and I did that, and he actually had tears in his eyes—the hypocrite! He had very fine eyes too. I think I did sing it well, though. I cried a little myself, thinking of the old house being so nearly burnt. There was a young doctor there, a surgeon, a really nice-looking fellow for a Yankee; I made him feel ashamed of himself, I tell you. I told him I had no doubt he had a good mother and sister up at home, and to think of his coming and warring on poor women. And they really placed a guard over the house for me while they were there."

This she actually did. With her old empty horse-pistol she cleared the house of the mob, and then vowed that if they burned the house she would burn up in it, and finally saved it by singing "Home, sweet Home" for the colonel. She could not have done much better even if she had not been an old maid.

I did not see much of her after I grew up. I moved away from the old county. Most others did the same. It had been desolated by the war, and got poorer and poorer. With an old maid's usual crankiness and inability to adapt herself to the order of things, Cousin Fanny remained behind. She refused to come away; said, I believe, she had to look after the old place, mammy, and Fash, or some such non-

sense. I think she had some idea that the church would go down, or that the poor people around would miss her, or something equally impractical. Anyhow, she stayed behind, and lived for quite a while the last of her connection in the county. Of course all did the best they could for her, and had she gone to live around with her relatives, as they wished her to do, they would have borne with her and supported her, though it would have been right hard on them. But she said no; that a single woman ought never to live in any house but her father's or her own; and we could not do anything with her. She was so proud she would not take money as a gift from any one, not even from her nearest relatives.

Her health got rather poor—not unnaturally, considering the way she divided her time between doctoring herself and fussing after sick people in all sorts of weather. With the fancifulness of her kind, she finally took it into her head that she must consult a doctor in New York for her ailments. Of course no one but an old maid would have done this; the home doctors were good enough for every one else. Nothing would do, however, but she must go to New York; so, against the advice of every one, she wrote to a cousin who was living there to meet her, and with her old wraps, and cap, and bags, and bundles, and old stick, and umbrella, she started. The lady met her; that is, went to meet her, but failed to find her at the station, and, supposing that she had not come, or had taken some other railroad, which she was likely to do, returned home, to find her in bed, with her “things” piled up on the floor. Some gentleman had come across her in Washington, holding the right train while she insisted on taking the Pittsburgh route, and had taken compassion on her, and not only escorted her to New York, but had taken her and all her parcels, and brought her to her destination, where she had at once retired.

“He was a most charming man, my dear,” she said to her cousin, who told me of it afterward, in narrating her eccentricities, “and, to think of it, I don’t believe I had looked in a glass all day, and when I got here, my cap had somehow got twisted around and was perched right over my left ear, making me look a perfect fright. He told me his name, but I have forgotten it, of course. But he was such a gentleman, and to think of his being a Yankee! I told him I hated all Yankees, and he just laughed, and did not mind my stick, nor old umbrella, nor bundles a bit. You’d have thought my old cap was a Parisian bonnet. I will not believe he was a Yankee.”

Well, she went to see the doctor, the most celebrated in New York—at the infirmary, of course, for she was too poor to go to his office;

one consultation would have taken every cent she had. Her cousin went with her, and told me of it. She said that when she came downstairs to go, she never saw such a sight. On her head she had her blue cap, and her green shade, and her veil, and her shawl; and she had the old umbrella and long stick, which she had brought from the country, and a large pillow under her arm, because she “knew she was going to faint.” So they started out, but it was a slow procession. The noise and bustle of the street dazed her, her cousin fancied, and every now and then she would clutch her companion and declare she must go back or she should faint. At every street-crossing she insisted upon having a policeman to help her over, or, in default of that, she would stop some man and ask him to escort her across, which, of course, he would do, thinking her crazy.

Finally they reached the infirmary, where there were already a large number of patients, and many more came in afterward. Here she shortly established an acquaintance with several strangers. She had to wait an hour or more for her turn, and then insisted that several who had come in after her should go in before her, because she said the poor things looked so tired. This would have gone on indefinitely, her cousin said, if she had not finally dragged her into the doctor’s room. There the first thing that she did was to insist that she must lie down, she was so faint, and her pillow was brought into requisition. The doctor humored her, and waited on her. Her friend started to tell him about her, but the doctor said, “I prefer to have her tell me herself.” She presently began to tell, the doctor sitting quietly by listening, and seeming to be much interested. He gave her some prescription, and told her to come again next day; and when she went he sent for her ahead of her turn, and after that made her come to his office at his private house, instead of to the infirmary as at first. He turned out to be the surgeon who had been at her house with the Yankees during the war. He was very kind to her. I suppose he had never seen any one like her. She used to go every day, and soon dispensed with her friend’s escort, finding no difficulty in getting about. Indeed, she came to be known on the streets she passed through, and on the cars she traveled by, and people guided her. Several times as she was taking the wrong car men stopped her, and said to her, “Madam, yours is the red car.” She said, sure enough it was, but she never could divine how they knew. She addressed the conductors as “My dear sir,” and made them help her not only off, but quite to the sidewalk, when she thanked them, and said “Good-by,” as if she had been at home. She said she did this on principle, for it was such a good thing to teach



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

—“‘My cousin Fanny’ was an old maid; indeed, to follow St. Paul’s turn of phrase, she was an old maid of the old maids. No one who saw her a moment could have doubted it.”



them to help a feeble woman. Next time they would expect to do it, and after a while it would become a habit. She said no one knew what terror women had of being run over and trampled on.

She was, as I have said, an awful coward. She used to stand still on the edge of the street, and look up and down both ways ever so long; then go out in the street and stand still, look both ways and then run back; or as like as not, start on and turn and run back after she was more than half-way across, and so get into real danger. One day, as she was passing along, a driver had in his cart an old bag-of-bones of a horse, which he was beating to make him pull up the hill, and Cousin Fanny, with an old maid's meddlesomeness, rushed out in the street and caught hold of him and made him stop, which of course collected a crowd, and, just as she was coming back, a little cart came rattling along, and, though she was in no earthly danger, she ran so to get out of the way of the horse that she tripped and fell down in the street and hurt herself. So much for cowardice.

The doctor finally told her that she had nothing the matter with her, except something with her nerves and, I believe, her spine, and that she wanted company (you see she was a good deal alone). He said it was the first law of health ever laid down, that it was not good for man to be alone; that loneliness is a specific disease. He said she wanted occupation, some sort of work to interest her, and make her forget her aches and ailments. He suggested missionary work of some kind. This was one of the worst things he could have told her, for there was no missionary work to be had where she lived. Besides, she could not have done missionary work; she had never done anything in her life; she was always wasting her time pottering about the county on her old horse, seeing sick old darkies or poor people in the pines. No matter how bad the weather was, nor how deep the roads, she would go prowling around to see some old "aunty" or "uncle," in their out-of-the-way cabins, or somebody's sick child. I have met her on old Fashion in the rain, toiling along in roads that were knee-deep to get the doctor to come to see some sick person, or to get a dose of physic from the depot. How could she have done any missionary work?

I believe she repaid the doctor for his care of her by sending him a charity patient to look after—Scroggs's eldest girl, who was bed-ridden or something. Cousin Fanny had a fancy that she was musical. I never knew how it was arranged. I think the doctor sent the money down to have the child brought on to New York for him to see. I suppose Cousin Fanny turned beggar, and asked him. I know

she told him the child was the daughter of "a friend" of hers (a curious sort of friend Scroggs was, a drunken reprobate, who had done everything he could to cheat her), and she took a great deal of trouble to get her to the train, lending old Fashion to haul her, which was a good deal more than lending herself; and the doctor treated her in New York for three months without any charge, till, I believe, the child got better. Old maids do not mind giving people trouble.

She hung on at the old place as long as she could, but it had to be sold, and finally she had to leave it; though, I believe, even after it was sold she tried boarding for a while with Scroggs, the former tenant, who had bought it. He cheated her, in one way or another, out of all of her part of the money, claiming offsets for services rendered her, and treated her so badly that finally she had to leave, and boarded around. I believe the real cause was she caught him plowing with old Fashion.

After that I do not know exactly what she did. I heard that though the parish was vacant she had a Sunday school at the old church, and so kept the church open, and that she used to play the wheezy old organ and teach the poor children the chants; but as they grew up they all joined the Baptist church; they had a new organ there. I do not know just how she got on. I was surprised to hear finally that she was dead—had been dead since Christmas. It had never occurred to me that she would die. She had been dying so long that I had almost come to regard her as immortal, and as a necessary part of the old county and its associations.

I fell in some time afterward with a young doctor from the old county, who, I found, had attended her, and I made some inquiries about her. He told me that she died Christmas night. She came to his house on her old mare, in the rain and snow the night before, to get him to go to see some one, some "friend" of hers who was sick. He said she had more sick friends than any one he ever knew; he told her that he was sick himself and could not go; but she was so importunate that he promised to go next morning (she was always very worrying). He said she was wet and shivering then (she never had any idea about really protecting herself; her resources being exhausted in her fancies), and that she appeared to have a wretched cold. She had been riding all day seeing about a Christmas tree for the poor children. He urged her to stop and spend the night, but she insisted that she must go on, though it was quite dark and raining hard, and the roads would have mired a cat (old maids are so self-willed). Next day he went to see the sick woman, and when he arrived he found her in one bed and

Cousin Fanny in another, in the same room. When he had examined the patient, he turned and asked Cousin Fanny what was the matter with her. "Oh, just a little cold, a little trouble in the chest, as Theodore Hook said," she replied. "But I know how to doctor myself." Something about her voice struck him. He went over to her and looked at her, and found her suffering from acute pneumonia. He at once set to work on her. He took the other patient up in his arms and carried her into another room, where he told her that Cousin Fanny was a desperately ill woman. "She was actually dying then, sir," he said to me, "and she died that night. When she arrived at the place the night before, which was not until after nine o'clock, she had gone to the stable herself to put up her old mare, or rather to see that she was fed,—she always did that,—so when she got into the house she was wet and chilled through, and she had to go to bed. She must have had on wet clothes," he said.

I asked him if she knew she was going to die. He said he did not think she did; that he did not tell her, and she talked about nothing except her Christmas tree and the people she wanted to see. He heard her praying in the night, "and, by the way," he said, "she mentioned you. She shortly became rather delirious, and wandered a good deal, talking of things that must have happened when she was young; spoke of going to see her mother somewhere. The last thing she ever said was something about fashion, which," he said, "showed how ingrained is vanity in the female mind." The doctor knows something of human nature. He concluded what he had to say with, "She was in some respects a very remarkable woman—if she had not been an old maid. I do not suppose that she ever drew a well breath in her life. Not that I think old maids cannot be very acceptable women," he apologized. "They are sometimes very useful." The doctor was a rather enlightened man.

Some of her relatives got there in time for the funeral, and a good many of the poor people came; and she was carried in a little old spring wagon, drawn by Fashion, through the snow, to the old home place, where Scroggs

very kindly let them dig the grave, and was buried there in the old graveyard in the garden, in a vacant space just beside her mother, with the children around her. I really miss her a great deal. The other boys say they do the same. I suppose it is the trouble she used to give us.

The old set are all doing well. Doug is a professor. He says the word "spinster" gave him a twist to philology. Old Blinky is in Paris. He had a picture in the salon last year, an autumn landscape, called *Le Côté du Bois*. I believe the translation of that is "The Woodside." His coloring is said to be nature itself. To think of old Blinky being a great artist! Little Kitty is now a big girl, and is doing finely at school. I have told her she must not be an old maid. Joe is a preacher with a church in the purlieu of a large city. I was there not long ago. He had a choral service. The Gregorian music carried me back to old times. He preached on the text, "I was sick, and ye visited me." It was such a fine sermon, and he had such a large congregation, that I asked why he did not go to a finer church. He said he was "carrying soup to Mrs. Ronquist." By the way, his organist was a splendid musician. She introduced herself to me. It was Scroggs's daughter! She is married, and can walk as well as I can! She had a little girl with her that I think she called "Fanny." I do not think that was Mrs. Scroggs's name. Frank is now a doctor, or rather a surgeon, in the same city with Joe, and becoming very distinguished. The other day he performed a great operation, saving a woman's life, which was in all the papers. He said to an interviewer that he became a surgeon from dressing a sore on an old mare's back. I wonder what he was talking about. He is about to start a woman's hospital for poor women. Cousin Fanny would have been glad of that; she was always proud of Frank. She would as likely as not have quoted that verse from Tennyson's song about the echoes. She sleeps now under the myrtle at Scroggs's. I have often thought of what that doctor said about her: that she would have been a very remarkable woman, if she had not been an old maid—I mean, a spinster.

Thomas Nelson Page.





PAINTED BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY H. HAIDER.

RINGING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE NEW CASHIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FAITH DOCTOR," "THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER," ETC.



Y friend Macartney-Smith has working theories for everything. He illustrated one of these the other day by relating something that happened in the Giralda apartment-house, where he lives in a suite overlooking Central Park. I do not remember whether he was expounding his notion that the apartment-house has solved the question of coöperative housekeeping, or whether he was engaged in demonstrating certain propositions regarding the influence of the city on the country. Since I have forgotten what it was intended to prove, the incident has seemed more interesting. It is bad for a story to medicate it with a theory. However, here are the facts as Macartney-Smith relates them with his Q. E. D. omitted.

I DO not know [he began] by what accident or on what recommendation the manager of the Giralda brought a girl from Iowa to act as clerk and cashier in the restaurant.

The new cashier had lived in a town where there were differences in social standing, but no recognized distinctions, after you had left out the sedimentary poverty-stricken class. She not only had no notions of the lines of social cleavage in a great apartment-house, but she had never heard of chaperonage, or those other delicacies that go along with the high civilization of a metropolis. I have no doubt she was the best scholar in the arithmetic class in the village high school, and ten to one she was the champion at croquet. She took life with a zest unknown to us New Yorkers, and let the starchiest people in the house know that she was glad to see them when they returned after an absence, by going across the dining-room to shake hands with them and to inquire whether they had had a good time. Even the gently frigid manner of Mrs. Drupe could not chill her friendliness; she was accustomed to accost that lady in the elevator, and demand, "How is Mr. Drupe?" whenever that gentleman chanced to be absent. It was not possible for her to imagine that Mrs. Drupe could be otherwise than grateful for any manifestation of a friendly interest in her husband.

To show any irritation was not Mrs. Drupe's way—that would have disturbed the stylish repose of her bearing even more than misplaced cordiality. She always returned the salutations of Miss Wakefield, but in a tone so

neutral, cool, and cucumberish, that she hoped the girl would feel rebuked and learn a little more diffidence, or at least learn that the Drupes did not care for her acquaintance. But the only result of such treatment was that Miss Wakefield would say to the clerk in the office: "Your Eastern people have such stiff ways that they make me homesick. But they don't mean any harm, I suppose."

Some of the families in the Giralda rather liked the new cashier; these were they who had children—the little children chatted and laughed with her across her desk when they came down as forerunners to give the order for the family dinner. If it were only lunch-time, when few people were in the restaurant, they went behind the desk and embraced the cashier and had a romp with her. The smallest chaps she would take up in her arms while she pulled out the drawers to show them her paper-knife and trinkets; and when there were flowers, she would often break off one apiece for even those least amiable little plagues that in an apartment-house are the torment of their nurses and mamas the livelong day. This not only gave pleasure to the infantry, but relieved an aching which the poor girl had for a once cheerful home, now broken up by the death of her parents and the scattering abroad of brothers and sisters.

The young men in the house thought her "a jolly girl," since she would chat with them over her desk as freely as she would have chatted across the counter with the clerks in Cedar Falls, where she came from. She was equally cordial with the head-waiter, and those of his staff who knew any more English than was indispensable to the taking of an order. But her frank familiarity with young gentlemen, and friendly speech with servants, were offensive to some of the ladies. They talked it over, and decided that Miss Wakefield was not a modest girl; that at least she did not know her place, and that the manager ought to dismiss her if he meant to maintain the tone of the house. The manager, poor fellow, had to hold his own place against the rivalry of the treasurer, and when such complaints were made to him what could he do? He stood out a while for Miss Wakefield, whom he liked, but when the influential Mrs. Drupe wrote to him that the cashier at the desk in the restaurant was not a well-behaved girl, he knew that it was time to look out for another.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE WOULD CHAT WITH THEM OVER HER DESK." *

If the manager had forewarned her, she could have saved money enough to take her back to Iowa, where she might dare to be as friendly as she pleased with other respectable humans without fear of reproach. But he was not such a fool as to let go of one cashier till he had found another. It was while the manager was deciding which of three other young women to take that Mr. Drupe was stricken with apoplexy. He had finished eating his luncheon, which was served in the apartment, and had lighted a cigar, when he fell over. There were no children, and the Drupe kept no servant, but depended on the housekeeper to send them a maid when they required one, so that Mrs. Drupe found herself alone with her prostrate husband. The distracted wife did not know what to do; she took hold of the needle of the teleseme, but the words on the dial were confused; she quickly moved the needle round over the whole twenty-four points, but none of them suited the case. She stopped it at "porter," moved it to "bootblack," carried it around to "ice-water," and successively to "coupé," "laundress," and "messenger-boy," and then gave up in despair, and jerked open the door that led to the hall. Miss Wakefield had just come up to the next apartment to inquire after

a little girl ill from a cold, and was returning toward the elevator when Mrs. Drupe's wild face was suddenly thrust forth upon her.

"Won't you call a boy — somebody? My husband is dying," were the words that greeted Miss Wakefield at the moment of the apparition of the despairing face.

Miss Wakefield rushed past Mrs. Drupe into the apartment, and turned the teleseme to the word "manager," and then pressed the button three times in quick succession. She knew that a call for the manager would suggest fire, robbery, and sudden death, and that it would wake up the lethargic forces in the office. Then she turned to the form of the man lying prostrate on the floor, seized a pillow from the lounge, and motioned to Mrs. Drupe to raise his head while she laid it beneath.

"Who is your doctor?" she demanded.

"Dr. Morris; but it's a mile away," said the distracted woman. "Won't you send a boy in a coupé?"

"I'll go myself, the boys are so slow," said the cashier. "Shall I send you a neighboring doctor till Dr. Morris can get here?"

"Do, do," pleaded the wife, now wildly wringing her hands.

Miss Wakefield caught the elevator as it

landed the manager on the floor, and she briefly told him what was the matter. Then she descended, and had the clerk order a coupé by telephone, and then herself sent Dr. Floyd from across the street, while she ran to the stable, leaped into the coupé before the horse was fairly hitched up, and drove for Dr. Morris.

Dr. Morris found Mrs. Drupe already a widow when he arrived with the cashier. The latter promptly secured the addresses of Mr. Drupe's brother and of his business partner, again entered the coupé, and soon had the poor woman in the hands of her friends.

The energetic girl went to her room that night exhilarated by her own prompt and kind-hearted action. But the evil spirit that loves to mar our happiness had probably arranged it that on that very evening she received a note from the manager notifying her that her services would not be required after one more week. On inquiry the next day she learned that some of the ladies had complained of her behavior, and she vainly tried to remember what she had done that was capable of misconstruction. She also vainly tried to imagine how she was to live, or by what means she was to contrive to get back to those who knew her too well to suspect her of any evil. She was so much perplexed by the desperate state of her own affairs that she even neglected to attend Mr. Drupe's funeral,

but she hoped that Mrs. Drupe would not take it unkindly.

It was with a heavy heart that the manager called Miss Wakefield into his office on the ground floor in order that he might pay her last week's wages. He was relieved that she seemed to accept her dismissal with cheerfulness.

"What are you going to do?" he asked timidly.

"Why, did n't you know?" she said. "I am to live with Mrs. Drupe as a companion, and to look out for her affairs and collect her rents. I used to think she did n't like me. But it will be a good lesson to those ladies who found fault with me for nothing when they see how much Mrs. Drupe thinks of me."

And she went her way to her new home in Mrs. Drupe's apartment, at the end of the hall on the sixth floor, while the manager took from a pigeon-hole Mrs. Drupe's letter of complaint against the former cashier, and read it over carefully.

The thickness of the walls at the base of so lofty a building made it difficult for daylight to work its way through the tunnel-like windows, so that in this office a gas-jet was necessary in the daytime. After a moment's reflection, the manager touched Mrs. Drupe's letter of complaint to the flame, and it was presently reduced to everlasting illegibility.

Edward Eggleston.



SEEMING FAILURE.

THE woodland silence, one time stirred
 By the soft pathos of some passing bird,
 Is not the same it was before.
 The spot where once, unseen, a flower
 Has held its fragile chalice to the shower,
 Is different forevermore.
 Unheard, unseen,
 A spell has been!

O thou that breathest year by year
 Music that falls unheeded on the ear,
 Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!
 Thou that with tints of earth and skies
 Fillest thy canvas for unseeing eyes,
 Thou hast not labored futilely.
 Unheard, unseen,
 A spell has been!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

I.

IT was James Deed's wedding-morning, and the town knew it. Deed himself was so full of the knowledge of it that his face would break from time to time, without his will, into a fond and incommunicable smile of happiness as he rode alone toward Maverick on his horse. His eye measured the crisp and sparkling Colorado morning; and he took the sun upon his large, wholesome, likable face, with

the pleasant feeling that its shining was for him. The agreeable world seemed to have him in thought, and to be minded to do the handsome thing by his wedding-day. And the evil things, the blizzards and sand-storms, and the winds that will be howling at all hours in Colorado, shunned the face of this thrice-blessed day.

The cattle pony which Deed was riding had got the news of the kindling morning air, though he lacked word of the wedding; but

it was enough that he also knew what it was to be happy. Deed patted his flank affectionately, as they swung into town together; and he was of a mind to give good morrow to the herd that came to the barbed-wire fence to observe his happiness with impassive eyes. It was too early to see Margaret; but when he had waked at the ranch house on his cattle-range, where he had spent the last few days, he had found it impossible to remain quietly within doors, and since he must ride, it was the nearest thing to seeing her to ride in her direction.

The curtains were still down at the windows of the house where Margaret had been staying with Beatrice Vertner for a month. The Vertners occupied the largest dwelling in Maverick except the brick house which Snell had built since he had made his strike at Aspen; its architecture was in the journeyman carpenter Queen Anne manner common to Western towns which have reached their second stage. The pony, accustomed to stopping, swerved in toward the gate, and Deed was obliged to restrain him, unwillingly. There was no one in sight to mind that he should kiss his hand to a certain curtain in the second story; but he was obliged to content himself with this. He gave the pony the rein, and went swinging into Maverick by way of Mesa street.

His eye roved anxiously, with another thought, as he galloped along, over the circle of snow-peaks that separated Lone Creek Valley from the world outside, and rested on a cleft in the white hills through which his younger son, Philip, should at the moment be making his way from Piñon on horseback, to be present at the wedding in the afternoon.

Zacatecas Pass, which found its way through this breach in the Sangre de Cristo Range, led down, at a point thirty miles above Maverick, to the railway by which Philip should be taking a train within a few hours. A dusty cloud, of which Deed feared he knew the meaning, hung above the trail. It seemed probable that it was snowing in the mountains. If it was, Philip would almost certainly fail to arrive in time: it was equally certain that he would be in danger.

There had been a thaw, succeeded by freezing weather, and the crusted snow clung to the huge mountain shapes as if it were molded on them.

It was charming to follow the modeling of their mighty bulks under the conforming vesture of white, swelling and dying away in divine suggestions of hidden grace, with the effect of a maiden's raiment. The edged lines by which the hills mounted to the summits lay crumpled on one another, buried in softness. The snow plumped the hollows; and pursued their climb-

ing sides to the most secret fold. The angles were curves, and the curves glistening reaches of satin; for at every point the sunlight meshed itself in a gleam of white, and the whole field of snow shone with a blinding glitter.

In fact, the polished radiance of the hills gave off a glare which the eye could not meet with patience, and Deed, withdrawing his glance from the mountains, fixed it on the scattered town into which he was coming. He knew every building in it: he had seen most of them go up. He remembered when the general supply-store of Maverick had stood—if a tent may be said to stand—where the post-office now reared its ugly splendor of brick, stone-trimmed and mansard-roofed. In the road over which he was riding there was a familiar spot where an embattled squatter had held his own against the town for a twelve-month, refusing to move the log cabin which he had built in the center of Mesa street before there was a Mesa street. Deed had contributed to the building of the Episcopal church, past which he was riding at the moment; and as he glanced at its roof and front, he was sorry that he had not put aside more profitable business long enough to get himself appointed a member of the committee on its architecture. He tried to excuse himself by remembering that he had insisted on the simple and genuine Gothic interior, carried out in pine, which made it a very tolerable little church within.

He had had nothing to do with the roller skating-rink, nor with the Grand Opera House, which depressed the observer by its resemblance to Libby Prison, though it was an achievement of wood, and clapboarded up to the summit of its false front. The ingenuousness of the pretense with which the false front faces down the spectator in the new towns of the West would be almost a thing to disarm criticism if the front, in itself, were more beautiful; certainly if it were less hideous one would hardly like to humiliate it by going around behind and spying out the nakedness of the device.

As Deed's eye ranged over the roofs of the main street behind the fronts, he smiled at the disproportion between the actual height of the squat buildings, and the height which the fronts alleged for them. His happiness gave an edge to his observation; he saw familiar things as if for the first time. On the treeless plain over which Maverick was dispersed nothing obstructed the vision for miles, and from so slight an elevation as that along which Deed was cantering one commanded a panoramic view of the entire place. The hotel at the station, the public school with its high central tower, the post-office, and the railway hospital, were the only structures, besides the church, which lifted themselves above the level of the pre-

vailing one- and two-storied buildings. Except in the main street, the dwelling-houses lay isolated from one another in archipelagoes, marking the push of the real-estate boom to one and another corner of the young city.

As Deed came into the business center of the place, distinguished as such by the board sidewalk that went loftily along the thoroughfare on each side of the way, by the blazonries in red, black, and chrome-yellow on the muslin signs tacked upon the fronts of the shops, and by the tethered cattle-ponies, burros, and Studebaker wagons of the ranchmen who began to come into town, he was hailed by a loitering group gathered about a telegraph-pole in front of the post-office.

"Goin' the wrong way round, ain't you, Mayor?" inquired one of the group.

Deed had served the unexpired term of a mayor of Maverick who had suffered the inconvenience of being shot in the early days of the town; and the usual military titles refusing to fasten themselves readily to a certain dignity which the town recognized in him, it had compromised upon "Mayor," as being a fortunate combination of the respectful and the jocular.

Deed's answering smile owned the impeachment of the humorous reference; but the etiquette of Western chaff is not to sanction such an understanding with speech. It is, rather, *de rigueur* to meet such references with a heavenly unconsciousness of innocence, and to own them only deep within the understanding eye, which admits both parties to such amenities into the open secret of the no-secret.

"Well, yes; for Aspen and some places up Eagle River way I 'm going a good ways around, Burke," said Deed, with twinkling eyes, as he checked the pony; "but I 'm headed right for the telegraph-office, I think, unless I 've taken my observations wrong."

He was giving his pony the rein as some one said, "There was some tell about town here, Mr. Mayor, of your having asked unanimous consent to make another matter a special order of business for to-day." The postmaster, who had served a term in the legislature, was fond of the phrases he had learned at Denver.

"Yes; anything we can do for you, you know," darkly intimated the young fellow on whom the town's repute for the possession of the hardest drinker in the county depended. On Sundays Sandy was the sexton of the Episcopal church; other days he divided between Ira's and certain odd jobs.

"To be sure; that reminds me—there is something you can do for me, Sandy. Ira has my orders. Call on him this evening, and take the camp."

"Make it a dozen, Mayor," wheedled Sandy.

"Could n't," responded Deed. "I 've made it two." He smiled at the group. Sandy gawped his enjoyment of the prospect. The rest coiled their tongues deep in their cheeks, shifted the pain of sustaining their bodies from one leg to the other, and gazed at the "Mayor" with a broad smile.

"Denver?" asked some one.

Deed shook his head. "Y. and Z.'s."

"Bottles?"

"Kegs."

He surveyed the grinning group with a smile, as he caught up the reins. The points at which he differed from them were perhaps rather more obvious at the moment than those by which he was allied to the life of the place and of the West. In spite of eight years spent in the West, broken only by occasional visits to his old home in New York, and, while Margaret was still in question, by a single visit to Europe, his bearing retained a sort of distinction which no measure of consent to a civilization that surveys life with its hands in its pockets, and its trousers in its boots, was likely to vitiate.

In being unaggressive, this bearing escaped the condemnation under which all forms of aloofness from the common lot properly lie in the West; and in being on humorous terms with itself, it rather commended itself than otherwise to a people who must see life as a joke if they would escape seeing it as a tragedy. It was far from being his manner of distinction that gave Deed his place in the regard of Maverick, and of Lone Creek County, of course; and it was scarcely by it that he prevailed in his practice before the Supreme Court at Denver, or in his fights for mineral claims at Leadville. He counted, as every one does in the West who counts at all, by pure force.

Deed liked the West as men like what serves their ends, and for something more. There was a kind of obligation of gratitude upon him to like it, for it had been his rescue from lethargy after the death of his wife in New York ten years before. He had had no wish to live when he came West, and his friends were surprised to hear after six months that he was still alive. He was what is called "a very sick man" when he reached Maverick; and as he was also a very miserable one, the chances that he would presently be borne to the desolate little graveyard on the *mesa* just outside the limits of Maverick were rather better than the chances of his pulling through to find a new strength with his reviving interest in life. In the event he not only "came around," as the neighbors said, but, in laying hold upon the practice of his profession again, discovered a pleasure in pursuing the application of its principles to new conditions.

He chaffed the West, now, when he met a man who, like himself, had once been a New-Yorker or a Bostonian; but this was by way of reminding himself to remember how absurd the whole affair was, after all. The real fact was, that, absorbed in his work in creating a future for his boys, and finally in accumulating the fortune which he had seen might be his one day for the use of the needful energy, he had forgotten to philosophize the West, as he had been used to do while from his sick-bed he lay staring idly on a range of mountains which he remembered thinking too big. Consciously or unconsciously, he had cast in his lot with this huge, crudely prosperous, blundering, untutored land; and if he had still reserves, there was never time left from his mines, his cattle, and his law to think of them.

He was putting spurs to his horse as Snell, the leading merchant of the place, who had just joined the group, inquired suggestively, "The young men will hardly arrive in time for the ceremony, I take it, Mr. Deed?"

"I don't know, Mr. Snell," said Deed, restraining the pony, which was chafing to be off again. "I hope to see Philip. He's dropped his mining experiment up at Piñon, at my suggestion, and he will get through by the two-thirty train, I hope, if he gets over the Pass all right. I don't know whether to hope that he has left Laughing Valley City or not. I'm just on my way to the telegraph-office to inquire." He cast a doubtful look toward Zacatecas Pass.

"Looks some like snow up around the Pass," commented one of those young men of middle age who, in the West, somehow keep the sap of youth jogging lustily in their veins at an age when it has dried out, or soaked down into the roots, of New England men. It is possible that the speculative fancy of man does not engender a new scheme with every moon for nothing.

"It does look like snow," owned Deed, as he glanced anxiously again toward the mountains; and some one ventured to ask him about Jasper. "He was detained by business in New York," he said, at which Snell exchanged a significant glance with his neighbor. He hardly expected him for the wedding, Deed added. It was pretty well known in Maverick that Jasper wasted no approval on his father's second marriage; and there were persons who saw dubious things beneath the peremptory summons which he had given out a fortnight ago as calling him to New York.

As Deed, to cut short the embarrassment of this line of questioning, definitively caught up the reins, and gave the pony a cut with the quirt, the group gathered about him lifted their sombreros, or such rakish or merely slovenly caps as they wore, and swung them about their heads in the burlesque by which Western man-

ners express their condescension to the customs of a superseded civilization. It was not a bow, nor precisely a ceremony of farewell, but a mixed expression of thanks for the "irrigation" to be offered at Ira's in the evening, and of an embarrassed sentiment of congratulation on the event of the day, which did not quite know the smartest way of conveying itself.

When some one inquired, "What 's the matter with James Deed, Esquire?" and the crowd gave the foreordained answer with a single voice, they had really done for him all that one sovereign can do for another in the way of expression of good will: it was frankincense and myrrh, and oil and wine and precious stones, offered him on a tray of gold, if you like. It was meant for the same thing, and Deed did not like it less. He turned in his saddle, and waved his own wide-brimmed hat to them in acknowledgment, his fine smile on his lips.

THE Colorado sunshine was flooding the room in which Margaret awaited his coming, without let from blinds or shades. She stood in the big patch of radiance flung upon a rag carpet past fear of fading, and looked wistfully out of the window. The house stood a little apart, at the head of Mesa street, the chief thoroughfare of Maverick, near the outskirts of the town, and, in the clear mountain air she could see for a long distance down the road.

Breakfast was over, and Beatrice Vertner had left her to attend to some household duties, which weddings apparently do not make less important in their process of dwarfing all other concerns.

A quarrel between father and son, Margaret was saying to herself, as she stood by the window,—it had not come to that yet, but that Jasper's opposition to his father's second marriage had been saved from that only by the moderation and temperance of her husband who was to be, she felt sure,—seemed, at best, a wretched business; but this was, she felt, unbearably sad. In the foolish days when she was saying Deed nay because she did not yet know herself, and he was following her from New York to Paris, and from Paris to Geneva, and from Geneva to Naples, patient, decently doubtful of himself, but persistent, she had seen what it cost him merely to be separated from his sons. Later, she had come to understand how the obligation he had felt to find something within himself to replace the tender care of the mother his boys had lost before they were old enough to know the meaning of such a loss must have reacted upon and enriched his feeling for them. She remembered how, seeing that his concern for their welfare was the substance and texture of his life, she had warned him—it was at Naples—that such

affection as his played with high stakes; and how his face had darkened almost angrily at her hint of the possibility that sons might disappoint one's faith in them.

Just before their first meeting Deed had bought and stocked for his boys the cattle-range from which she hoped he was riding in at this hour, and Jasper was established there in undivided charge until Philip, then in the first year of one of his foolish boy's experiments in Chile, should be ready to come back and take his share in the management. She recalled well enough how she had rallied their father's unwitting boasts of Jasper's success, how she had assisted with inward amusement at the pretense that he kept his fatherly fondness covert by bantering it with her, and how, when that was his mood, she had seemed to consent to his transparent vainglory in the shrewdness of his clever young men of twenty-four as a natural enthusiasm about a successful venture of his own. But constantly she had the sense of his loving pride in both his boys; and she liked it.

Deed could not have told her, even if his knowledge of it had got out of the region of half-perceptions in which we keep our reluctances about the faults of those we love, that Jasper belonged to the Race of the Magnificent, who have their own way—a happy provision arranging that no one shall find it worth quite what it costs to oppose such ways. When Margaret discovered it for herself, she had only to put it with familiar characteristics of Deed to understand how the partnership papers in the range, which were the origin of the present difficulty, had got themselves signed.

When Deed, in good-humored recognition of Jasper's successful management of the range, had offered him a half-share in the profits from it until Philip should be ready to claim the third already belonging in all but form to each of the boys, it was like Jasper to say that it was very good of his father, and that they ought to "put the thing on a business basis." But it was rather more like Deed, whose pride in Jasper's business shrewdness commonly took shape before the young man himself in a habit of ridiculing him indulgently about it, to have laughed at him, and consented. And it was not less of a tenor with their usual relation that he should have let Jasper have his way about giving this profit-sharing, for a limited term, the form of a partnership.

About his own way Margaret knew he would have no conceit, while regarding the symmetry of his act in giving Jasper something like the reward his faithfulness and sagacity in the management of the ranch had earned he would have a certain pride. For

Margaret, who, for her own part, had ever frugalities and cautions to be satisfied before she could be about a matter, both understood and admired the recklessness with which Deed was accustomed to do a nice thing thoroughly. To her it was an inevitable touch of character that he should have glanced over the papers of partnership which Jasper had drawn up, should have signed with a smile for his gratification in doing an entirely gratifying thing, and then should have had the boy to supper with him at the only restaurant in town, where they drank to the success of the range in the champagne which had been left over from the previous night's supper of the Order of the Occidental Star.

Deed had not meant to marry again, then, of course, and the cattle-range was then an incident of his fortune, instead of one of the main facts of it, as it presently became.

When he first thought of Margaret he congratulated himself that there was still the ranch, for, at a little past forty, he found himself, through the scoundrelly trick of a man he had trusted, almost as entirely on his own hands as he had been at twenty—with a fortune to be won again, and with life to be begun pretty much afresh. When this trouble came on him he thought of the boys; remembered with satisfaction that they were provided for, whatever came; shrugged his shoulders; took a look at himself in the glass, measured himself thoughtfully against the future, brushed the black lock down over the fringe of gray in front; smiled; went out and had a good dinner; and began again that afternoon. A year later, when he first offered himself to Margaret, it was pleasant to know that the ranch was now not quite all (some of his mining stocks were doing better); but the third interest, that would still remain to him when Philip should have claimed his share in the range had not lost its importance to him. And Jasper had done wonderful things with the enterprise since they had pledged each other in the bad wine of the "Delmonico of the West."

It was a little later that there began to be discoverable in Jasper's manner the hints of opposition to his father's second marriage which had lately come near ending in an estrangement between father and son. The difference between them was, after all, but scantily patched up; and on the head of it Jasper had set out for New York, knowing that he could not be back in time for the wedding, and leaving word that he would write his father regarding another matter which Deed had broached to him just before his departure. The other matter was the reorganization of the arrangement at the ranch to

include Philip, who had given over mining, after a twelvemonth in the mountains.

He had gone to Piñon on his return from Chile, with his young man's interest in anything rather than the usual and appointed thing lying ready to his hand; but he was now willing enough to accept his father's advice of a year before, and to join Jasper in looking after the ranch, where an assured income awaited him. Deed had wished to see this wandering, impulsive, hot-blooded, unsettled son of his actually established on the range before his marriage to Margaret. Unexpected events at Piñon had prevented this; but when he should come down for the wedding it was arranged that he was not to return, but was to take up his residence at the ranch immediately.

If this provision for Philip's future had not already been made when Margaret first began to be in question, Deed could not have asked her to marry him. He felt, in a degree which it would be difficult to represent, his responsibilities to his boys; and the long habit of making them the first concern of his life must have prevailed with him, whatever his feeling for Margaret, if they had needed anything done for them. But the ranch was a property which, conducted with any skill, must yield them both a handsome revenue, when both should be established on it.

Margaret liked the faithfulness to the future of his sons, which would not suffer him to put even her, or their common happiness, before it. He was determined to leave nothing at loose ends; and he was even awaiting the formality of Jasper's assent to the new arrangement at the ranch, as if it were an assent which he was free to withhold—as if all property of his boys in the ranch were not derived from his generosity, and as if Jasper's present tenure were not peculiarly by grace of his father's good humor. It was only a form; but Margaret knew that Deed regarded it as a sacred preliminary to their marriage; and when she saw him riding up to the door, waving a letter in his hand, she knew what letter it must be.

She ran out into the frosty air to meet him. Standing on the porch, under the shadow of the scroll-saw work, which was as much in the Queen Anne manner as anything about the house, she waited for him to tie his horse, cuddling her arms about her waist. The air had an edge. She gathered herself together: there was the cold to keep out; and there was a soft, interior content which she was willing to keep in.

It was hard not to be afraid of some of her feelings lately.

"Watch your horse!" she adjured, with a little nervous shiver. He was trying to tie the

pony while he kept his eyes on her, and the tying was on the way to failure. He had taken the letter in his mouth for greater convenience. They both began to laugh, so that he had to take it out.

"Dearest!" he whispered, as he caught her to him in the porch. But she would not give him his kiss until they were in the hallway.

"It's come!" she said, with a joyous nod toward the letter in his hand, as they went into the sitting-room, which was as discreetly empty as the whole house seemed suddenly to have become in the hush of their happiness.

"Yes," he said, alternately offering and refusing it to her, as he held her away to make certain that she was the same Margaret with whom he had parted the night before for the last time, and who was to give herself to him in a few hours.

She sniffed at the flowers he had slipped into her hand in the hallway; and, to make sure she did not cry, laughed at the smile of love on his face, which often oppressed her with the obligation it seemed to lay on her to keep it always there. And then she clapped her hands and laughed again to perceive in herself a kind of girlish pride in his being handsome and manly, and altogether very fine and impressive this morning.

It was true that he was a striking figure as he stood holding her at arm's-length, and not less so when he left her side and went over to the mantel, where he leaned his head upon his hand and watched her for a moment in silence, as he struck at his riding-boots with the quirt he had brought in with him. His hair was a bit gray where his large round head had begun to grow bald on each brow; but this, with his grizzling eyebrows, and the strongly marked lines about his mouth, which, in a younger man, would have seemed merely the outward sign of resolution, were the only tokens by which one would have known him to be more than thirty-five. His hair, like his mustache, which was the only adornment of his face, was worn clipped rather short; and this, coupled with his rather careful habit of dress, gave him a certain effect of trimness and well-being uncommon in the West. He had the habit of resting his weight firmly upon the ground; and the dignity and ease of his bearing were not lost in the most impetuous of his habitually rapid movements. His eyes had a tinge of blue in some lights, but it was the indefinable gray in them which gave the look of power and firmness to his face. It is doubtful if these eyes were really bluer in his kindly moments; but it is not doubtful that they seemed so. That which distinguished his look and his manner, however, after the force which no one could fail to feel in him, was an effect of unconquerable youth-

fulness and buoyancy. His eager, mildly searching glance, his manner of unceasing alertness and energy, gave one the sense of a man much alive.

He glanced with keen liking about a room which he had known for a long time, but which, somehow, had never been as interesting a room as it was this morning. He was almost in a mood to forgive the wall-paper, which insulted the remnant of Eastern taste in him; and as he turned and, with his hands in his pockets, stared into the fire, not knowing what to say in his happiness, it gave him a warm feeling about the heart to see what a gay time the combustible piñon-wood of the mountains was having of it in the little grate. There was even a certain light-heartedness about the what-not in the corner, on which the collection of mineral specimens—part of the religion of Colorado housekeeping—was reflecting the Colorado sunshine from unexpected facets of ore; while the iron pyrites winked in the sun at some possible tenderfoot mistaking it for gold.

Beatrice Vertner's taste had contrived to give a homelike expression to such furniture as there was; but the room was rather bare. The big photograph of Veta Pass, in which a train had stopped to be taken, hung in frameless, fly-spotted solitude above the tennis-rackets and riding-crops in one corner. There was a good engraving above the fireplace, framed in unplanned scantling, and two clever oil-paintings by some of Beatrice's Eastern friends brightened one corner of the room, which was further lighted up by a brilliant-hued Navajo blanket, hung as a *portière* at one of the doorways. The home-made rag carpet, in its modest propriety of coloring, caused the Western villainy in wall-paper to wear a self-conscious smirk. At the side window there was a burst of color, where the lower sash pretended, not very seriously, to be stained glass.

"Such a spick-span conscience as I've got this morning, Margaret," he said, coming over to her and taking her hands again, while he looked down into her eyes, which she straightway dropped. "There is n't an unswept corner nor an undusted piece of furniture in it. I've had out all the couches, and had all the pictures down, and gone in for a general house-cleaning. The boys are safe and settled, both of them, and in seven hours—"

"Seven and a half," she corrected smilingly, with the precision which seems never to leave a woman who has once taught school.

"Half, is it? To be sure; half-past four. But everything must be whole this morning, Margaret, like our happiness. Have you noticed how every one feels responsible and—interested about this affair? They were all at the windows as I rode up the street,—or rather

they were behind the curtains,—and I had to try to look the disinterested morning caller on my way to pay a sort of duty call. But they saw through me. My foolish joy leaks through my eyes, I suppose. Margaret dear," he asked, taking her doubtful and feebly reluctant form in his arms (for, even on the eve of her wedding, the indomitable Puritan in her must have its shamefaced way with her will), "tell me, does it distress you that I can't conceal it? You are so much better at it. Let me see your eyes. Come, you are not fair. Look up!" And then, as she tremulously took his glance for a moment, he put back his big head, and laughed greatly. "I see; you *were* thinking it: that it is unbecoming that they should be laughing over our happiness—indecorous—um—unseemly. O Margaret, you are great fun!"

"Am I?" she asked, with a shy smile, keeping her eyes on the button she was twisting on his coat.

"Yes, yes," he cried through his laughter, as he drew her to the sofa; "you don't know what you miss in not being able to enjoy yourself." He caught her to him, and she hid her head on his broad breast for happiness.

And with his arm about her he opened the letter. "Is n't it fine, dear, to know that Philip is settled down and done for, before we begin with each other, and that we need not fear for him? Otherwise I should have felt as if I were running away from him. I like to get this letter from Jasper just at this time. It's only a form, but it makes everything quite sure. I'm afraid we are too happy," he sighed, as he glanced over the first lines of the letter; and as he turned the page he looked up in a daze, and could not believe that there had ever been such a thing as happiness in the world. He bit his lips, not to cry out.

Margaret watched him in silent fright as he read on. A pallor deepened over his face. It went, and he appeared to regain himself. But the thought, whatever it was, seemed suddenly to clutch him at the throat, and he buried his face in his hands with a groan.

Margaret's arms, for the first time of their own motion, stole gently about him. And so they sat for a long time in silence.

Once she said softly, "I'm so sorry, dearest." Questions, she saw, could not help him, and she did not know how to say her sympathy. She understood without words that Jasper had in some way played his father false, and she yearned over the man who in a few hours was to be her husband, with an awed sense of what such a falsity must mean to him.

The letter shocked her when she read it, but it could not sharpen her pain for him.

Jasper explained that he could not hold him-

self bound by the understanding under which his father apparently supposed him to have taken a half share in the profits of the range, and that he must decline to surrender to Philip any share in it. He "stood upon the articles of partnership, giving him the rights of an equal partner, for a term of years." The rest was made up of phrases. He would be very glad to offer his brother employment on the range; would be "most happy to afford him every" . . . trusted that "such an arrangement between them might be mutually" . . . hoped that this "would be accepted in the spirit in which" . . . ; was sure that his father must feel that "business is always business"; and, disclaiming any motive of greed or animosity, begged him to believe that he remained his "most affectionate son."

Margaret did not dare look at the stricken man beside her when she had finished this.

"If he had only died!" he moaned.

"Oh, I know, James; I know!" she murmured, with an uncertain caress.

"Do you, dear?" He looked up dully. Something vital seemed to have gone out of him. His haggard look appalled her. She shrank from it with a fluttering glance. "No, no," he said; "you don't know. You should be glad you can't. You must have cared for a child in sickness and in health, and done things for his sake, and been through all sorts of weather with him, and scolded his badness, and loved his loveliness, to know."

"Of course, of course," whispered Margaret, mechanically, because she could not find the right words, if, in truth, there were any.

"You can guess, dear," he said, "and it's good of you; but to know you ought to have watched his growth, with its touching likeness to your own growth; and have seen the little armful of flesh, with the tiny, beating heart, that you were once afraid you would stop with a rough clasp, grow to be a man, with a man's comfortable power over the world into which he came so unknowingly—and with a man's awful capacity for right and wrong." He sighed. "Yes, yes," he went on with a note of bitterness; "you must have done what you could to help him to a place in the world,"—his voice broke,—and perhaps you ought really to have been both father and mother to him," he added, with the ghost of his smile: "his friend, as you stood in the place of his mother; his comrade, as you were in fact his father, to know. Thank heaven, you don't know, Margaret!"

The patient desolation of his tone touched her inexpressibly. She took his hand in both of hers, studying it absently a moment, and one might have thought she meant to raise it to her lips; but, struggling against the tears in her voice, she said, "Ingratitude, though, James—

is n't it much of a piece wherever you find it, and—and suffer from it? I can understand that, I think." She paused, biting her lip for self-control. "Oh, it is cowardly!" she broke out. "Does n't it seem so, dear? Cowardly and brutal!" Her arm slipped about him again, as she searched for these blundering words of helpfulness. She would have given the world to reach and soothe the pang which she seemed to herself to be merely moving about in a helpless circle. The unyielding tradition in which she had been nurtured, and which possessed her less since she had let herself love him, but which still was mistress of her, had never been so irksome.

At the moment she longed to be the creature of some sunnier land, the women of which do not have to wonder how they shall comfort those they love, who have a natural language for affection. But the honesty in her would not suffer her to express more than she could feel instinctively. "Who—who but a coward," she went on chokingly, "could wrong so unanswerably as ingratitude wrongs—so far past help, so deep beyond protest; so deep, deep down that the mere thought of lifting a voice against it is a misery, a nausea, a degradation!"

He leaped up. "Yes, yes," he cried, with impatient energy; "but one can act, *must* act when the thing's past talk. Where did I leave my hat, Margaret?" He took her by both shoulders, with a sudden impulse, and looked for a moment into her eyes. She took fright at his set face, in which, save the tenderness for her, there was scarce anything of sanity.

"What—what are you going to do?" she asked, under her breath.

He clenched his hands, as he turned from her, and caught up his hat, which lay on the sofa. "Oh, I don't know, my girl! I don't know! My worst, I suppose."

He was flinging himself out of the door. "James!" she murmured reproachfully. He turned and kissed her. "In an hour," he whispered, and was gone before she could utter one of all the pleadings that hung upon her lips. She tremblingly watched him untie his horse. Every movement of his hands was charged with an angry energy that terrified her. Her heart leaped in fear at the wrathful twitch with which he loosed the knot that they had been laughing at together twenty minutes back; and she cowered at the ugly cut under which the pony shrank, as Deed set off at a gallop.

Was this the good, the gentle man she loved? She put her hands to her eyes to shield them from the memory of the look on his face, as he parted with her. It was like the look of unreason—such a look as one recalls in explanation of a terrible event, after it has befallen.

II.

IT was rather more than an hour before he returned, and Margaret had time to think of many things. She trembled at the thought of what he might be doing at any moment of her watching, and waiting, and poking of the fire. She recalled all that she knew of his hot and reckless temper; she told over to herself all that she had ever heard from others of the relentless fixity with which he carried out a thing on which he was resolved.

She knew sadly the quality of his temper, of course; her experiences of it could hardly have failed to be numerous and bitter, in the time which had elapsed since she had known him. It was the chief flaw in his character. In accounting for it to herself, she said, when she was not fresh from suffering from some manifestation of it, that no doubt it went along inevitably with his generous and impulsive heart. She was ignorant about such things, and about men in general, but she had never known any one so entirely good, and kind, and open-hearted, and she told herself it was not for her to measure or question the correlative fault that must always go with a great virtue like that. She had moments of grave doubt about this, of course, and her doubt had been a minor reason among the controlling ones which had caused her to refuse him at first. When she finally discovered that she loved him, it did n't matter; nothing seemed to matter then. She now thought of his temper as one of the things she would set herself to modify—or, rather, to help him about—when they were married. What was marriage for, if not for some such mutual strengthening and improvement?

Something Vertner had told her when she first came, and at which she had laughed at the time, recurred to her. It still made her smile, but in a frightened way. Vertner had heard it in Leadville. It was apropos of the grim strength of purpose which every one felt in Deed. Some one had come to a young lawyer there, to offer him a case in which Deed was engaged on the other side, and had been asked to "come off!" "Ain't you got more sense," inquired the practitioner, expressively, "than to take half a day out of a ten-dollar-a-day job to come and set me on to Deed in a case where he's got the ghost of a show? Never saw him grip his fist, like that, in a court of law, did you? Thought not. Must is *must* about that time, young man. There ain't no two ways to a burro's kick. I've been there. In fact, I was there day before yesterday. Beaten? No, sir; I was n't beaten. I was cyclonized. I was taken up by the toes of my boots, and swung round and round with one of the prettiest rotary motions you ever saw,

and banged against the top of Uncompaghe Peak, out there. No one but myself would have thought it worth while to pick up what was left of me, I suppose. But I did it; and I picked up too much sense at the same time to try it again. Why, that man's got more knowledge of the law, and more raw grit, and hang on, and stick to 'n—" he questioned the air with uplifted arm for a comparison—"well," he ended hopelessly. "I'll tell you what it is," he went on, with renewed grip of language; "for them that likes monkeying with the buzz-saw, there ain't nothing like it, short of breaking a faro-bank. It's strawberries and cream to that sort. But to peaceably disposed citizens like you and me, Charlie, there ain't nothing at all, anywhere, like staying pleasantly and sociably to home, and letting the saw hum its merry little way through the other fellow's fingers."

From time to time Margaret would go to the window, and look wistfully down the road. The expression on her round, shrewd, suggestive, wise little face at these times would have helped an observer to understand the look which made her seem older than her twenty-nine years; it was the authoritative look of experience. The look of over-experience that sometimes fixes itself, to the sadness of the beholder, on the face of a woman who has been down into the fight for bread with men, had passed by Margaret's inextinguishable womanliness; but she had not led an easy life; and one saw it in her face—a face proportioned with a harmony that strangely failed to make it beautiful.

Her eyes, which were small and bright, were deeply set under a high and well-modeled brow, from which the hair was brushed straight back in a way that must have been unbecoming to another type of face, but which was admirably suited to her own. In falling over her shapely little ears, the silky brown hair waved in a fashion pleasant to see. Her mouth, which was small and daintily made, wore an expression of unusual firmness.

In conversation she would fix her animated hazel eyes in absorbed attention on the face of the person with whom she spoke, and when the talk was of serious things, a deep, far-away look would suddenly possess these eyes. She had an extraordinarily sweet smile, and there was a gentle and kindly soberness in her expression. She was well and compactly made, yet her effect was unimposing. She seemed short and slight. She had a well-kept little effect in her dress and the appointments of her person; but no one would have accused Margaret of knowing anything about dress. She was rather discreetly clothed than dressed in the sense of adornment. She wore white cuffs

at her wrists and a narrow collar at her throat, fastened by a brooch of gold wrought in an old-fashioned pattern.

Margaret was not smiling when Beatrice came in, some time after Deed had gone, and found her with her head pressed against the pane. She turned her tearful face away as Beatrice drew her to her.

Mrs. Vertner, one saw, had been quite recently a pretty woman, and she was still young—a year or two younger than Margaret. The brilliant expression which had distinguished her among all her acquaintance in her young girl days in Newton (the Boston Newton), where she was still remembered as a clever girl who had made an inexplicable marriage, was overlaid, for the most part, by a look of anxiety and harassment, due to the conditions of her life. She made her housekeeping as little a sordid, crude, and ugly business as she could, and took its difficulties light-heartedly; but housekeeping in a Western town that has still to "get its growth" is at best a soul-wearing affair. Just now she suffered under the rule of a Swedish maid-servant who knew no English, and whose knowledge of cooking was limited to a fine skill in broiling steak insupportably, and a vain address in the brewing of undrinkable coffee.

"Crying, little one?" she asked affectionately. "Won't you do something a wee bit like some one else, dear, one of these days, and let me be by to see it? That's a good girl." She kissed her, with a laugh. "But stay odd all the rest of the time, Margaret. I should n't like you if you were n't odd, you know—not even if you were ever so little less odd. If I want you to be conventional, it is only for a moment, to see how it would seem. Come! Other brides smile. Try one smile!" she pleaded. And at Margaret's helpless amusement, she snatched her from the window, and, humming a vague air, which defined itself in a moment as one of the Waldteufel waltzes, she beat time for a second, laughing in Margaret's bewildered, tear-stained face, and caught her away into a romping dance.

"There!" she cried, as she sank upon the sofa, breathless with laughing and dancing. "I've shaken you into sorts, I hope, and you're ready for the ceremony—or will be, if you'll ever get yourself dressed. Not that I call it dressed, to wear that gray—oh, I don't mean that, Maggie dear," she exclaimed at a pained look on Margaret's face. She crushed Margaret to her in a devouring embrace. "Or, rather, I do," she added honestly; "but I did n't mean to say it. No; you'd better wear it," she went on, at some sign of hesitation from Margaret. "It will go beautifully with all the rest of it. Margaret Derwentor,"

she cried, with an affectation of seriousness, "shall I tell you something? You will never be married." She retired for the effect, but fell upon her with all the armory of woman's peacemaking at Margaret's start. "Literal!" she cried. "Will you never take things less hard? As if I meant it! What I did mean sounds foolish after you've taken it like that. But I may as well say it. I don't believe the marriage ceremony is going to marry you as it does other women, Margaret; and you need n't tell me it is. If you are ever married, it will be by yourself; yes, I mean it—by a kind of slow process of consent to the affair. Of course you will have a proper respect for the ceremony, and you will think it has married you. But women like you, Maggie,—not that there are any,—are not married in that way. Now, I was married when I left the church, and everybody knew it."

Margaret laughed, not on compulsion this time, and, catching her arm about Beatrice's waist, drew her to the window to look down the road with her for Deed's coming.

Almost any part of Margaret's history, before the time when she began to teach, and, by a curious arrangement of her own, to see the world, must wrong, or at least misspeak, in the telling the gentle and sweet-natured woman she had become.

From the first she had ideas; and it would be hard to say what one must call the ambition which gave purpose and meaning to her young days. From the point of view of her grandmother's farm-house on a bleak New England hill, the pursuit of what she called culture represented to Margaret during these days an inspiration, an intellectual stimulus, and a rule of life. It would be a quarrelsome person who would not suffer any one to get what fun he might out of the idea of culture for culture's angular dear sake; and as an alternative to the apples and cider, the mite-societies, the "socials," and the lectures which in winter stand for mental diversion in the back country of New England, it has advantages.

But if some one said that the theory of life which it implies lacks ease, atmosphere, curves, lacks even, to say the worst of it at once, the sense of humor, only one who had a great many such New England winters in him ought to say a word.

Margaret, in her pursuit of this mystic culture, conceived education to be, until her education was done, an affair possessing length, breadth, and thickness. It is to be feared that she even "improved" her opportunities. They were not many, poor girl, until she left the New Hampshire village for her first stay in New York, where she studied at a school in which she spent a year learning that she was the only

pupil who regarded its advantages as precious privileges. Then she left it for Vassar, which was, at least, not touched with sham. She found here other girls with her thought about education; and she went about the erection of her structure of intelligence with an energy which presently sent her home to her grandmother ill. The structure remained her point after her return, however; and the reader who knows anything of this habit of thought should not need to be told that she looked upon it, not as a dwelling that she should one day inhabit, much less as a temple which should one day inhabit her, but as a shrine the graceful proportions of which it was the final privilege to set forever within one's blessed sight. At nineteen Margaret was more in the way to becoming that distressing product of our felicitous new ways of thinking about women and about education — the female prig — than a friendly biographer would like to record.

Her escape from such a fate was due to circumstances outside her control. In the midst of one of the summer vacations she took up a copy of the "Springfield Republican," to learn that the little competence left her by her father had been embezzled, with more important trust funds, by an unscrupulous executor. Soon after, her grandmother died. Every Sunday morning, from the time when Margaret had come to her as a child, she had lain in bed, this estimable lady, thinking how she would change on Monday in Margaret's favor the will which bequeathed all she had to a charity. On Sunday morning a late breakfast gave time for reflection on such subjects; but on Monday there was never any time at all. And on one of the Mondays which was to have witnessed the fulfilment of her resolve, she died in Margaret's arms.

The double catastrophe had many lessons for Margaret. She sorrowed for her grandmother bitterly out of the simple and loving heart which no system of cultivation could have educated out of her; and she never thought of blaming the neglect which had left her with the problem of earning her living close upon her. The money lost through the executor's rascality troubled her solely as an educated girl — a girl with duties, with responsibilities to her self-development. It would be putting it too crudely to say that she grieved for the loss of the money because one might have bought such a lot of culture with it: travel, that is, and the leisure for study, and the sight of good pictures, and the knowledge of all the "cultivated" things. But it is only the expression that is at fault: her idea hovered very near this thought. As she could not have the thing in one shape, she determined to buy it for herself in another.

It was necessary that she should provide for herself, and she conceived the enterprising notion of making this necessity serve her purpose. She "taught"; but she gave the heavy-hearted word a meaning of her own by procuring, through a friend of her father in Boston (after a year spent in school-teaching), a position as traveling governess with a family which put several of her favorite novels to shame by treating her as one of the species.

She made the tour of Europe with these people, with what she called, in her letters to one of her college friends, "most satisfying results." She did not mean to the business man's children whom she was teaching, but to what she might have called her own "mental progress." The business man, when he called the results "satisfactory," meant something separated by the distance between any two of the planets from the idea contained in Margaret's word; but his word was at least as much reward as she had expected, outside her salary, for her faithful efforts to decant some of her knowledge into the minds of the business man's children.

When she was back in America again, she recklessly sat down and waited for another engagement looking to the same ends. This time she wanted to go to Japan, and she kept the advertisement in which her wishes were succinctly stated in the "Nation" and in the "Tribune" until a family discovered itself intending toward Japan, and desiring a governess of Margaret's capacity, temperament, and terms.

It will be seen that this was a woman of energy, of independence, and of original ideas; but so much lies on the surface. To make it at all clear how she contrived to reconcile these rather aggressive qualities to the softest and gentlest womanhood there need be, one must have known her. To be sweetly firm; to be gifted with the kind of lucidity that does not roil one's own commonplace muddle of a mind by its mere existence; to know, and not to know you know; to hold immoderate opinions in a moderate way; to be transfigured by energy, and yet consent to the propriety of your neighbor lying on his sofa; to perceive that the boundaries of the State of New York, or, even — though this is asking a good deal — the confines of the British Isles, do not limit the imaginable, not to say ladylike, regions of our globe: in a word, to be tolerant — these are great matters. It can hardly discredit Margaret with any reasonable soul to own that she failed, for the most part, to realize all these excellences; but they had become the tormenting measure of her ideal some time before she met Deed, on a visit to Beatrice Vertner (the one friend she had made at her New York school) at her home in Colorado.

It was mainly the travel which she had sought as gratifying her aspirations toward culture which disabused her of her young feeling about that *ignis fatuus*; the sight of the various, the populous, the instructive world furnished her with an altogether new point of view, from which she grew to pity the provincial Diana who had set out with such a fine courage to hunt down culture with her little bow and arrow. And yet the Diana remained; and the Margaret of ten years after the Vassar days was at least as remarkable for her likeness, in remote, illusive ways, to the Margaret who had one and the same conscience for the Temple of Culture, and for the Temple of Pure Right, as she was remarkable for her exquisite, her admirable, and her surprising difference.

The new notions of life begotten of going about and seeing things had led the way; but no one who knew her well could have been at a loss to perceive the molding force which had done the real work of change. It was her womanliness coming in upon her, at the same time, with its incomparable enrichment, which had taught her old vagaries the way to the graces of the new Margaret; it was what one might almost have called her natural gift for womanliness which finally chastened her edges, and which, in shaping her young strenuousness to softer lines, lost for it none of the validity and justness and simple strength which had gone with her maidenly ways of thinking.

And yet it is certain that one is not reared in New Hampshire for nothing; that one does not spend four years at Vassar without bearing the Vassar mark; above all, it is clear that no one can teach for ten years—it may be that no one can teach for an hour—and live to hide the fact.

It was Beatrice who first caught sight of the familiar figures of the pony and his rider, coming up the road at a gallop, pursued by a swirl of dust. She could not be persuaded that she did not hear the baby crying, and descended upon the sound before Deed could reach the porch.

Margaret would rather he had not tried to find a smile for her. He looked a year older than when he had left her side. They stood for a moment, when she opened the door to him, looking into each other's eyes. Then she cast her arms about him, and drew him to her with an impulse of protection,—the kind of refuge against the vexations of the world that a woman offers to the man who is dear to her, as if he were the sole sufferer from them on the planet,—and whispered some words in his ear.

"I am so sorry," she said simply, as she took his arm, and led him into the room, where she had made up a brighter fire against his return.

He sat heavily on the sofa, and stared at

the blazing piñon sticks with the look of a man whose fight is done.

He looked away from her. "We must n't talk of it," he said, after a moment. "It's no stuff to make wedding-days of. I don't know," he went on, biting his lip, "how I am going to get my forgiveness that this should have happened as it has."

She came and stood by his side. "Do you begrudge my sharing your trouble, James?" she asked. "Would you rather have borne it alone? I thought that was what it meant to be —"

"What, dear?" he asked tenderly. He drew her down to him, and put his arm about her. She sank on the floor beside him.

"A wife," she said, blushing faintly, and looking down.

Their romance was not less dear to them than if they had been younger: it was more sober, but not less valiant.

"Um," commented Deed, with a wan smile, patting her hand affectionately. She sat for a moment in a reverie that took no account of their trouble, and was almost happy. But, catching sight of his tense and stricken face, "Something has happened," she said tremulously.

"Yes; the law can't help me," he answered wearily. "If there were nothing else, I must have let him go with his plunder, and have found heart, somehow, to tell Philip that I had let myself be done out of his future, with a fool's trust."

"Nothing but the law? Then there is something else? There is a remedy?"

He did not respond to the joy in her tone.

"Yes," he answered gravely.

She started back, and rose from his side, all her fears alive in her face.

"James!" she cried incriminatingly. He sat silent, with his head in his hands. She regarded him for a moment in anxious perplexity. Then she reached forth her hand, and laid it softly on his shoulder. "You—you are quite sure you are doing right?" she asked gently.

He withdrew himself. "Margaret!" he cried reproachfully. "How could I do a wrong to him?"

"You can do a wrong to yourself. You can let a longing to right yourself carry you too far," she said bravely.

"Don't talk in that way, Margaret. There was but one right and one wrong in the world. I had to have that right. What I have done is just."

"Oh, I hope so!" she cried.

He was silent for a moment. He was thinking of many things. Suddenly he turned his eyes to hers, and regarded her piercingly. He took her hands in an eager pressure. "What would you do for me?" he asked at last abruptly.

"My dear James, I—" began Margaret, startled.

"Would you give up all that I have meant to make yours for—for me?"

His intense gaze was unbearable. She turned away. "You know I would," she murmured.

"Don't think that because I am giving I have the right to take away. It's not so."

"Rights, dear? Must we talk of them? Don't you think—"

"Well?" he asked, trying to be gentle; but his restless anxiety got into his voice.

"That they stop, I was going to say, where love begins. But, James, you seem so far off—so strange." She laid a hand doubtfully upon him, and looked into his face with a questioning glance. "Would it reach you, if I said a thing like that?" she asked. Her smile was pitiful. "O my dearest, of course I don't care. How should I? Did I ever care? And now, if it would make you happy—"

"Must it make me happy?" he asked.

"Would it be worth while to you if it did not?"

"Ah, well!" he exclaimed inconclusively, and for some minutes they did not speak. Margaret watched his absorbed face and knitted brows with a thousand rising doubts.

He may have seen the pained look of inquiry on her face, for he took her clasped hands and stroked her hair thoughtfully. With her elbow on the sofa, and her head in her upturned hand, she coiled herself on the floor, and regarded the crackling fire for a long time in wistful silence.

She was glad when he spoke, though all her fears cried out against what he might say. As he bent over her, speaking in a low voice, she kept her eyes on the fire. "Tell me again it would not pain you to lose it all, Margaret. It is not merely money. It has many sides and meanings. It is all worldly comfort, advantage, leisure, of course; but, besides, it is freedom—freedom to do the things you have wished to do, Margaret; the things you have not been able to do. It's not fair to ask you until you have tested it. You don't know how much you would be giving up."

She smiled. "I know how much I shall be gaining if—it can serve you," she said softly, her head turned from him.

He observed her with keen, grave eyes, which, as he looked, filled with tenderness. He rose and took her in his arms.

"Is this my reserved Margaret?" he asked. "Is this the quiet little woman who, a few months since, would scarcely own she loved me, and only the other day was protesting that her training had not taught her the language of affection?"

She hid her face. "What is it that you wish

to do, James?" she asked anxiously, when she could raise it again.

He released her without answering. After a moment he took a turn up and down the room.

"You won't believe it!" he said suddenly. He went back, and flung himself upon the sofa, with a half groan. The fire had blazed up, and in its play upon his face Margaret read the torture that was going on in him. She was beside him again in a moment. "Margaret," he said, as he caught her hand once more, "do you remember the story of Samson?"

"Surely," she answered in wonder. "Why?"

"His locks were traitorously shaven. His strength, which was all his riches, was basely taken from him by one he trusted. Then his enemies believed they had conquered him, for his power was gone, and they had put out his two eyes. But in Gaza,—do you remember, dear?—when they were gathered to see his shame, he put forth one last, mighty effort, and pulled down the temple over their heads and his. The story has always had a noble ring to me, I don't know why. To-day it comes back with special meaning. Would you mind reading it over to me, dear?"

Margaret gazed at him in trouble and uncertainty; but she went for the Bible which was her single inheritance from her mother. At home she always kept it on the table near her bed. Just now it was in the trunk, up-stairs. When she had found it, she brought the volume to him, and, kneeling down with her arm on his knee and her face to the blaze, where she could see him by turning her head, opened quickly to the place.

"'But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes,'" she began, "'and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass—'"

"No; a little further on, please," said he, keeping his eyes closed.

"'And it came to pass,'" she began again, toward the end of the chapter, "'when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars."

"'And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. . . .'"

"'And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.'"

Deed rose abruptly, and paced the floor. Margaret read on, fearful of she knew not what.

"And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

"And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines, And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein."

Margaret dropped the book, and looked at Deed. He was standing quite still, listening in absorption.

"Was it not great? Was it not well done, Margaret?"

"I don't know," she said, with a touch of preciseness which, without her will, would often make its way into her tone when matters of propriety or morality were in question. She reflected a moment. "Was it right to kill so many for revenge only?"

"It was just. His loss was not a common one. It was his two eyes."

"But barbarous justice, don't you think so, dear? It would be better to suffer under the sense of the worst wrong."

"No, no," said he, earnestly, almost eagerly; "to me it seems nobly done. He did not try to save himself. He perished of his own will in the general ruin."

Margaret had long been watching him anxiously; but now, terrified beyond control, she burst forth, "O, James, what has Samson's story to do with you or me?"

"Everything! Everything!" he cried. "Has not Jasper taken my strength in teaching me to know him? Has he not taken my eyes in robbing me of himself, and of Philip's future, at a stroke?"

He paced the floor impatiently. She put forth her hand with an instinctive gesture of deprecation. His haggard face, with its look of determination, awed her. When she tried to cry out her voice failed her.

"Margaret," he cried, pausing suddenly in his walk at some look in her face, "you would not have me bear it!"

"O James," she answered, "it is hard, very hard, I know; but yes, I would bear it. What else is there for it?"

"What else?" he cried. "All else! Why, Margaret, can you ask? Do you think I could live, and not strike back? Am I so weak a thing? Am I cheated of *all* my power, even in your eyes? Why, dearest—" he drew her to him, as she rose, with a tremulous motion, and surveyed her face—"why, dearest," he repeated, "I have still Samson's power."

"Still Samson's power?" She repeated the words helplessly.

"The power to make him suffer with me," he said sternly. "The power to pull down the temple over his head."

"And yours?"

"Surely. Did you think I could not find Samson's courage for Samson's remedy?"

"But you will not! Surely you will not!"

"I have," he said, as he turned away.

Margaret bowed her head. "Oh," she cried, "you said well that I could not believe it." She kept her face in her hands, catching her breath with the sobs that shook her.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he besought her. But she did not heed. He turned away in desperation.

"Is it—is it irrevocable?" she asked, when she could command herself.

"Could Samson have built the temple again?"

"There must be some retreat."

"I have given my word."

"You can buy it back again."

His face hardened. "So Jasper might say," returned he. "Listen, Margaret," he entreated; "I am within my rights—my legal rights. What would you have? May I not do what I will with my own? In his letter he says that he reckons his 'half interest,' as he calls it, at \$75,000, and that he 'can't be expected to give up a thing like that.' An hour ago I sold the entire range and cattle for \$25,000, without inquiring his preferences. He *has* given it up," he said grimly.

She looked into his eyes for a moment in silence. At last she said, "Is this sale completed?"

"No; but I am morally bound to complete it."

"You shall not."

"What?"

"My dear James, you shall not. Oh, how can I argue such a thing, if you don't see it? It is cruel, it is wrong, it is wicked!"

"You must let me be the judge of that, Margaret," said Deed, gravely.

"O James, why am I what I am to you, if I may not be your conscience, when yours—under frightful trial, I know—has left you? You have no right to do this thing." She came close to his side.

"Oh, there comes your teacher's theory of life," he cried, in unbearable irritation, "your hidebound New England conscience, that will not see circumstances, that refuses the idea of palliation as if it were a snare, that finds the same wrong in an act under all conditions, as if killing were always murder."

"James, James," begged Margaret, quite calm and brave now, "don't talk of me. I am anything you say. Think of yourself. Consider the life of remorse you are condemning yourself to. Distrust the false passion and pride that tell you you are right now. You are wrong. Listen to me, who have nothing to gain by telling you so. You are wrong." She spoke the words that came to her.

"Have I not the right to make him suffer as I suffer?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know. You have not the right to use all your rights. I am sure of that. It is what they are always telling us, but is it the less true—the world would be intolerable if every one demanded all he is entitled to? You must feel that. Self-surrender, self-denial, all that—are they only phrases in the books? Are they too big and fine for our every-day world?"

She paused for a thoughtful moment, and with a glance of infinite tenderness regarded him, where he stood restlessly gnawing at his mustache, and snapping his fingers.

"As if I need ask!" she exclaimed. "As if you had ever needed anything better than just ordinary Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for your goodness, dear! Don't I know it? Whoever used more every-day generosity and kindly—"

"Hush, hush, Margaret!" he insisted. "The thing's done, I tell you."

The fire, which had been dying down, leaped up, and glowed upon his face. The look she saw on it taught her patience. "Listen, James," she begged, fighting back the sudden tears, which, somehow, had slipped by her guard.

He shook himself free from her hand with a kind of courteous impatience, and walked to the other side of the room.

"Don't preach, Margaret, of all things."

She gazed at him sadly. "Suppose we wait until to-morrow morning to speak of this, dear," she said gently. "I can talk to James Deed; but his evil spirit I don't know." She tried to smile.

"I am quite myself," he said almost stiffly. "Was it not I who was wounded, and in the best part of me—my love for him? Why should it not be the best part which answers it?" He spoke with a kind of fierce calmness, as if he were endeavoring to be gentle and reasonable with her, and found it hard.

"Is it the best part which tempts to vengeance?" she asked wearily.

"I fancied you were calling it that in your heart," he said with bitterness. "And if it were? Did not Samson call on heaven for vengeance—that was his word—'vengeance on the Philistines,' and was he not richly answered? Was he not given strength for it?"

"O James," she cried in despair, "how can I argue against such frightful sophistries?"

They were both in the tense mood in which the added word snaps the bond of friendship, of blood, of love itself.

"You need not," he said, as he turned from her. "We have had more than enough of argument. It does not change my intention. I shall complete the sale in the morning."

He was about to leave the room, but she called:

"James!"

"Well?"

"You must not." She caught her breath, and sat hastily upon the sofa.

"Pshaw!"

"I tell you you must not. I—I will not have it. I have my—my rights, as well as you; my rights as your wife who is to be. I will not have your property—*my* property—thrown away for a whim."

He came toward her quickly. She shrank involuntarily. Her face was white; she set her teeth.

"Do you mean that?"

She nodded painfully.

"It would have been simpler to say so in the beginning—not to say honest," he said with slow bitterness. "You might have spared me the pain of knowing that you could promise to give it all up, when you thought yourself secure from being held to your word. You might have saved your sermons."

It was like the agony of death to hear these things from him; but she shut her lips, and bore it. If she spoke now, she knew that her tone must belie her words.

"A moment ago you said," he went on coldly, "that you had nothing to gain. Pardon me if I say that you seem to have had much. It may make your sleep easier to-night, if I tell you that you have gained it."

He put his hands to his head in bewilderment, caught up his hat, and, without a glance at her, left the room.

Margaret rose, and closed the door behind him. She stood a long time at the window, trying not to cry.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.



JENNY LIND.



It has been observed by Emerson that the actual achievements recorded of great men often seem insufficient to account for the reputations they leave behind them; and he attributes this to what he calls the reserved force of *character*, which acts directly by "presence and without means."

It would be untrue to say of Jenny Lind that her artistic career did not fully justify her fame, for that career was quite Napoleonic in its splendid and unbroken success; her conquest of Europe was no less rapid and complete than that of the great world-shaker himself. Yet no one can read the recently published volumes of her memoirs without feeling that in her too was present that reserved force of which Emerson speaks. She was not merely one of the greatest operatic artists of her age, but an absolutely unique character and personality—a personality which found its highest expression, it is true, in her art, but which was always perceived, even by those who most appreciated her art, to be something quite independent of it, and impressed profoundly even those to whom music had nothing to say.

Among the latter was the late Dean Stanley, who was so entranced by Jenny Lind when he first met her in 1847 that he confessed that "great as is the wonder of seeing a whole population bewitched by one simple Swedish girl, it sinks into nothing before the wonder of herself." And Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the bishop of Norwich, who, unlike her son, was able thoroughly to appreciate music, declared that, wonderful as Jenny's singing was, she would rather hear her talk than sing.

It was this peculiar intensity of character, independent of and beyond her artistic genius, that, from her early girlhood, attracted to Jenny Lind the leaders of cultivated society wherever she went. A Swedish lady who knew her from childhood tells us that the impression left on her memory by the great singer was of one "possessed by a sort of sacred responsibility for her mission of art in its lofty purity, which she felt that God had confided to her." Even those whose business it was merely to review her performances on the stage never failed to observe that the wonderful impression which her singing and acting produced was due in large measure to the purity of soul which penetrated all her dramatic impersonations. Thus,

at Berlin, the critic Rellstab writes, "One sentiment pervades all her art-pictures, the spirit of holiness." Again, at Vienna, we are told, "She is the perfect picture of noblest womanhood." The same judgment was expressed everywhere. Indeed, the chief significance of the excerpts from contemporary critiques with which the memoirs abound, full of interest as they are for lovers of the lyric drama, will be missed by the reader who fails to appreciate the tribute which was constantly paid to the moral worth of her character, even by those who were mainly concerned with her artistic work.

As to that work, it is difficult, even with the help of elaborate descriptions of the effects she produced, for those who never heard her sing to form any real conception. Actors and singers cannot leave their work for the judgment of future generations, as authors, composers, and painters do. We may read of the exquisite sonority of Jenny Lind's voice; of her matchless shake; of her wonderful F-sharps, which so entranced Mendelssohn; of the sympathetic timbre which brought tears to the listener's eyes: but all this gives but little idea of the sensation which a single note would have produced on our own ears. And yet it is not difficult to perceive in the record of her career how consummate a genius she must have been, who, in the deliberate judgment of Mendelssohn, was "as great an artist as ever lived; the greatest he had known."

With the great composer, during the last two years of his life, Jenny Lind was on terms of affectionate intimacy, and the correspondence between them, now published for the first time, is full of interest. At this time Mendelssohn was composing the "Elijah," and he constructed the work so as to give prominence to the peculiar beauties of his young friend's voice, every separate note of which he had carefully studied. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have felt a very special love and reverence for the music of the "Elijah," and that after her retirement from the stage she should have identified herself more closely with this oratorio than with any other musical work.

It is impossible in a short paper to say anything of the extraordinary succession of Jenny Lind's triumphs in all the art centers of Europe. The details of them, and the analysis of her method and effects, given in the memoirs will be studied with attention by all to whom music is a delight. But, strangely enough, one

of the most picturesque incidents of her operatic career in London has been almost entirely overlooked. In narrating what took place at Her Majesty's Theater on May 4, 1848, when the Queen appeared in public for the first time since the famous 10th of April in that year, the memoir merely says that the Queen's entrance was greeted with demonstrations of loyalty. What actually took place—and it was characteristic both of the Queen and of Jenny Lind—was this:

It was, indeed, her Majesty's first public appearance since the memorable Chartist day; but it was also the great artist's first appearance for the season on the boards where she had won unparalleled fame the previous year. Her Majesty entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped from the wings upon the stage. Instantly, a perfect tumult of acclamation burst from every corner of the theater. Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting till the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The Queen, refusing to appropriate to herself what she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment. The cheering continued, increased, grew overwhelming; still no acknowledgment, either from the stage or from the royal box. At length, the situation having become embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights, and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by orchestra, chorus, and audience. The Queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formulæ of society. "I'm so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill-timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of *Mrs. Candour*; it carried no discourtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day,—it was many years after her marriage,—when she was staying with a relative of mine not far from Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical mu-

sical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your *cathedral* is indeed most beautiful!"

One matter which must be of interest to every lover of dramatic art, and which has been an enigma to many people, is now for the first time dealt with by one with authority to discuss the question. Why did Jenny Lind quit the stage at the moment of her greatest glory, and many years before her unrivaled powers had begun to suffer any decay? Some have perhaps reluctantly accepted the widely prevalent idea that she had come to regard the dramatic profession as an unholy thing which no pure-souled woman could remain in without contamination. Happily this notion can be entertained no longer. Her intimate friend Fröken von Stedingk with reference to it says: "Many suppose this resolution to be the result of pietism. Jenny Lind is as God-fearing as she is pure, but had pietism been the cause, she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared she liked to do, to see others act." The fact is that to appreciate her motive for leaving the stage is to understand the whole character of the woman. Her distaste for it seems to have begun with her first great European success, and steadily grew as her fame spread. In 1840 she had lived for ten years a life of incessant hard work on the stage; yet in the following year she wrote from Paris, "Life on the stage has in it something so fascinating that I think, having once tasted it, one can never feel truly happy away from it." But in 1845, just after her transcendent success in Berlin, the idea of leaving the stage had not merely occurred to her mind, but had already become a fixed determination. Among the dominant notes of her character were love of home and craving for domestic peace. This craving was to a great extent satisfied while she remained at Stockholm, and especially during the time she lived with the Lindblad family. But when her destiny drew her in relentless triumph to Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, London, her domestic instincts were wrenched and tortured, and she found no compensation in all the glitter of her success. "I am convinced," said Herr Brockhaus, in April, 1846, "that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple homely happiness." That was the secret of the whole matter. And so she formed the resolution to quit the stage forever, a resolution in which she never wavered from 1845, when it first took definite shape, till she carried it out in London in the summer of 1849.

She continued, however, to sing frequently in concerts and oratorio, generally for charity.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT CANNES, FRANCE, 1888.

ENGRAVED BY W. S. CLOSSON.

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

One instance of her constant readiness to help any good cause is a treasured memory of a relative of my own. In 1861 this gentleman, on finding himself in need of funds for carrying on a work he was engaged in near the Victoria Docks, consulted the wife of the Bishop of London. "Why don't you ask Jenny Lind to help you?" she said, when he told his difficulty. "Simply because I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance," was his reply. "Oh," said Mrs. Tait, "I'll give you a letter of introduction." Jenny Lind gladly promised her help, and arranged for a performance of the "Elijah" at Exeter Hall. She had not sung in London for some years, and the excitement was intense. So great was the rush for seats that a letter actually appeared in the "Times" complaining that four hundred seats in the hall had to be sacrificed to—crinoline! and suggesting that ladies should dispense for the occasion with that fashionable ornament. The Bishop of London declared that on the evening of the concert his carriage was three quarters of an hour in the Strand before it reached Exeter Hall. He was well repaid, however, for the voice of the Nightingale, according to the "Times," was no less pure, no less powerful, no less bewitching, than when it first startled London fourteen years before. No doubt this was true, for in the opinion of the highest authority on the question, Madame Goldschmidt's voice, when she sang in the Rhine Festival as late as 1866, had not yet begun to show any signs of deterioration.

The published memoir does not deal with her life beyond the point where she quitted the stage in 1849, and therefore no account is given of her American tour in the following year. Needless to say, the Americans were not less anxious than usual to see and hear a visitor with a great European reputation. On one occasion two young men were so determined to see and speak to the *diva*, that they arranged to accomplish their purpose by stratagem. Having ascertained that she was in her sitting-room

in her hotel, they went quietly to the lobby leading to it, and there began quarreling in loud tones which became every minute more violent. At last, as they had hoped, the door opened, and the famous singer appeared, in evident perturbation, to find out the cause of the disturbance. Never was there a more successful peacemaker. With an apology to the lady for having given her any alarm, the combatants went off arm-in-arm, more than content with the result of their plot. There was, however, one young citizen of the Republic—perhaps not more than ten or eleven years old—who was less appreciative of fame and art. It must be remembered that it was under the guidance of Mr. P. T. Barnum that the "greatest singer on earth" was "doing the States." The young citizen in question was taken by his mother to hear Jenny Lind; and the parent was much struck by the look of absorbing interest in her son's face, which no doubt indicated an artistic soul. What was her feeling on leaving the concert-hall when, instead of any expression of rapturous delight, the boy said in a tone of relief, "And now, mother, let us go and see the fat woman."

The entire proceeds of the American tour, amounting to more than £20,000, were devoted by Jenny Lind to various benevolent objects. From the days of her early girlhood it had been her chief delight to use for the good of others the wealth which her genius brought her. She was ever ready to sing for a hospital, or a college, or a poor fellow-artist, or for the chorus, orchestra, or scene-shifters of the theaters where she appeared. "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so?" she exclaimed when she was told that a large number of children would be saved from wretchedness by a concert she had given for their benefit. The volumes which contain such a record might well bear the label which Jenny Lind's old Swedish guardian placed round the packet containing her letters to him, "The mirror of a noble soul."

Ronald J. McNeill.

NOËL.

I.

STAR-DUST and vaporous light,—
The mist of worlds unborn,—
A shuddering in the awful night
Of winds that bring the morn.

II.

Now comes the dawn—the circling earth,
Creatures that fly and crawl;
And man, that last imperial birth,
And Christ the flower of all.

R. W. Gilder.

CID RUY THE CAMPEADOR.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

I.

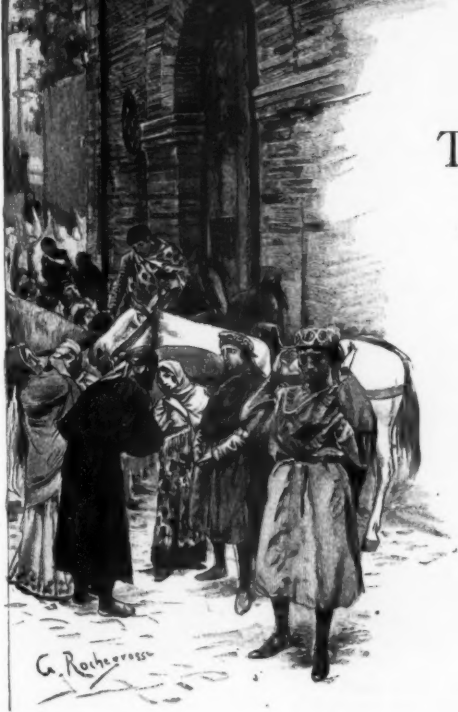
THROUGH Toledo's guarded gateway
Rides a travel-wearied train;
And the word flies fast,
As they gallop past,
"There are tidings of woe for Spain!"

II.

But the king, good Don Alfonso,
Sate happy, as of yore,
That his realm was dight
With that peerless knight
Cid Ruy the Campeador,

III.

Till the couriers of Valencia
Knelt, breathless, at his feet,
To speak the tale
Which drew that wail
Along through the pallid street :



CID RUY THE CAMPEADOR.

IV.

"Ah, woe to Castile and Leon!
The lists of life no more
Shall rejoice with the voice
Of that spirit choice,
Cid Ruy the Campeador!

V.

"And woe to the land of Aragon
And the fields of proud Navarre!
For death has cast
His pall at last
On the valor of Bivar!

VI.

"On his steed good Baviéca
Our hero's corse we bore;
And the moor Bucar
Fled fast and far
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

VII.

"And now to San Pedro Cardañas,
The shrine he loved the best,
From the battle he won
After life was done,
They bear him to holy rest."

VIII.

Then out from fair Toledo
And leagues well nigh threescore,
Alfonso sped
To greet his dead
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

IX.

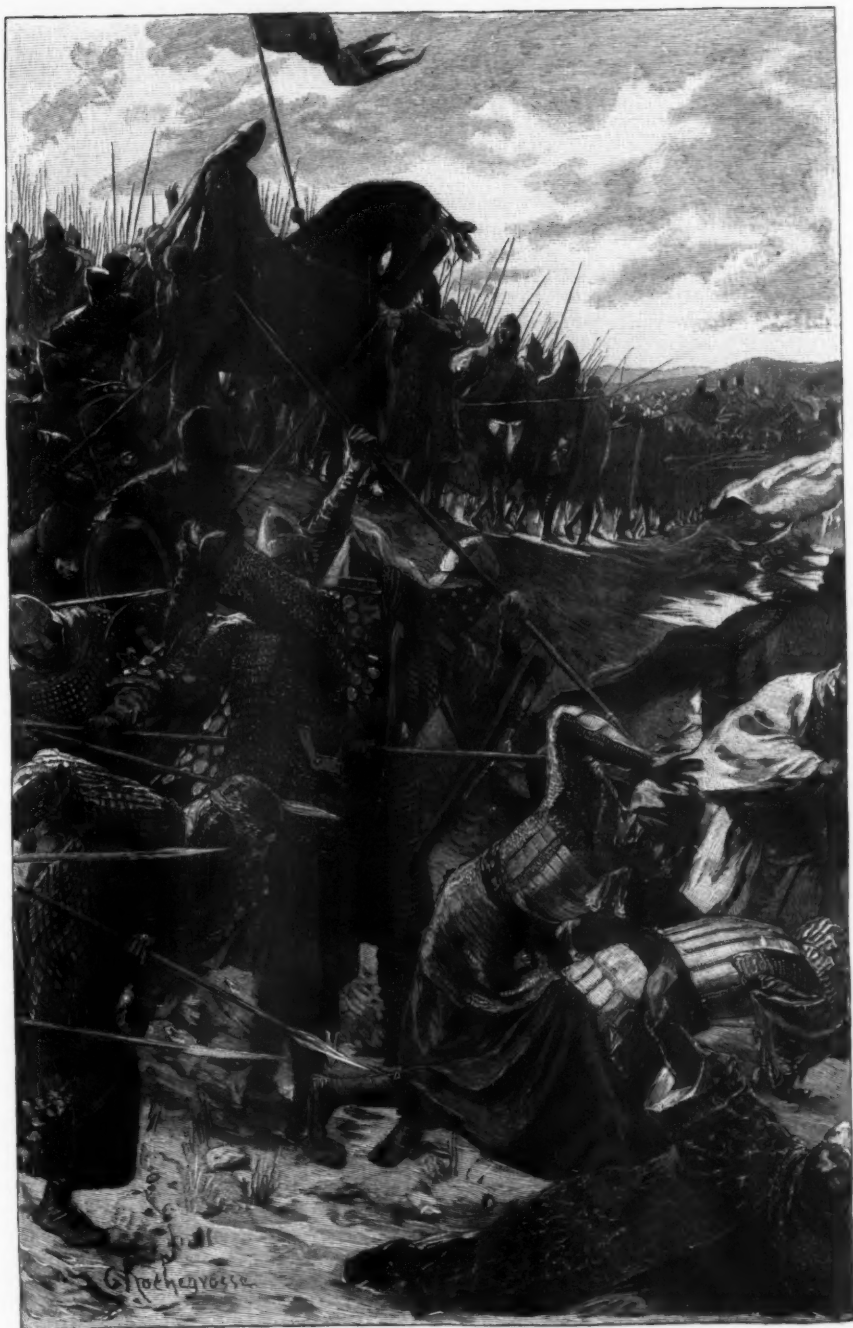
From his good steed Baviéca,
All panoplied for war,
They took the cold
And lifeless mold
Of the lion-souled Bivar;

X.

And the good king, Don Alfonso,
On Cardañas' sainted floor,
Knelt low in prayer
As they carried there
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

XI.

Then the widowed spouse Ximena
Besought them not to hide
From the light of day
In the chilly clay
Her comrade leal and tried.



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THE BATTLE HE WON
AFTER LIFE WAS DONE."

CID RUY THE CAMPEADOR.

XII.

So, erect, in his chair of ivory,
 The sacred fane before,
 With sword in hand
 They set the grand
 Cid Ruy the Campeador.

XIII.

And there, to this day, he sitteth
 In calm and silent state,
 And waiteth the call
 That shall summon us all
 To the final justiciate;

XIV.

And from mosques of far Granada
 To Christian Callahor,
 Under crescent and rood,
 They pray for the good
 Cid Ruy the Campeador.

John Malone.



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

IV.



O all appearance, Eleanor had hardly moved since Gerald left her, when he hurried back.

"I think you had better come now," he said in a constrained voice. "The wind is getting up, and it is no fun pulling across these lakes in the teeth of a blow."

They found the negro curled fast asleep in the boat hauled up on the beach, and, when aroused, he looked critically at the sky and water.

"I dunno, boss, how I kem to oversleep," he said. "Reckon 't was dancin' wid dem hotel gals at de breakdown till sun-up dis mornin'. I 'se jes got to row fer all I 'se wuth to git you an' de lady roun' dat p'int."

"We're all right," Jerry answered, with new animation in his tone. Stripping off his flannel coat, loosening his shirt at the neck, and tossing aside his cap, he placed Nell in the stern of the boat, which the negro had run swiftly down the diamond sand into the water, and, when they took their places, possessed himself of a pair of oars, and the seat nearer his wife.

Without further warning the lake now whipped itself into an angry sea. The cumbrous boat, laboring against a wind so chilled and fierce that it might have caressed an iceberg on the way, cut the waves briskly. Jerry, no longer the *fainéant* of the morning, alert, vigilant, prodigal of his great strength, his bare head rough, his brown cheeks reddened, his eye gleaming, moved his shoulders and steel-strung arms with the swing of a perfect machine. The negro, to whose experience hitherto it had not fallen to entertain the ex-stroke of a 'varsity crew unawares, gaped in open-mouthed admiration, trying to conform his slouching methods to Jerry's science. Eleanor, powdered with spray, disheveled by wind, huddled under her rug almost as excited as was the bow-oar. Sorrow banished, her heart swelled with pride in her gallant, beautiful young mate. No thought of danger assailed her with Jerry to the fore. She rejoiced in the mad bout against wind and

waves. When, finally, they pulled in to the hotel-landing, and Jerry hoisted her upon the wharf from the little bobbing craft, she was too happy to notice at once the anxious faces gathered there, peering at a sail-boat far out upon the lake.

"It's a boy, the son of the widow stopping at the hotel. She's out driving, and knows nothing. All the other rowboats are away with a big party to Heron Bluffs. He's a green hand, an' 'll swamp, sure as a gun."

These bits of information, afforded by one and another of the group of watchers, had but reached Eleanor's understanding, when she saw Gerald with a quick glance at the situation make ready to reëmbark.

"Who'll come out with me—" Jerry had begun, and the big boatman had answered, "I 'se yo' man, boss. I 'se good fer it, if you is," when a flying form came down the path from the hotel. It was the boy's mother, her face gray with terror, her lips hardly able to frame a question. With instinctive tenderness, Eleanor put an arm around the poor creature's waist, and allowed the agonized face to hide itself upon her breast as the boat pushed off.

She got no good-by from her husband. He was rowing for dear life, and yet it seemed intolerably slow progress to the lookers-on, who alternately watched his boat and the little reeling speck of white out on the yeasty water, under which they could plainly see a slight figure crouched against the mast.

It was over at last, the ordeal of waiting. Eleanor, who had closed her eyes and tightened her clasp around the stranger in her arms, heard shout after shout from the watchers announce that the lad was saved.

"Here you are, youngster," Jerry said, later, thrusting the dripping boy into his mother's embrace. "None the worse for your little adventure, if I have n't made your head ache tugging at that tousled yellow mop. For heaven's sake, Nell, come along," he added, *sotto voce*, shaking himself like a water-dog to get rid at once of the wet, the pæans of lookers-on, and the hysterical blessings of the mother. "All this fuss about a pull such as I have often taken on rough water and in greater danger; it was



"AWFULLY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO OUR LITTLE SHANTY IN THE WILDERNESS."

nothing. But we timed it well, I must say, for the kid's boat capsized just as we reached the spot."

Nevertheless, when they were alone in their own room, Eleanor, who had kept down her feelings, cast herself with sudden fervor upon her husband's neck.

"Hullo!" said Jerry, good-humoredly.

"Oh, my own glorious darling!" she cried. "How could there have been a shadow between our hearts? Jerry, I don't believe I ever knew what love is, till now!"

v.

"I DON'T mind telling you, Nell," Gerald said the day following his adventure in the boat, "that Shafto, who is the most generous fellow living, came to my aid once when I was in the biggest kind of a scrape in Paris—hauled me out of it, set me on my feet, saved me from having to appeal to my mother, who was already cutting up pretty rough about my extravagance, et cetera. Would n't take thanks, much less money, though I've squared that since—bound me over never to mention his name in the affair. And how was I to say a downright no to anything *he* asked me—"

"Don't speak of it, dearest," she cried, growing pale at the memory of their brief estrangement. "It's I who was silly not to divine.

What does anything matter if we love and understand each other? There, give me his note again. On Thursday, by the 11.30 train to Badajoz, he says, to stay till Monday afternoon. Jerry, it's all settled, of course, dear. As you say, we must make the best of it; but don't you think she—they—would be satisfied if we left them on *Saturday*?"

"Easy enough to manage that when we get there," answered Jerry, in high good humor. "You brave creature, you look like the leader of a forlorn hope."

"Oh, if you only knew," she said, leaning down to rest her cheek on his, in the great need of love that was to this woman, as to all women, the impulse overpowering judgment, "how wickedly happy I am in doing what pleases you!"

"You're a greenhorn to show your cards thus early in the game," he answered, feeling convinced, however, that she was really a sage. "And about this visit to the Shaftos bothering you, it really need n't be such a bugbear if you go in for it pluckily. It may end in quite a lark for you; who knows?"

Eleanor, in spite of her heroism, shivered a little here.

"Oh, no, no; I'm rather a coward, Jerry, for all I look so brave. For Major Shafto's sake,—he must be a noble if mistaken man,—

let us try to be resigned. It will be a bore to you, Jerry; I'm sorry to think of that. They have friends stopping there, he says—a small house-party. Now, who can her friends be?"

"Your mother's Aunt Penfold, perhaps," suggested Jerry, with malice prepense.

"You wretched boy, how dare you? Aunt Penfold is her godmother, I think, and there has always been a dread in the family lest the old lady, who is what Betty calls pig-headed, should leave all her money to Sophy King—Shafto, I mean. I saw her at Aunt Penfold's in my school-girl days—a showy creature with black hair and snapping black eyes. I was wild with ambition to dress like her, I remember."

"Her hair's red now,—or blonded, as I believe you women say,—and she's a bouncer in size and style. I believe in my soul that Shafto married her because he thought he'd stand by her before the world. He's an awful flat where women are concerned; but he's only to see you, to know you're of a different sort, and he won't push the thing again. And she—why, you'll no more mix than oil and water; she'll be wanting to get rid of you instead of holding on. Don't bother your head about that, my pretty Puritan."

"But I can't help wondering why, when she knows what mama has always thought of her, she should want to get me to be her guest. O Jerry, you men are bigger and broader than we! Here am I, doubting and suspecting, and you, having made up your mind to do a generous thing, never change or falter, but go straight ahead, almost as if you like the idea of going to that racketing woman's house."

"I forgot to say," he answered, waiving discussion on the last suggested point, "you may as well prepare yourself. I'll bet ten to one Kitty Foote will be one of their party."

"Kitty Foote?" echoed Eleanor, faintly.

"She was traveling bridesmaid, or what do you call it, on their late trip to Alaska, and she and Sophy Shafto are as thick as thieves just now. Of course that horsey, doggy kind of girl is n't to your taste, but, at least, she's accepted everywhere. The Van Loons had her at Newport stopping with them last year, and she goes into the best houses. I think that kind of boy in petticoats is a first-class bore, myself; and most men agree with me. They call her 'good old Kitty,' at the clubs. She is n't clever, she's as ugly as a mud-fence, and her people are of no consequence; but she's invited more than any girl I know, simply because she's a social stop-gap, and always can be had."

"Is n't she the intimate friend of your friend Hildegarde de Lancey?" asked Eleanor.

"I've met her there," Jerry answered.

VOL. XLV.—29.

"Look below, at this funny old darky, Nell, trying to get his mule past the gate-post with a load of garden stuff. He is remonstrating with the beast as if it were a brother or a son."

The side window of their sitting-room looked down upon a service road, leading between dwarf-oranges and palmettos to the rear of the hotel. There was no one in sight, and the voice of the gentle old negro, his skin, hair, beard, and clothing alike as gray as the hanging-moss of his native woods, was heard, unconscious of observation, in soft rebuke.

"Hi, muel! What you doin' dar, muel? I done told you 'bout dat ar pos' day befo' yistiddy."

"O Jerry dear, to think of leaving this Arcadian place!" said Nell, as the listeners laughed together. "I shall always remember it as heaven on earth."

"If monotony's your standard—" began he.

"Hush! I forbid you," she said, putting her hand over his mouth.

"For a man who is not running a railway, or booming land, or growing oranges, or—spooning—" he succeeded in getting out.

"Jerry!"

"The uses of rural Florida may be—but—"

"Oh, please don't, dearest! What you are going to say will give me a real pang. I don't know how it is, but I am getting to be afraid to let you know how much I think of—things," she concluded irrelevantly.

"I know enough to be convinced that you are what my mother's chef said of a salad of lettuce sprinkled with fresh violets and old Bordeaux he sent up recently—'*vraiment lyrique*.' There let's kiss and be friends, and forgive me for teasing you."

She stood a while with his arm around her waist, looking out in the fullness of contentment at the dancing waters of the lake under the white and green and gold of an arch of orange-boughs.

"Only two days more of this, and then to the busy world again," she murmured. "Who would believe there is an actual New York? How still it is to-day! One could almost hear a pin drop."

"No such good luck as to hear a pin drop," Jerry laughed, taking out his watch, and discovering with animation that he had just time to walk to the railway station for the daily excitement of seeing the northern train halt on its southward way.

THERE was nothing lyrical in the next appearance before the callous outside world of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon. They went down to Badajoz on the 11.30 train on Thursday, like any other pair of smart tourists, in a compartment to themselves, with the valet and

maid in seats just outside of it, those two long-suffering underlings having the appearance of subdued rejoicing at a move in no matter what direction. The usual paraphernalia of silver-mounted traveling-bags, rugs as soft as down, umbrellas, sticks, and parasols strapped together into an obese roll, top-coats, and English waterproofs, littered their sofa and filled their racks. The great bunch of violets that Gerald had ordered to follow his wife during every day of her absence from New York scattered its sweetness from the breast of Eleanor's jacket. The young couple bore every mark of prosperous conventionality. Nell, who in her secret soul would have preferred, at that moment, to be sitting alone with Gerald on a desert island, as Paul and Virginia are pictorially seen, under the shelter of a single palm-leaf, could not understand the rather exhilarated manner with which her husband went off for a visit to the smoking-car, "just to see if any one he knew was on the train." It did not occur to her that Jerry, man-like, now that he knew their dawdling time was over, rejoiced in their swift rush onward, keenly relished contact with his kind, and found new satisfaction in railway sights and sounds. During their short expedition, he was liberal to the porter to the extent of filling that sated soul with gratitude, burdened Hughes and Elsa with "all the latest novels and magazines," and, for one brief moment, even felt a pang of regret that he could not bring himself to make a purchase from the peddler of travelers' caps.

Badajoz, where the train, speeding on, left them under the Queen Anne roof of a pretty little station, was one of the speculative products of modern Florida—a brand-new town, built on the edge of a little sapphire lake where herons stalked, surrounded by woods full of red-bud, with yellow jasmine garlanding the trees, and all manner of sweet wild flowers sharing an undergrowth with moccasins and black-snakes and other reminders of a subtropical region. Streets and town-lots, big with intention, were staked off on all sides, but of actual village there was little, and what there was bore the appearance of having been taken out of packing-boxes, newly painted and varnished, and set up over-night. Hidden by the station, Major Shafto's dog-cart was in waiting, the Major himself occupied with soothing a pair of fretting bays. He was a bluff, bearded man, of a matter-of-fact demeanor, and as Eleanor accepted the seat beside him, Jerry perching behind, and the servants following in a trap with the grooms and luggage, she could hardly believe that this commonplace personage was the hero of a marriage as recklessly chivalric as that of any figure in romance. While the horses, released from durance and suspicion of the engine, shot forward on a sandy road through the gloom of

a pine-wood, she ventured a glance sidewise at her charioteer, half expecting, as Jerry afterward declared, "some development of the bucaner variety." It was almost a disappointment that, what between her husband and the horses, their host found time to bestow on her only a few of those meager conventional civilities that make a woman feel her presence thrown away. It was when they turned in at an avenue hedged with oleander and twinkling laurel that the first surprise was accorded her.

"As I wrote you, there are people stopping here," Major Shafto said indifferently. "Friends of my wife's, you know. Man you've met perhaps, Vernon,—Lord knows what women like in him,—that English fellow, Carteret Leeds; then, Miss Foote and her brother, and Mrs. de Lancey, that Mrs. Shafto wired to come down from the Ponce de Leon; and—so, Beauty; quiet, Booty, you brute—I believe young Van Loon is due to-night."

"Timothy?" began Jerry, with a whistle, but the horses, shying at a watering-pot supplementing a wheelbarrow near the drive, obviated the necessity of a reply. He was on the ground to help his wife when they pulled up at the door.

An ideal retreat for Loves and Graces was the Bungalow, massed in verdurous shrubbery, its slanting roof and verandas overrun with Cherokee roses, between tall palmetto-trees, under a sky of intense blue—sufficiently far from the madding crowd of Florida tourists, and yet near enough for convenience; like the "desert" of Lady Juliana, the spoiled London beauty in Miss Ferrier's delightful old novel, "a beautiful place, all roses and myrtles, not absolutely out of the world, where one can give fête champêtres and déjeuners to one's friends."

It was a marvel to see how the ambulating proprietors, who had come south in their yacht not a fortnight before, had contrived to give the Bungalow an air of luxurious finish, as if they had lived there since the planting of the first vine. The broad veranda, spread with rugs, had the customary array of little tables containing brass pots of growing plants, reviews, magazines, and paper-knives, drawn up at the elbows of wicker chairs, under hanging lamps set with bosses of colored glass, and much ironmongery in spirals and curlicues. There was a hammock of yellow-and-white netting, dangling with tassels like the mount of a Spanish muleteer; and this was filled with cushions of silk in rainbow hues. There were screens and sofas, porcelain garden-seats, a medley of the picturesque effects with which we are all familiar nowadays. From somewhere at the rear of the house arose the sound of voices over a game of tennis, and, issuing from a hall crowded with Japanese curios, appeared a smug butler attended by a fresh-faced young under-

ling in maroon livery with a striped waistcoat, both of whom might have just emerged from a class-meeting, so guileless did they appear. Eleanor, whose heart had begun to beat at the nearness of the dreaded encounter, was relieved by these every-day apparitions; nor was she further alarmed upon the arrival from the tennis-ground of their hostess, holding over her bare head a large white lace parasol, and letting float behind her a graceful trail of crinkled stuff cleverly adjusted to conceal the tendency to flesh that afforded her continual concern. Mrs. Shafto came toward them swiftly, a little nervously, but carrying it off with a fine show of hearty welcome, and talking to preclude the possibility of answer.

"Awfully kind of you to come to our little shanty in the wilderness," she said to Eleanor when the first bustle of arrival lulled. "I told Shafto I thought you might like to bring Mr. Vernon to visit so old a friend. I won't claim acquaintance for myself, though I saw you as a school-girl at your Aunt Penfold's long ago."

"I remember perfectly," Eleanor answered, blushing, and looking about her. "What a pretty place you have! This is not my idea of the wilderness at all."

"The modern conception of roughing it," chimed in Jerry, who had kept close to his wife's elbow.

"Oh, it was easy enough. We sent a lot of people down before us, and they did it all," said Mrs. Shafto, superbly. "Come in and see our 'living-room,' as we call it. I made Lebel get this glazed chintz with the big gillyflowers from Paris, and he sent a Frenchman to drape the walls and curtains. The rest is, as you see, principally Florentine mirrors and brocade photograph-frames, and a lot of easy-chairs and couches. What shall they fetch you—shandy-gaff, or lemon-squash, or a B. & S., till luncheon time? When you're ready, we can go out on the tennis-court a bit."

"Shafto tells me you've got a houseful," Jerry said, over his shoulder, as he bent down to look at a glass case of miniatures.

"Yes; we brought all but Hilda in the yacht. She was at the Ponce de Leon nursing a wretched cold, and we wired at once for her, poor dear, and she came over with Miss Shaw."

"Miss Shaw?" asked Jerry, as they set out to stroll around the house and through the grounds.

"Yes; her companion, the sheep-faced old thing who used to knit in corners—don't you remember? Began as governess to the little girls, who are with Hilda's mother, now. Well, she's here, and Kitty and Leeds do nothing but run rigs on her, and she never finds it out. Did Shafto tell you we're to have Timothy to-night?"

"I heard he is in these parts under the delusion he is trying for tarpon."

"That's a new name for it," said Mrs. Shafto, shooting at him a gleam from her eye. "You *have* been out of the world not to know that since your young sister-in-law turned the cold shoulder upon the heir of the Van Loons, he has developed another flame."

"Confound him for a jackanapes!" said Jerry, flushing a little. "The fellow's always getting into messes with feminines, I wonder his dear mama don't send a nursery-maid along to keep him from making acquaintance with strange little girls."

They had fallen behind Major Shafto and Eleanor, and she dropped her voice.

"Oh, but you are the one to make allowances in this case. A year ago you might have even sympathized—she has quite turned his brain."

"His *what*?" growled Jerry, blackly.

"Oh, well, what passes for that organ in his anatomy. He is fairly infatuated, and would marry her to-morrow if—"

"If what?"

"If he were not chiefly dependent on his affectionate parents, who are nothing if not respectable, and could n't stand a blot in the Van Loon escutcheon. That's not such an out-of-the-way, unheard-of condition of affairs, eh? It seems to me I was the confidante, a year ago, of a greatly superior young man, in very much the same predicament."

"For heaven's sake, take care," he said hurriedly.

"Don't be afraid. I am discretion itself. Even Shafto don't know how near you came to—but the best of the joke about Timothy is that Hilda has ceased to laugh at him. That is always dangerous, I've found. You know he inherited from an old aunt a year or two ago, and there's enough cash for them to wait on till the family comes around—"

"Look here," he said brusquely, as they turned the corner of the house where Shafto had stopped to point out to Eleanor his pet grove of oranges. "I thought I knew you pretty well, but I'll be hanged if I understand what you brought us here for."

"It was Major Shafto, who quite longed to see his dear old friend," she answered demurely. "How could I suppose you'd be getting excited over Hilda's affairs of the heart, now you are a married man? Pray calm down. I know those sudden tempests of yours, and how hard you used to find it to hold them in when you and I and Hilda were at Sioux Falls last year. But I could n't have expected to see one *now*, could I?"

"I wish I had n't let you worm my folly out of me that time," he said bitterly. "Though

you pretended to stand my friend in the matter, it is certain you never did me any good."

"Oh, come, come!" she said chidingly. "It is your mother who should be charged with all the blame of interference and disaster. But what does it matter now? This is a poor time to quarrel. You must behave yourself, and help me to make it pleasant for—we must all be on our good behavior—your beautiful young wife."

"One word only," he said. "I would have written this beforehand, but I thought I could trust it to your good nature. Eleanor knows nothing of that affair. You will let—sleeping dogs lie?"

"Of course. What possible motive could I have to do otherwise? We are talking of Major Shafto's dogs, Mrs. Vernon," she said smoothly, as the others came up with them. "You must make him take you to his kennels. Our man has had such wonderful luck this year with dachshunds—yes; that tree covered with yellow jasmine is pretty, is n't it? Here we are. You know every one, I believe? I really think myself very clever to get up such a meeting of old friends."

Gerald had run upon the Shaftos the year before, when they had gone West to be rid of the odium of newspaper comment upon their marriage, and, presented by the Major to his wife, had been speedily established as a confidential friend of the ménage. In his then frame of mind it had been an immense comfort to tell somebody—and especially a nice, jolly, kind-hearted woman who had herself felt the world's rubs, and could sympathize—about his mad passion for that loveliest and most ill-used of creatures, Hildegard Smithson, then a resident of Dakota, awaiting her freedom from a hateful bond. Finding such congenial society, Mrs. Shafto persuaded her Major to stay his steps in Sioux Falls for a while, and the four had spent their days together in riding and driving and such other amusements as the place afforded. Under these circumstances, it was not long before Mrs. Shafto became possessed of the secret aspiration of Jerry's heart—to marry Hildegard as soon as the law should set its fairest victim free. Now, as the canons of modern story-writing allow no suggestion of a mystery in the story's plot, we may make haste to say that this discovery did not please Mrs. Shafto in the least. She was jealous and mischievous, and, like the Grim Reaper, wanted all men for her harvest. Her first move was to let her Hercules-in-toils, the big Major, who was ignorant of women's wiles, go off on a hunting expedition, taking Jerry with him, in search of deer and bear, which at most times will comfort man for the absence of his feminine enslaver. When they returned, and Gerald flew to the presence

of Mrs. Smithson, he was encountered on the way by an imperative telegram from his mother in New York, bidding him come home in the interests of important business. And when he had at once packed his portmanteau, and started for home, Mrs. Shafto, in the most complacent manner in the world, rubbed her hands as if to be rid of a tiresome episode, and informed the Major that it was time to set forth upon their still farther western journey. Before leaving, she breathed a tender adieu to her charming Hildegard, who, whatever she felt, was in no position to give token of discomfiture.

When the triumphantly liberated Mrs. de Lancey, late Smithson, again encountered Gerald Vernon, in Lenox, six months later, he was in the train of a girl who, everybody said, would marry him if he really meant business. Gerald had meant business, had married Eleanor Halliday, and had compromised with his conscience about forsaking Hildegard by inducing his mother-in-law to send her an invitation to the wedding.

Now, when they met at the Bungalow, he sat quite content on a little iron bench beside her, talking commonplaces, and watching Kitty Foote jump about performing prodigies of tennis in a match of singles with Mr. Carteret Leeds. Spite of his little spasm of resentment of the enamored Timothy, Gerald looked from Hilda over at his blooming, innocent Nell, and asked himself if it were just a year ago that he had gone off from Sioux Falls ready to blow his brains out for the sake of this woman, whose face looked a little worn in the full light of day. He was even critical about the lines of Hildegard's figure, hitherto esteemed peerless, and decided that it did not compare with that of his young Diana, tall and slim and long-waisted, her head so grandly set upon her long, full throat. And when he asked Mrs. de Lancey as to the health of her two little darlings,— "so pretty and quaint with their hair like spun silk,"—he felt a sense of devout gratitude that he was not at the moment sharing, as it were, the paternal rights over these blessings with the very objectionable Smithson, who was still living in the family mansion, and conducting business in his usual place in New York, and was liable to be met in the usual haunts and thoroughfares. He recalled with forgiveness the tremendous outburst of temper with which his mother had favored him when he acknowledged to her charge his intention to wed Mrs. Smithson. He had long ceased to smart over the convincing argument—a threat of utter disinheritance—by which his mother had conquered him. And he never once suspected whose had been the hand that had set the machinery in motion to alter the current of his life. Altogether, he was

proud to have stood the test of meeting Hilda so successfully.

By dinner-time Nell had begun to feel more at ease in what her mother would have called this dubious house. So long as nothing appeared to shock the eye and sense, there was even something rather fascinating in her feeling of independence as a young wife, with no one to account to but a facile, smiling husband, who made light of so many of her inherited prejudices. Mrs. Shafto, brusque and jovial, amused her. She liked the Major, and Mrs. de Lancey was one of those women whom all women admire and pet. Even the tomboy Kitty Foote showed to better advantage in a bungalow than at the gatherings of conventionality in town. But Eleanor could not be lenient to Mr. Carteret Leeds.

He was an Englishman who had been wafted on his way into American society by favoring gales. Five or six leading families, like Homer's cities for Homer dead, disputed for him the first winter he appeared; but when interrogated, no member of any family could say who had discovered or introduced him. For a while inquiry had been appeased by a rumor that he was a younger son of Lord Kirkstall, come to New York to go into trade; but to a visiting American his lordship had indignantly disclaimed any offshoot whatever in America, adding incidentally, that he did not think one of his sons would fancy living in the States, where it must be so uncommonly nasty to be served only by blacks, you know. The disclaimer being duly reported upon the visiting American's return, found Mr. Carteret Leeds in full swing at Newport, where he was of too decided a social value to be lightly cast away. He was an authority on polo and cricket, on horse-play in English country houses, and in the hunting-field, and no one liked to think of the void his absence would create; so it was decided to ask no more questions, but to accept this nice, mysterious man without home or friends or country. Still, ignorant people would occasionally err, and Leeds was once put upon a committee of arrangement to draw up a schedule of unprecedented gaieties in honor of an English prince who never came; this honor, however, he declined without explanation of any kind—which, in the opinion of some conservatives, was the best evidence of sense Mr. Leeds had yet afforded.

Mrs. Halliday's home in New York had been one of those that had not opened its portals to Mr. Leeds, and Eleanor disliked extremely being thrown in the intimacy of a house-party with a person who was more than suspected of using his social opportunities to furnish personalities at so much per column to journals of the baser sort. So she greeted

him with bare civility, and, in response to a venture upon his part congratulating her upon "leavin' the fossils," and "comin' in with the knowin' set," straightened her back and stared at him with such cold surprise that for once Leeds was subdued, and reckless Mrs. Gerald had an enemy the more written upon her list.

Little Foote, Kitty's brother, a shadowy presentment of his own idea of a "swagger" Englishman, was more amusing than injurious to society. His innocent pleasure was to be forever changing clothes that he had lately bought in London. He was voluble in lisping about the movements of the fashionable world, in a curious dialect compounded of Americanese and Mayfair English. And he looked up to Mr. Carteret Leeds as to a Mentor whom it were pride to heed.

Dinner brought with it Mr. Timothy van Loon, of whom it cannot be said that his distinguished position in the American aristocracy was manifest in his appearance. He was tall and thin, with pale hair and pinkish eyelids, and a feathery, pale mustache. At his coming, the matrons and maids of society were so wont to melt into exceeding friendliness, so accustomed was he to see men of mature age, of distinguished achievement, of personal attraction, forsaken at his approach, that in his own infallibility to please he had come to put a trust no circumstance could shake. As to him was allotted the hostess to take in, and Eleanor sat upon the Major's right, Gerald and Mrs. de Lancey were partners during the dinner hour, and it was plain to behold the discomfort poor Timothy endured. He grew sullen, drank freely, left his hostess to sustain a monologue; and Eleanor, seeing her husband for the first time bestowing on another woman the attention that had been hers exclusively, sighed while chiding herself for a weakness she contemned. She resolved to make up for this her unconscious cerebration by an especial overture of friendliness to Mrs. de Lancey when the women should meet after dinner in the drawing-room.

The evening, like the day, passed without incident. The absent spirit of Mrs. Halliday might have been placated by its restraint. "It was so deadly dull," Mrs. Shafto told Leeds in the smoking-room afterward, "we thought of asking some one to recite." When the ladies assembled in the hall to take their bedroom candlesticks, Gerald spoke for a moment to his wife.

"I shall be late, probably," he said; "we've a game of cards on, and you must not keep awake."

While Mrs. Vernon's maid was still brushing her brown hair, and Eleanor, her eyes fixed

upon the floor, was deciding that she should certainly hold to her first plan of leaving the Bungalow on Saturday, female forms clad in trailing tea-gowns were stealing past her door, and flitting down the stairs. A little later, when Elsa had been dismissed, Eleanor heard strange sounds from the bowling-alley near the house—music, dancing, and shrieks of hilarious laughter that were not all from the ruder sex. Feeling uncomfortable, the young wife stole out into the corridor with a vague hope of summoning her husband to her side. There, hovering over the banister, in a frilled short-gown and petticoat, she encountered the spectral figure of Miss Shaw, who was bathed in tears.

"Oh, my dear, this is too much!" moaned the ancient maiden, wringing her hands. "It's bad enough to see ladies smoking cigarettes and playing cards till all hours every night; but here they have got up a sort of fancy ball

in the bowling-alley, and—I'm ashamed to tell you—that Mr. Leeds has gone and got on my—my night-things over his dress-suit, and has been dancing a skirt-dance with Miss Foote in her brother's clothes."

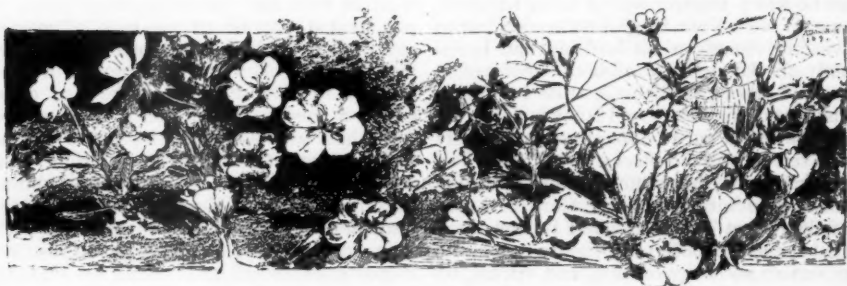
"I must see my husband," said Eleanor, hotly. "This must be stopped—Jerry will stop it *at once*; there is *nothing* so despicable to him!"

But, alas! at this moment, full in their sight, Jerry, wearing a fool's costume and bells, with a lighted cigar between his teeth, pranced through the hall below, followed by the untiring Kitty Foote attired as Columbine, and Mr. Timothy van Loon as Harlequin, all three evidently on their way to appear in a new variety of entertainment before the audience awaiting them in the impromptu theater.

Poor Eleanor, too proud to mingle her tears with those of the disconsolate Miss Shaw, ran back to her room, and cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.



COMPENSATION.

PINDAR, the Theban, sang to Hieron
 In Doric verse, rich as rough-hammered gold,
*The Immortals deal to men, now as of old,
 Two ill things for one good.* These words, forth blown
 From such a trumpet, through the ages groan
 A note of misery. And yet I hold
 That though they deal us evils manifold
 We owe the High Powers gratitude alone.
 For one good may be worth a thousand ills.
 And all the sum of wretchedness that fills
 The travailing earth, the sea, the arching blue,
 Cannot exceed the wealth of joy that lies
 In sweet, low words, in smiles and loving eyes—
 Cannot compare with love, if love be true.

John Hay.

A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."



It was in the smoking-room of a Cunarder two days out. The evening had been spent in telling stories, the fresh-air passengers crowding the doorways to listen, the habitual loungers and card-players abandoning their books and games.

When my turn came,—mine was a story of Venice, a story of the old palace of the Barbarozzi,—I noticed in one corner of the room a man seated alone wrapped in a light shawl, who had listened intently as he smoked, but who took no part in the general talk. He attracted my attention from his likeness to my friend Vereschagin the painter; his broad, white forehead, finely wrought features, clear, honest, penetrating eye, and flowing mustache and beard streaked with gray—all reminding me forcibly of that distinguished Russian. I love Vereschagin, and so, unconsciously, and by mental association, perhaps, I was drawn to this stranger. Seeing my eye fixed constantly upon him, he threw off his shawl, and crossed the room.

"Pardon me, but your story about the Barbarozzi brought to my mind so many delightful recollections that I cannot help thanking you. I know that old palace,—knew it thirty years ago,—and I know that *cortile*, and although I have no had the good fortune to run across either your gondolier, *Espero*, or his sweetheart, *Mariana*, I have known a dozen others as romantic and delightful. The air is stifling here. Shall we have our coffee outside on the deck?"

When we were seated, he continued, "And so you are going to Venice to paint?"

"Yes; and you?"

"Me? Oh, to the *Engadine* to rest. American life is so exhausting that I must have these three months to make the other nine possible."

The talk drifted into the many curious adventures befalling a man in his journeyings up and down the world, most of them suggested by the queer stories of the night. When the coffee was served, he lighted another cigar, held the match until it burned itself out,—the yellow flame lighting up his handsome face,—looked out over the broad expanse of tranquil sea, with its great highway of silver leading up to the full moon dominating the night, and said as if in deep thought:

"And so you are going to Venice?" Then,

after a long pause: "Will you mind if I tell you of an adventure of my own—one still most vivid in my memory? It happened near there many years ago." He picked up his shawl, pushed our chairs close to the overhanging life-boat, and continued: "I had begun my professional career, and had gone abroad to study the hospital system in Europe. The revolution in Poland—the revolt of '62—had made traveling in northern Europe uncomfortable, if not dangerous, for foreigners, even with the most authentic of passports, and so I had spent the summer in Italy. One morning early in the autumn, letters requiring my immediate presence in Berlin, I bade good-by to my gondolier at the water-steps of the railroad station, and bought a ticket for Vienna.

"On entering the train I found the carriage occupied by two persons: a lady, richly dressed, but in deep mourning and heavily veiled; and a man, dark and smooth-faced, wearing a high silk hat. Raising my cap, I placed my umbrella and smaller traps under the seat, and hung my bundle of traveling shawls in the rack overhead. The lady returned my salutation gravely, lifting her veil and making room for my bundles. The dark man's only response was a formal touching of his hat-brim with his forefinger.

"The lady interested me instantly. She was perhaps twenty-five years of age, tall, graceful, and of distinguished bearing. Her hair was jet-black, brushed straight back from her temples, her complexion a rich olive, her teeth pure white. Her lashes were long, and opened and shut with a slow, fan-like movement, shading a pair of deep-blue eyes, which shone with that peculiar light seen only when quick tears lie hidden under half-closed lids. Her figure was rounded and full, and her hands exquisitely modeled. Her dress, while of the richest material, was perfectly plain, with a broad white collar and cuffs like those of a nun. She wore no jewels of any kind. I judged her to be a woman of some distinction—an Italian or Hungarian, perhaps.

"When the train started, the dark man, who had remained standing, touched his hat to me, raised it to the lady, and disappeared. Her only acknowledgment was a slight inclination of her head. A polite stranger, no doubt, I thought, who prefers the smoker. When the

train stopped for luncheon, I noticed that the lady did not leave the carriage, and on my return I found her still seated, looking listlessly out of the window, her head upon her hand.

"Pardon me, madame," I said in French, "but unless you travel some distance this is the last station where you can get anything to eat."

"She started, and looked about helplessly. 'I am not hungry. I cannot eat—but I suppose I should.'

"Permit me," and I sprang from the carriage, and caught a waiter with a tray before the guard reclosed the doors. She drank the coffee, tasted the fruit, thanking me in a low, sweet voice, and said:

"You are very considerate. It will help me to bear my journey. I am very tired, and weaker than I thought; for I have not slept for many nights."

"I expressed my sympathy, and ended by telling her I hoped we could keep the carriage to ourselves; she might then sleep undisturbed. She looked at me fixedly, a curious expression crossing her face, but made no reply.

"One is always more or less drawn, I think, to a sad or tired woman. There is a look about her eyes that makes an instantaneous draft on one's sympathies. So, when these slight confidences of my companion confirmed my misgivings as to her own weariness, I at once began diverting her as best I could with some account of my summer's experience in Venice, and with such of my plans for the future as at the moment filled my mind. I was younger then,—perhaps only a year or two her senior,—and you know one is not given to much secrecy at twenty-six: certainly not with a gentle lady whose good-will you are trying to gain, and whose sorrowful face, as I have said, enlists your sympathy at sight. Then, to establish some sort of footing for myself, I drifted into my own home life; telling her of my mother and sisters, of the social customs of our country, of the freedom given the women,—so different from my experience abroad,—of their perfect safety everywhere.

"We had been talking in this vein some time, she listening quietly until something I said reacted in a slight curl of her lips—more incredulous than contemptuous, perhaps, but significant all the same; for, lifting her eyes, she answered slowly and meaningly:

"It must be a paradise for women. I am glad to believe that there is one corner of the earth where they are treated with respect. My own experiences have been so different that I have begun to believe that none of us are safe after we leave our cradles.' Then, as if suddenly realizing the inference, the color mounting to her cheeks, she added: 'But please do not misunderstand me. I am quite willing to ac-

cept your statement; for I never met an American before.'

"As we neared the foot-hills the air grew colder. She instinctively drew her cloak the closer, settling herself in one corner and closing her eyes wearily. I offered my rug, insisting that she was not properly clad for a journey over the mountains at night. She refused gently but firmly, and closed her eyes again, resting her head against the dividing cushion. For a moment I watched her; then arose from my seat, and, pulling down my bundle of shawls, begged that I might spread my heaviest rug over her lap. An angry color mounted to her cheeks. She turned upon me, and was about to refuse indignantly, when I interrupted:

"Please allow me; don't you know you cannot sleep if you are cold? Let me put this wrap about you. I have two."

"With the unrolling, the leather tablet of the shawl-strap, bearing my name, fell in her lap.

"Your name is Bosk," she said, with a quick start, "and you an American?"

"Yes; why not?"

"My maiden name is Boski," she replied, looking at me in astonishment, "and I am a Pole."

"Here were two mysteries solved. She was married, and neither Italian nor Slav.

"And your ancestry?" she continued with increased animation. "Are you of Polish blood? You know our name is a great name in Poland. Your grandfather, of course, was a Pole." Then, with deep interest, "What are your armorial bearings?"

"I answered that I had never heard that my grandfather was a Pole. It was quite possible, though, that we might be of Polish descent, for my father had once told me of an ancestor, an old colonel, who fell at Austerlitz. As to the armorial bearings, we Americans never cared for such things. The only thing I could remember was a certain seal which my father used to wear, and with which he sealed his letters. The tradition in the family was that it belonged to this old colonel. My sister used it sometimes. I had a letter from her in my pocket.

"She examined the indented wax on the envelop, opened her cloak quickly, and took from the bag at her side a seal mounted in jewels, bearing a crest and coat of arms.

"See how slight the difference. The quarterings are almost the same, and the crest and motto identical. This side is mine, the other is my husband's. How very, very strange! And yet you are an American?"

"And your husband's crest?" I asked. "Is he also a Pole?"

"Yes; I married a Pole," with a slight trace of haughtiness, even resentment, at the inquiry.

"And his name, madame? Chance has given you mine—a fair exchange is never a robbery."

"She drew herself up, and said quickly, and with a certain bearing I had not noticed before:

"Not now; it makes no difference."

"Then, as if uncertain of the effect of her refusal, and with a willingness to be gracious, she added:

"In a few minutes—at ten o'clock—we reach Trieste. The train stops twenty minutes. You were so kind about my luncheon; I am stronger now. Will you dine with me?"

"I thanked her, and as arriving at Trieste followed her to the door. As we alighted from the carriage I noticed the same dark man standing by the steps, his fingers on his hat. During the meal my companion seemed brighter and less weary, more gracious and friendly, until I called the waiter and counted out the florins on his tray. Then she laid her hand quietly but firmly upon my arm.

"Please do not—you distress me; my servant Polaff has paid for everything."

"I looked up. The dark man was standing behind her chair, his hat in his hand.

"I can hardly express to you my feelings as these several discoveries revealed to me little by little the conditions and character of my traveling companion. Brought up myself under a narrow home influence, with only a limited knowledge of the world, I had never yet been thrown in with a woman of her class. And yet I cannot say that it was altogether the charm of her person that moved me. It was more a certain hopeless sort of sorrow that seemed to envelop her, coupled with an indefinable distrust which I could not solve. Her reserve, however, was impenetrable, and her guarded silence on every subject bearing upon herself so pronounced that I dared not break through it. Yet, as she sat there in the carriage after dinner, during the earlier hours of the night, she and I the only occupants, her eyes heavy and red for want of sleep, her beautiful hair bound in a veil, the pallor of her skin intensified by the somber hues of her dress, I would have given anything in the world to have known her well enough to have comforted her, even by a word.

"As the night wore on the situation became intolerable. Every now and then she would start from her seat, jostled awake by the roughness of the road,—this section had just been completed,—turn her face the other way, only to be awakened again.

"You cannot sleep. May I make a pillow for your head of my other shawl? I do not need it. My coat is warm enough."

"No; I am very comfortable."

"Forgive me, you are not. You are very

uncomfortable, and it pains me to see you so weary. These dividing-irons make it impossible for you to lie down. Perhaps I can make a cushion for your head so that you will rest easier."

"She looked at me coldly, her eyes riveted on mine.

"You are very kind, but why do you care? You have never seen me before, and may never again."

"I care because you are a woman, alone and unprotected. I care most because you are suffering. Will you let me help you?"

"She bent her head, and seemed wrapped in thought. Then straightening up, as if her mind had suddenly resolved:

"No; leave me alone. I will sleep soon. Men never really care for a woman when she suffers, or life would be happier." She turned her face to the window.

"I pity you, then, from the bottom of my heart," I replied, nettled at her remark. "There is not a man the length and breadth of my land who would not feel for you now as I do, and there is not a woman who would misunderstand him."

"She raised her head, and in a softened voice, like a sorrowing child's, it was so pathetic, said: 'Please forgive me. I had no right to speak so. I shall be very grateful to you if you can help me; I am so tired.'

"I folded the shawl, arranged the rug over her knees, and took the seat beside her. She thanked me, laid her cheek upon the impromptu pillow, and closed her eyes. The train sped on, the carriage swaying as we rounded the curves, the jolting increasing as we neared the great tunnel. Settling myself in my seat, I drew my traveling-cap well down so that its shadow from the overhead light would conceal my eyes, and watched her unobserved. For half an hour I followed every line in her face, with its delicate nostrils, finely cut nose, white temples with their blue veins, and the beautiful hair glistening in the half-shaded light; the long lashes resting, tired out, upon her cheek. Soon I noticed at irregular intervals a nervous twitching pass over her face; the brow would knit and relax wearily, the mouth droop. These indications of extreme exhaustion occurred constantly, and alarmed me. Unchecked, they would result in an alarming form of nervous prostration. A sudden lurch dislodged the pillow.

"Have you slept?" I asked.

"I do not know. A little, I think. The car shakes so."

"My dear lady," I said, laying my hand on hers,—she started, but did not move her own,—it is absolutely necessary that you sleep, and at once. What your strain has been,

I know not; but my training tells me that it has been excessive, and still is. Its continuance is dangerous. This road gets rougher as the night passes. If you will rest your head upon my shoulder, I can hold you so that you will go to sleep.'

"Her face flushed, and she recovered her hand quickly.

"'You forget, sir, that—'

"'No, no; I forget nothing. I remember everything; that I am a stranger, that you are ill, that you are rapidly growing worse, that, knowing as I do your condition, I cannot sit here and not help you. It would be brutal.'

"Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled. 'I believe you,' she said. Then, turning quickly with an anxious look, 'But it will tire you.'

"'No; I have held my mother that way for hours at a time.'

"She put out her hand, laid it gently on my wrist, looked into my face long and steadily, scanning every feature, as if reassuring herself, then laid her cheek upon my shoulder, and fell asleep.

"WHEN the rising sun burst behind a mountain-crag, and, at a turn in the road, fell full upon her face, she awoke with a start, and looked about bewildered.

"'I must have slept, for I am so rested.' Then her mind cleared.

"'And you? You have not closed your eyes. And you have held me thus all night? How could I have been so selfish?'

"With this her whole manner changed. All the haughty reserve was gone; all the cynicism, the distrust, and suspicion. She became as gentle and tender as an anxious mother, begging me to go to sleep at once. She would see that no one disturbed me. It was cruel that I was so exhausted.

"When the guard entered, she sent for her servant, and bade him watch out for a pot of coffee at the next station. 'To think, monsieur had not slept all night!' When Polaff handed in the tray, she filled the cups herself, adding the sugar, and insisting that I should also drink part of her own—one cup was not enough. Upon Polaff's return she sent for her dressing-case. She must make her toilet at once, and not disturb me. It would be several hours before we reached Vienna; she felt sure I would sleep now.

"I watched her as she spread a dainty towel over the seat in front, and began her preparations, laying out the powder-boxes, brushes and comb, the bottles of perfume, and the little knickknacks that make up the fittings of a gentlewoman's boudoir. It was almost with a show of enthusiasm that she picked up one

of the bottles, and pointed out to me again the crest in relief upon its silver top, saying over and over again how glad she was to know that some of her own blood ran in my veins. She was sure now that I belonged to her mother's people. When, at the next station, Polaff brought a basin of water, and I arose to leave the car, she begged me to remain—the toilet was nothing; it would be over in a minute. Then she loosened her hair, letting it fall in rich masses about her shoulders, and bathed her face and hands, rearranging her veil, and adding a fresh bit of lace to her throat. I remember distinctly how profound an impression this strange scene made upon my mind, so different from any former experience of my life—its freedom from conventionality, the lack of all false modesty, the absolute absence of any touch of coquetry or conscious allurements.

"When it was all over, her beauty being all the more pronounced now that the weary, nervous look had gone out of her face, she still talked on, saying how much better and fresher she felt, and how much more rested than the night before. Suddenly her face saddened, and for many minutes she kept silence, gazing dreamily down into the abysses white with the rush of Alpine torrents, or hidden in the early morning fog. Then, finding I would not sleep, and with an expression as if she had finally resolved upon some definite action, and with a face in which every line showed the sincerest confidence and trust,—as unexpected as it was incomprehensible to me,—she said:

"'Last night you asked me for my name. I would not tell you then. Now you shall know. I am the Countess de Rescka Smolenski. I live in Cracow. My husband died in Venice four days ago. I took him there because he was ill—so ill that he was carried in Polaff's arms from the gondola to his bed. The Russian government permitted me to take him to Italy to die. One Pole the less is of very little consequence. A week ago this permit was revoked, and we were ordered to report at Cracow without delay. Why, I do not know, except perhaps to add another cruelty to the long list of wrongs the Government have heaped upon my family. My husband lingered three days with the order spread out on the table beside him. The fourth day they laid him in Campo Santo. That night my maid fell ill. Yesterday morning a second peremptory order was handed me. I am now on my way home to obey.'

"Then followed in slow, measured sentences the story of her life: married at seventeen at her father's bidding to a man twice her age; surrounded by a court the most dissolute in eastern Europe; forced into a social environment that valued woman only as a chattel, and

that ostracized or defamed every wife who, reverencing her womanhood, protested against its excesses. For five years past—ever since her marriage—her husband's career had been one long, unending dissipation. At last, broken down by a life he had not the moral courage to resist, he had succumbed and taken to his bed; thence, wavering between life and death, like a burnt-out candle flickering in its socket, he had been carried to Venice.

"Do you wonder, now, that my faith is gone, all the sweetness of my girlhood turned to bitterness, my young life dead within me, my heart broken?"

"We were nearing Vienna; the stations were more frequent; our own carriage began filling up. For an hour we rode side by side, silent, she gazing fixedly from the window, I half stunned by this glimpse of a life the pathos of which wrung my very heart. When we entered the station she roused herself, and said to me half pleadingly:

"I cannot bear to think I may never see you again. To-night I must stay in Vienna. Will you dine with me at my hotel? I go to the Metropole. And you? Where did you intend to go?"

"To the Metropole, also."

"Not when you left Venice?"

"Yes; before I met you."

"There is a fate that controls us," she said reverently. "Come at seven."

"When the hour arrived I sent my card to her apartment, and was ushered into a small room with a curtain-closed door opening out into a larger salon, through which I caught glimpses of a table spread with glass and silver. Polaff received me with a stiff, formal recognition, rigid and perpendicular. I do not think he quite understood, nor altogether liked, his mistress's chance acquaintance. In a moment she entered from a door opposite, still in her black garments with the nun's cuffs and broad collar. Extending her hand graciously, she said:

"You have slept since I left you this morning. I see it in your face. I am so glad. And I too. I have rested all day. It was so good of you to come."

"There was no change in her manner; the same frank, trustful look in her eyes, the same anxious concern about me. When dinner was announced she placed me beside her, Polaff standing behind her chair, and the other attendants serving.

"The talk drifted again into my own life, she interrupting with pointed questions, and making me repeat again and again the stories I told her of our humble home. She must learn them herself to tell them to her own people, she said. It was all so strange and new to her, so simple and so genuine. With the coffee she

fell to talking of her own home, the despotism of Russia, the death of her father, the forcing of her brothers into the army. Still holding her cup in her hands she began pacing up and down, her eyes on the floor (we were alone, Polaff having retired). Then stopping in front of me, and with an earnestness that startled me:

"Do not go to Berlin. Please come to Cracow with me. Consider. I am alone, absolutely alone. My house is in order, and has been for months, expecting me every day. It is so terrible to go back; come with me, please."

"I must not, madame. I have promised my friend to be in Berlin in two days. I would, you know, sacrifice anything of my own to serve you."

"And you will not?" and a sigh of disappointment escaped her.

"I cannot."

"No; I must not ask you. You are right. It is better that you keep your word."

"She continued walking, her eyes still on the floor. Then she moved to the mantel, and touched a bell. Instantly the curtains of the door divided, and Polaff stood before her.

"Bring me my jewel-case."

"The man bowed gravely, looked at me furtively from the corner of his eye, and closed the curtains behind him. In a moment he returned, bearing a large, morocco-covered box, which he placed on the table. She pressed the spring, and the lid flew up, uncovering several velvet-lined trays filled with jewels that flashed under the lighted candles.

"You need not wait, Polaff. You can go to bed."

"The man stepped back a pace, stood by the wall, fixed his eye upon his mistress, as if about to speak, looked at me curiously, then, bowing low, drew the curtains aside, and closed the door behind him.

"Another spring, and out came a great string of pearls, a necklace of sapphires, some rubies, and emeralds. These she heaped up upon the white cloth beside her. Carefully examining the contents of the case, she drew from a lower tray a bracelet set with costly diamonds, a rare and beautiful ornament, and before I was aware of her intent had clasped it upon my wrist.

"I want you to wear this for me. You see it is large enough to go quite up the arm."

"For a moment my astonishment was so great I could not speak. Then I loosened it and laid it in her hand again. She looked up, her eyes filling, her face expressive of the deepest pain.

"And you will not?"

"I cannot, madame. In my country men do not accept such costly presents from women,

and then we do not wear bracelets, as your men do here.'

"Then take this case, and choose for yourself.'

"I poured the contents of a small tray into my hand, and picked out a plain locket, almond-shaped, simply wrought, with an opening on one side for hair.

"Give me this with your hair.'

"She threw the bracelet into the case, and her eyes lighted up.

"Oh, I am so glad! It was mine when I was a child—my mother gave it to me. The dear little locket—yes; you shall always wear it.'

"Then, rising from her seat, she took my hands in hers, and, looking down into my face, said, her voice breaking:

"It is eleven o'clock. Soon you must leave me. You cannot stay longer. I know that in a few hours I shall never see you again. Will you join me in my prayers before I go?'

"A few minutes later she called to me. She was on her knees in the next room, two candles burning beside her, her rich dark hair loose about her shoulders, an open breviary bound with silver in her hands. I can see her now, with her eyes closed, her lips moving noiselessly, her great lashes wet with tears, and that Madonna-like look as she motioned me to kneel. For several minutes she prayed thus, the candles lighting her face, the room deathly still. Then she arose, and with her eyes half shut, and her lips moving as if with her unfinished prayer, she lifted her head and kissed me on the forehead, on the chin, and on each cheek, making with her finger the sign of the cross. Then, reaching for a pair of scissors, and cutting a small tress from her hair, she closed the locket upon it, and laid it in my hand.

"Early the next morning I was at her door. She was dressed and waiting. She greeted me kindly, but mournfully, saying in a tone which denoted her belief in its impossibility:

"And you will not go to Cracow?'

"When we reached the station, and I halted at the small gate opening upon the train platform, she merely pressed my hand, covered her head with her veil, and entered the carriage followed by Polaff. I watched, hoping to see her face at the window, but she remained hidden.

"FILLED with her presence, and tortured by the thought of the conditions that prevented my following her,—my sympathies being so wrought upon, her tired, hopeless face haunting me,—I turned into the Ring-strasse, called a cab, and drove to our minister's. Mr. Motley then held the portfolio; my passport had expired, and, as I was entering Germany,

needed renewing. The attaché agreed to the necessity, stamped it, and brought it back to me with the ink still wet.

"His excellency,' said he, 'advises extreme caution on your part while here. Be careful of your associates, and keep out of suspicious company. Vienna is full of spies watching escaped Polish refugees. Your name'—reading it carefully—'is apt to excite remark. We are powerless to help in these cases. Only last week an American who befriended a man in the street was arrested on the charge of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and, despite our efforts, is still in prison.'

"I thanked him, and regained my cab with my head whirling. What, after all, if the countess should have deceived me? My blood chilled as I remembered her words of the day before: recalled by the Government she hated, her two brothers forced into the army, the cruelties and indignities Russia had heaped upon her family, and this last peremptory order to return. Had my sympathetic nature and inexperience gotten me into trouble? Then that Madonna-like head with angelic face, the lips moving in prayer, rose before me. No, no; not she. I would stake my life.

"Five minutes later I entered my hotel, and walked across the corridor for the key of my room. Standing by the porter was an Austrian officer in full uniform, even to his white kid gloves. As I passed I heard the porter say in German,

"Yes; that is the man.'

"The Austrian looked at me searchingly, and, wheeling around sharply, said:

"Monsieur, can I see you alone? I have something of importance to communicate.'

"The remark and his abrupt manner indicated so plainly an arrest, that for the moment I hesitated, running over in my mind what might be my wisest course to pursue. Then, thinking I could best explain my business in Vienna in the privacy of my room, I said stiffly:

"Yes; I am now on my way to my apartment. I will see you there.'

"He entered first, shut the door behind him, crossed the room; passed his hand behind the curtains, opened the closet, shut it, and said:

"We are alone?'

"Quite.'

"Then, confronting me, 'You are an American?'

"You are right.'

"And have your passport with you?'

"I drew it from my pocket, and handed it to him. He glanced at the signature, refolded it, and said:

"You took the Countess Smolenski to the station this morning. Where did you meet her?'

"On the train yesterday leaving Venice."

"Never before?"

"Never."

"Why did she not leave Venice earlier?"

"The count was dying, and could not be moved. He was buried two days ago."

"A shade passed over his face. 'Poor De Rescka! I suspected as much.'"

"Then facing me again, his face losing its suspicious expression:

"Monsieur, I am the brother of the countess—Colonel Boski of the army. A week ago my letters were intercepted, and I left Cracow in the night. Since then I have been hunted like an animal. This uniform is my third disguise. As soon as my connection with the plot was discovered, my sister was ordered home. The death of the count explains her delay, and prevented my seeing her at the station. I had selected the first station out of Vienna. I tried for an opportunity this morning at the depot, but dared not. I saw you, and learned from the cabman your hotel."

"But, Colonel," said I, the attaché's warning in my ears, "you will pardon me, but these are troublous times. I am alone here, on my way to Berlin to pursue my studies. I found the countess ill and suffering, and unable to sleep. She interested me profoundly, and I did what I could to relieve her. I would have done the same for any other woman in her condition the world over, no matter what the consequences. If you are her brother, you will appreciate this. If you are here for any other purpose, say so at once. I leave Vienna at noon."

"His color flushed, and his hand instinctively felt for his sword; then relaxing, he said:

"You are right. The times are troublous. Every other man is a spy. I do not blame you for suspecting me. I have nothing but my word. If you do not believe it, I cannot help it. I will go. You will at least permit me to thank you for your kindness to my sister," drawing off his glove and holding out his hand.

"The hand of a soldier is never refused the world over," and I shook it warmly. As it dropped to his side I caught sight of his sealing.

"Pardon me one moment. Give me your hand again." The ring bore the crest and motto of the countess.

"It is enough, Colonel. Your sister showed me her own on the train. Pardon my suspicions. What can I do for you?" He looked puzzled, hardly grasping my meaning.

"Nothing. You have told me all I wanted to know."

"But you will breakfast with me before I take the train?" I said.

"No; that might get you into trouble—serious trouble, if I should be arrested. On the contrary, I must insist that you remain in this room until I leave the building."

"But you perhaps need money; these disguises are expensive," glancing at his perfect appointment.

"You are right. Perhaps twenty rubles—it will be enough. Give me your address in Berlin. If I am taken, you will lose your money. If I escape, it will be returned."

"I shook his hand, and the door closed. A week later a man wrapped in a cloak called at my lodgings and handed me an envelop. There was no address and no message, only twenty rubles."

I LOOKED out over the sea wrinkling below me like a great sheet of gray satin. The huge life-boat swung above our heads, standing out in strong relief against the sky. After a long pause,—the story had strangely thrilled me,—I asked:

"Pardon me, have you ever seen or heard of the countess since?"

"Never."

"Nor her brother?"

"Nor her brother."

"And the locket?"

"It is here where she placed it."

At this instant the moon rolled out from behind a cloud, and shone full on his face. He drew out his watch-chain, touched it with his thumb-nail, and placed the trinket in my hand. It was such as a child might wear, an enameled thread encircling it. Through the glass I could see the tiny nest of jet-black hair.

For some moments neither of us spoke. At last, with my heart aglow, my whole nature profoundly stirred by the unconscious nobility of the man, I said:

"My friend, do you know why she bound the bracelet to your wrist?"

"No; that always puzzled me. I have often wondered."

"She bound the bracelet to your wrist, as of old a maid would have wound her scarf about the shield of her victorious knight, as the queen would pin the iron cross to the breast of a hero. You were the first gentleman she had ever known in her life."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.



WHEN I was a little boy I ran away from home because of some fancied harshness, and three days later was found in a distant city and brought back by our old family servant. My father's bearing toward me after this escapade made a profound impression on me; for, instead of punishing me severely, he chose to pass my misdeed by in absolute silence. His kindness caused a complete change in my boyish character, and I resolved to be a source of trouble to him no more, but to seek in every way to gain his esteem and love. I remained with him a year after this, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that during that year I was scrupulously obedient and attentive to my duties.

My father saw that it would be impossible for my brother and me to make serious progress in our studies in the midst of the nomadic life that we were leading with his theatrical company, and he determined to place us at Florence with our uncle and aunt, and to send me to the Law School, and my brother to the School of Fine Arts. It was my father's wish that I should be a lawyer, and my brother a painter. Our uncle and aunt lived in the Via Romana, near the gate of the Boboli Gardens, and it was not pleasant, especially in winter, to walk on every work-day quite across the city from the Via Romana to the Via Martelli, and to the end of the Via del Cocomero (now Via Ricasoli). Our uncle walked with us, and from habit took steps of such great length and velocity that we trotted after him, panting. Occasionally, however, on account of indisposition or business, he had to let us go alone, and then we used to take our revenge. We would walk at our ease, and stop on the Ponte Vecchio to admire the goldsmiths' and jewelers' shops. I won't say that the pastry-cooks' shops did n't attract us too.

When ten years old I felt no leaning toward any vocation. My father's will was mine; and I do not remember feeling distaste for any task that was given me. Whatever was marked out for me to study, it was all the same to me; history interested me, grammar attracted me, in arithmetic I found pleasure, geography amused me, and as to penmanship and spelling, I had

a real passion for them. Three years later I was just beginning Latin when my father came to Florence to play for an entire season. During those three years, however, my uncle had often taken me to my father in vacation-time, particularly if he happened to be in a place not far from Florence. Upon these occasions we would see him play in the evening, which was to us a source of unmeasured enjoyment. I took especial delight in dramas and tragedies. When the company gave a comic piece, I used to ask my father to let me go to bed.

During one of my vacations, I went alone with my father to Milan, my brother being ill with measles, and I had the good fortune to see a piece played by that wonderful artist Luigi Vestri. The play was a translation from the French entitled "Malvina," and for the first time I learned that one can cry and laugh at the same time. Vestri, who had been endowed by Nature with all that she can grant to a dramatic artist, made so strong an impression on my boyish imagination, that when my father presented me to him the next day I stared at him as if under a spell, and was unable to utter a word. I fancied that I was in the presence of a divinity. He patted my face kindly, and I felt a wave of delight rush through my veins.

About this time a disaster befell my poor father's household. His second wife, whom in our short visits we had hardly learned to know, unmindful of the sacrifices which her husband had made for her, ungratefully abandoned him. He was so deeply affected that only the thought of his sons restrained him from suicide. For several months he gave himself up to grief, and to projects of vengeance which his good sense and dignity caused to come to naught; and it was after this that he came to Florence for a season, as I have said. I was then thirteen years old, but, strange to say, I looked fully seventeen. So precocious was my development that not only was I a head taller than the tallest of the boys of my age, but my whole figure was in proportion, and I needed only a little hair on my face to have the presence of a young man of twenty. When my father caught sight of me, he exclaimed:

"My goodness! what are you going to grow up to be? The giant Goliath?"

"No, father," I answered; "I prefer to be David, who killed him."

"Well, you shall come with me," said he, "and I will be your Saul in his good moments. If you can't play the harp to charm away the

grief of my soul, you can talk to me, and the sound of your voice will soothe me."

Accordingly, when, after the carnival season in Florence, my father joined the Bon and Berlaffa Company as leading actor, he took me with him, leaving my brother to his course at the Fine Arts.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE Bon and Berlaffa Company alternated in its repertory between the comedies of Goldoni and the tragedies of Alfieri.

One evening the "Donne Curiose" by Goldoni was to be given, but the actor who was to take the harlequin's part, represented in that piece by a stupid slave called *Pasquino*, fell sick a few hours before the curtain was to rise. The company had been together for a few days only, and it was out of the question to substitute another play. It had been decided to close the theater for that night, when Berlaffa asked:

"Why could n't your Tom take the part?"

My father said that there was no reason why he should n't, but that Tom had never appeared in public, and he did n't know whether he had the courage.

The proposition was made to me, and I accepted on the spot, influenced to no little extent by a desire to please the managers, who in my eyes were people of great importance. Within three hours, with my iron memory, I had easily mastered my little part of *Pasquino*, and, putting on the costume of the actor who had fallen ill, I found myself a full-fledged if a new performer. I was to speak in the Venetian dialect; that was inconvenient for me rather than difficult, but at Forte, where we were, any slip of pronunciation would hardly be observed.

It was the first time that I was to go on the stage behind the dazzling footlights, the first time that I was to speak in an unaccustomed dialect, dressed up in ridiculous clothes which were not my own; and I confess that I was so much frightened that I was tempted to run back to my dressing-room, to take off my costume, and to have nothing more to do with the play. But my father, who was aware of my submissive disposition toward him, with a few words kept me at my post.

"For shame!" said he; "a man has no right to be afraid." A man! I was scarce fourteen, yet I aspired to that title.

The conscript who is for the first time under fire feels a sense of fear. Nevertheless, if he has the pride of his sex, and the dignity of one who appreciates his duty, he stands firm, though it be against his will. So it was with me when I began my part. When I perceived that some of *Pasquino's* lines were amusing the audience, I took courage, and, like a little bird making its

first flight, I arrived at the goal, and was eager to try again. As it turned out, my actor's malady grew worse, so that he was forced to leave the company, and I was chosen to take his place.

I must have had considerable aptitude for such comic parts as those of stupid servants, for everywhere that we went I became the public's Benjamin. I made the people laugh, and they asked for nothing better. All were surprised that, young and inexperienced as I was, I should have so much cleverness of manner and such sureness of delivery. My father was more surprised than anybody, for he had expected far less of my immaturity and total lack of practice. It is certain that from that time I began to feel that I was somebody. I had become useful, or at least I thought I had, and, as a consequence, in my manner and bearing I began to affect the young man more than was fitting in a mere boy. I sought to figure in the conversation of grown people, and many a time I had the pain of seeing my elders smile at my remarks. It was my great ambition to be allowed to walk alone in the city streets; my father was very loath to grant this boon, but he let me go sometimes, perhaps to get a sample of my conduct. I don't remember ever doing anything at these times which could have displeased him; I was particularly careful about it, since I saw him sad, pensive, and afflicted owing to the misfortune which had befallen him, and soon he began to accord me his confidence, which I was most anxious to gain.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

OFTEN he spoke to me of the principles of dramatic art, and of the mission of the artist. He told me that to have the right to call one's self an artist one must add honest work to talent, and he put before me the example of certain actors who had risen to fame, but who were repulsed by society on account of the triviality of their conduct; of others who were brought by dissipation to die in a hospital, blamed by all; and of still others who had fallen so low as to hold out their hands for alms, or to sponge on their comrades and to cozen them out of their money for unmerited subscriptions—all of which things moved me to horror and deep repugnance. It was with good reason that my father was called "Honest Beppo" by his fellows on the stage. The incorruptibility and firmness of principle which he cultivated in me from the time that I grew old enough to understand have been my spur and guide throughout my career, and it is through no merit of my own that I can count myself among those who have won the esteem of society; I attribute all the merit to my father. He was conscientious and honest to a scruple; so much

so that of his own free will he sacrificed the natural pride of the dramatic artist, and renounced the well-earned honor of first place in his company to take second place with Gustavo Modena, whose artistic merit he recognized as superior to his own, in order that I might profit by the instruction of that admirable actor and sterling citizen. My father preferred his son's advantage to his own personal profit.

SALVINI JOINS MODENA'S COMPANY.

IN Lent of the year 1843, in the city of Padua, we joined Modena's company, which was made up almost entirely of players of less than twenty years. Now, to be exact, I shall have to say that in the contract between my father and Gustavo Modena I figured as the bone that is thrown in for good measure; I was to have no salary, but was bound to do whatever was assigned to me by the director, including appearance as a "super" in case of necessity. This was humiliating, after my little triumphs as *Pasquino* the year before; but my father soothed my susceptibility by telling me that all were subjected to the same condition, which was true. I remembered then that egotistical proverb, "An evil shared is half a joy," and my spirits went up a little. My apprehensions vanished entirely when my father said to me that the time had now come to devote myself seriously to the study of my profession; that in future I must exert myself, and that it was only right that the sacrifice he had made should be compensated by my good will and application; and that I should never have a better chance, since the rudiments and the best example of the drama would be exhibited to me by the most distinguished artist of Italy.

I kissed him, and said, "Papa, I will do the best I can." The next day we went to the theater to receive our instructions from the director.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT MODENA.

To be frank, my first impression of my future master was not wholly favorable. He looked to me more like a drover than an actor. He was fat and flabby, his nose was sunk between his cheeks, his walk was heavy, and his legs had the appearance of elephantiasis. Nevertheless, his white and beautifully formed hand, his vivacious, intelligent, and kind eye, won my sympathy on the spot. His voice, though nasal, was sonorous, and seemed to issue not from his lips, but from his ears or his eyes, or rather from his wide-open nostrils. As soon as Modena perceived my father, who in comparison with him looked like a lord, they squeezed each other's hands and embraced; then Mo-

dena turned to me and exclaimed (as was his habit) in his native dialect: "Oh, what a good David! Well, my lad, is your mind made up to study?"

"Yes, Signor Maestro," said I.

"No, no," he said; "call me Gustavo; that is better. And what have you been studying?"

"Harlequin parts, Signor Gustavo," said I.

"Good!" he said; "now you shall study this speech, and when you know it you shall say it to me, putting into it all your intelligence and all your soul." It was the speech of *Egisto* to *Polifonte* in Alfieri's tragedy of "Merope"; and the same speech had been given before me to every new member of the company as a test of his vocation for tragedy. The stage gradually filled up with others of the company, who were to rehearse "La Calomnie" of Scribe, in which neither my father nor I was to appear.

While the rehearsal was in progress, and my father was making the acquaintance of the other artists, Modena turned to me and said, "In this comedy you shall do the little Moor for me." I fancied that the little Moor was a part. Alas! he was merely a lay figure, devised to garnish the stage by the Signora Giulia, Modena's wife. I was directed to blacken my face, and to get myself up in Oriental costume to figure as the attendant of one of the personages of the play. This first assignment did not encourage me at all, and my father, seeing my disappointment, whispered in my ear, "Never mind; only study, and you will have no more 'super' work to do." The following day I was the only one who knew *Egisto's* speech perfectly by heart, and I repeated it to my father, who corrected me, and showed me the most salient points, and finally encouraged me by saying, "There, you have it well enough."

The moment of trial came, and by good luck neither my gestures, nor my voice, nor my expression betrayed the violent palpitations due to my emotion. When I got through, Modena exclaimed: "You have some foundation! you'll make a man for me!" and with this were assigned to me the parts of *Masham* in Scribe's "Un Verre d'Eau"; of *Perez*, *Filippo*, and *Gionata*, in Alfieri's "Saul"; of *Massimiliano Piccolomini* in Schiller's "Wallenstein"; of *Pietro Tasca* in the "Fornaretto" of F. Dall' Ongaro; of the *Lover* in Manzoni's tragedy "Adelchi," and of the lovers in such plays as my father should give on Modena's off-nights. Since I appeared every night, the "super" business troubled me no more. My father had to provide my costumes for all these parts, which was no light expense; but he supported the burden willingly, since he saw the lighting of a fair dawn in the morning of my career. In order to master so many

parts in the shortest possible time, I had to sacrifice many hours of sleep. Toward the end of the season, I could have slept on a couch of thorns, and often when my father and I were returning home after supper, and he, becoming interested in some discussion with a friend, ceased to attend to me, my eyes would close, and at the first corner I would lean my head against the wall and fall quietly asleep on my feet. My father, noticing that I was gone, would turn back and take me by the arm, and when we reached home would lay me down on my bed; and the next morning I would wake up and would not know how I got there! What an admirable age youth is! It supports without complaining the inconveniences of life, and adapts itself gladly to every hard condition, if only it is spurred on by ambition. And at fifteen everything looks rose-colored.

My rose was destined soon to change to black. At the end of the year of my novitiate, in Lent of 1844, my father fell ill at Palma Nuova. Just at that time I was burdened more than ever with study, as Carlo Romagnoli had left the company, and all the parts which had been given to him the year before were transferred to me in addition to my own, among them *David* in "*Saul*," *Nemours* in "*Louis XI*," *Luciano* in "*La Calomnie*." The doctor pronounced my father's malady an inflammation of the bowels, and prescribed frequent baths with bran. In our house the only source of water was a very deep well, and it became my duty to draw water to fill the tub. It was a serious fatigue; but because of the purpose of the task, and perhaps a little because the muscles of my arms began to show a prodigious development from the constant exercise, I was never willing to surrender the charge to others, and performed it regularly for twenty-three days. The company was then about to finish its engagement at Palma Nuova, and my father summoned me to his bedside and told me that I must go on to Cremona with the director, who would be hampered without me. He said that as soon as he was well enough he would follow, but in the mean time it was out of the question to put that excellent man, our director, to loss, by depriving him of one of the most important men of his company. I opposed this decision with energy, but I was compelled to yield to my father's repeated commands. I left him in charge of the people of the house, and engaged a man besides to nurse him, and I took my leave of him with tears and kisses. I felt myself sadly alone without my father's accustomed guidance. It is true that he had become still more grave, and was even inclined to misanthropy: but frequently he would forget his troubles in reading to me some extracts from a play he was writ-

ing; or in declaiming a bit of Metastasio, his favorite author; or in talking to me of my poor dead mother, whom I never knew, since she died when I was two years old; or of my brother, who was pursuing his studies, or my aunt



ENGRAVED BY R. H. MULLER.

GUSTAVO MODENA.

and uncle, who lived in Florence. One evening at Venice, as we were passing in our gondola before the illuminated Piazzetta di San Marco, he embraced me with silent but profound expression of tenderness, and after a little he said:

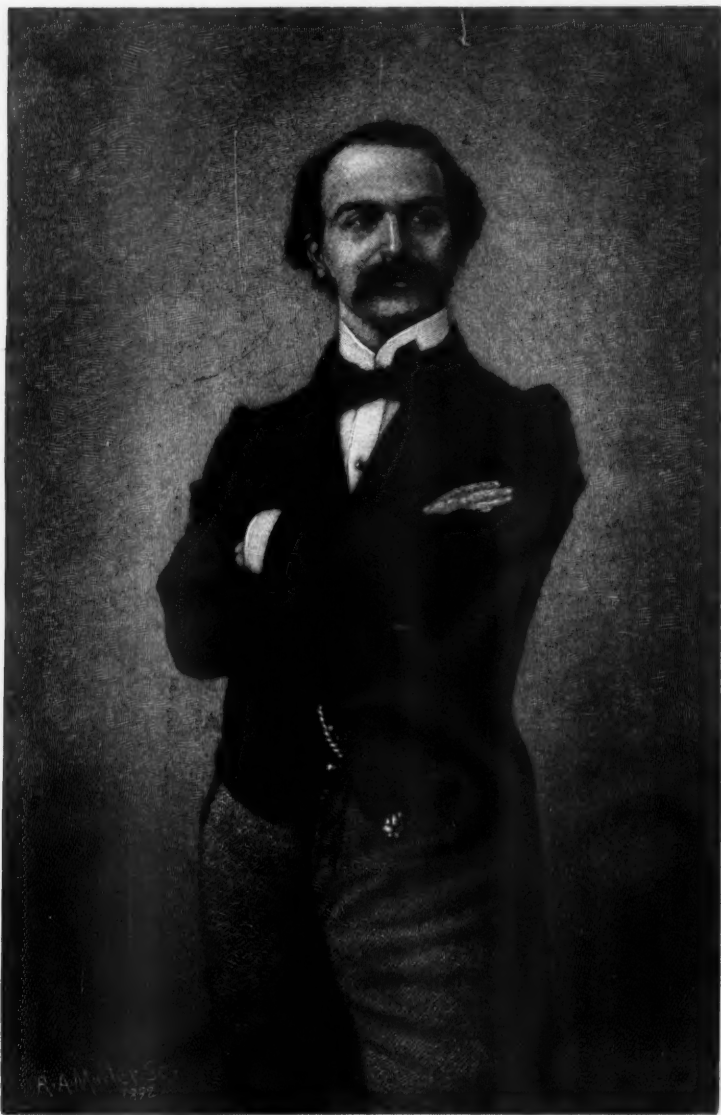
"Do you see that lamp burning there before that image? That flame commemorates the unpardonable mistake of the sentence of poor Fornaretto, whose part you play; and that light will not be extinguished so long as man is capable of calling himself infallible."

In my ingenuousness and ignorance I asked, "Papa, how long will that be?"

He smiled, and said: "Ah, my son, that lamp will burn on forever." I felt something like a weight in my soul, and that answer was perhaps the inception in me of the first germs of distrust in my fellow-men.

A GREAT AFFLICTION.

My father wrote to me from his sick-bed at Palma Nuova, exhorting me to behave well, to be studious, and to be loyal to the wishes of the director. But I noticed that with every



TOMMASO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE.

letter his beautiful handwriting was growing less firm and even, and I began to fear that he was becoming much worse. I begged Gustavo Modena for permission to visit him, but he refused me absolutely. After a few days I went to him again, and repeated my request in a tone of supplication. With a kinder manner than before he explained to me in what a dilemma I should put him if I were to go, as it was entirely impossible for him to find understudies for my

parts; he said that he should have to close the theater, which would be at once a dishonor to him and a very serious loss; and he assured me that he had had direct news from his friend Beppo, as he called my father, and that he was decidedly better, and would soon be able to rejoin us. These were fair words, but they did not reassure me, for no more letters came from my father. One morning, without saying anything more to Modena, I went to the police-

bureau to reclaim my traveling-permit, which had been issued in my name when I was separated from my father; but the Austrian official refused to surrender it without the consent of the director of my company. I hurried, beside myself, to Modena, and said:

"Maestro, I get no more letters from my father, and I have no news of him. I fear that something is wrong. Now you will either give me permission to go to Palma Nuova, or I will start out on foot and take the risk of being arrested."

Modena answered very dryly: "What do you want to go there for? Your father is dead."

May God pardon him the pain he gave me at that moment, in return for all the kindness I had from him at other times! He should not be judged too harshly; he was tormented by my persistence, and the obstinacy of my determination, and by the thought of the consequences to him which must follow, and he fancied that by that brutal announcement he would at once deprive me of all hope, put an end to my plans, and relieve himself from further embarrassment. He took the view that to so grave an evil should be applied a heroic remedy. I fell to the floor like a log, senseless; and when I came to myself I was in my bed, and my young comrades were by my side, impotent to calm the hysterical spasms which sent me into fit after fit of delirium. For four days I was in bed with aching bones, bruised and sore, and with frequent spells of convulsive sobbing. I learned that during this time my uncle had gone to Palma Nuova and had paid all the last sad offices to the dead; and so at fifteen I was left an orphan, and with the responsibility of working out alone my support and my future.

SALVINI LEAVES MODENA.

It was now necessary for Gustavo Modena to accord me some salary to enable me to live, and I remember that my pay was about fifty cents a day. Sometimes when I was cast for an important part he would give me a dollar as extra compensation; this happened very seldom, but I had enough to live on with careful economy. When we came to Milan, however, three tailors, claiming to be creditors of my father, presented themselves, and asked me what were my intentions as to obligations standing against the name of Giuseppe Salvini.

"My intentions?" said I. "I will pay in full; I ask only for time." They had three notes of 1000 francs each, which my poor father had indorsed for a friend of shaky credit who had never paid them. The notes were renewed so that they provided for payment within three years, and I signed them. The reader can

imagine how hard pressed I felt myself under the obligations which I had assumed, and which I must meet with what economies I could make from my meager pay. During the remainder of the year I was nevertheless able to hoard up 300 francs, which I sent in advance of the time fixed to Lampagnano at Milan, on account of my debt. With much regret, but constrained by necessity, I sold some of my father's theatrical wardrobe, and was thus able to meet all my engagements for that year.

When misfortunes befall, they never come singly; and of this I was now to have painful experience. Soon after my father's death an unlucky incident happened, which compelled me to sever my connection with Modena. I had inherited from my father, besides his costumes, of which I had sold a part, a beautiful wig of long, golden-blond hair, which he used to wear as *Charlemagne* in "*Adelchi*," and which I wore in the part of *Massimiliano Piccolomini* in "*Wallenstein*." After wearing it, I used to give it in charge to Graziadei, the hair-dresser of the theater, to put by for me in a box. One evening Signora Giulia Modena, who occupied herself with much taste and competence about the dresses of the artists, asked me to lend her my wig. Now to me this wig was a most precious possession, both because it came to me from my father, and because it was to go on my own head; so I refused her request as civilly as I could, and no more was said about it. The next evening I perceived on the head of one of the "supers" my beloved wig, which the Signora Giulia had obtained from the hair-dresser on some trumped-up pretext. With a "bee in my bonnet" (at that time such bees were numerous with me), and my wig in my hand, I presented myself before the Signora, and made my remonstrance:

"I wish to know, Signora Giulia, who gave you the right to use my wig, after I told you that you could not have it?"

"Come to Gustavo, and you will find out," said she to me.

We went to Modena's dressing-room, and I repeated my demand. Could he in my presence blame his wife, recognize that I was right, and that she was guilty of an unwarranted act? Could he, a Modena, my master, make excuses for her to me, his pupil? He contented himself with saying, "Go, boy; go!" He did not put his wife in the wrong, nor did he admit that I was right; it was no doubt the best thing he could do. But that word "boy" cut me to the heart, and I left the room without a word.

The next day I wrote him a letter notifying him that from that moment I ceased to belong to his company, since it was manifest that a mere "boy" could not be qualified to take the chief parts after himself. For his answer he sent to



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

RISTORI AS MARY STUART.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

me Massini, the secretary, and some of the senior members of the company, to demonstrate to me that it was not making a very good start in my profession to leave my company in the middle of the season. My friends told me further that Signora Giulia admitted that she had acted arbitrarily, and that it would be an ungrateful thing on my part to leave the director in the

lurch. This last reason won my consent to remain until the end of the year. Three weeks later I was under contract for the next year with the Royal Company of Florentines in Naples, for first and second lovers' parts, at a salary of 2400 francs. Modena engaged in my place a young man from Leghorn of excellent physical and mental qualities and good artistic

promise, Ernesto Rossi by name. He has not disappointed the hopes formed of him in his youth. He, too, guided by the counsels and advice of our master, has gained the esteem of all Italy, and in his tours through Europe and America has done honor to his country.

The six months that I had still to stay with Modena passed in perfect harmony with him and his wife, for both of whom I felt real affection and respect. The nearer came the time when I must leave them, the more fond I grew of them, admiring in her the faithful consort of an exiled citizen, and honoring in him the upright man, the distinguished artist, and the unswerving patriot. Not many days before our separation, I began to realize what a great advantage it had been to me to have his advice, his precepts, his instruction, and his example, and I treasured all these up for the future. When at last we parted, I felt as if I had lost a second father; and I am sure, from his visible emotion, that he felt toward me as if I were his son.

MODENA'S METHOD OF TEACHING.

MODENA's system of instruction was more by practice than by theory. In our day he would be blamed, now that it is considered needful that actors should know everything that has to do in any way with their subjects, no matter how little of it they may be able to put to profit. He rarely spent much time in explaining the character, or demonstrating the philosophy of a part, or in pointing out the reasons for modesty or for the vehemence of passion. He would say, "Do it so," and it would certainly be done in a masterly way. It is true that those pupils who were unable to emancipate themselves, and to act as he told them indeed, but with their own resources and expression of their personal feeling, developed into mere imitators. In proof of this it is easy to show that most of Modena's pupils, not excepting some who attained a certain reputation, copied him more in his faults than in his merits.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

AFTER leaving Modena, I turned my face toward Naples; but when I came to Leghorn I

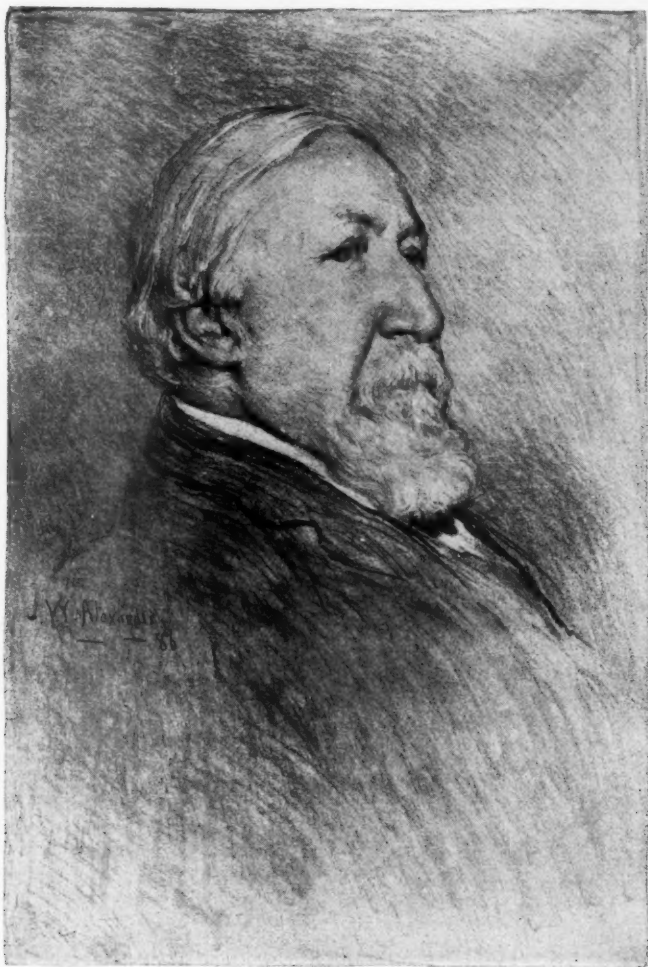
learned that I should not have to appear during Lent, as it was not the custom for new actors to play until after Easter. I was pleasantly settled with some old friends of my father's, and I determined to wait to see Adelaide Ristori, who was then playing in Leghorn, and whom I had never seen.

Ristori was at that time twenty-three, and had already won most flattering consideration. She was as beautiful as a Raphael Madonna, of graceful figure, attractive, and of polished and dignified manners. She enjoyed even then the reputation of being one of the most youthful and beautiful actresses on the stage, and at the same time one of the most gifted; and with good reason rival managers contended to secure her. She was a pupil of the noted Carlotta Marchionni, who for many years was the ornament of the Royal Company of Turin, and held the highest place among artists of distinction. From Signora Marchionni Ristori acquired a wealth of practical and theoretical knowledge, and this, with her essentially artistic nature and her strong will, made her in a few years the favorite of the public throughout Italy. Many fell in love with her, and those who escaped losing their hearts admired her. Young and ardent, almost too poetic, as I was, I could not remain indifferent to the unconscious charming of that siren; and although my heart was already inclined to other sympathies, in presence of Ristori's acting it was invaded by a sentiment of respectful affection. I remember that one evening when she played a drama from the French entitled "*La Comtesse d'Altemberg*," I cried, out and out, during a moving scene in which a mother reproaches her daughter for suspecting her of being her rival in love. Though I knew well that my congratulations could have but small weight, I could not refrain from assuring her of my warm admiration; and she was kind enough to appear pleased. But when she said that she was proud to receive the homage of a pupil of the reformer of dramatic art, she put so marked and ironical an accent on her words that I remained in doubt whether she was mocking me, or whether she intended to direct a shaft against the renown of Gustavo Modena. I should have preferred the first intention to the second.

Tommaso Salvini.



IMPRESSIONS OF BROWNING AND HIS ART.



DRAWN FROM LIFE IN 1886 BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is a good fortune which has not infrequently befallen England. It is to have within her, living at the same time and growing together from youth to age, two great poets of such distinct powers, and of such different fashions of writing, that they illustrate, even to the most unseeing eyes, something of the infinite range of the art of poetry. The immensity of the art they practise reveals itself in their variety; and this is the impression made on us when we look back

on the lives of Tennyson and Browning, and remember that they began in 1830-33, and that their last books were published in 1890. They sang for sixty years together, each on his own peak of Parnassus, looking across the Muses' Valley with friendly eyes on each other. The god breathed his spirit into both, but they played on divers instruments, and sang so different a song, that each charmed the other and the world into wonder. One of the summits, alas! is vacant now, and Tennyson sings

alone. It is a solitary height, and he must often think of his brother. Yet, while the god inspires, no singer is alone or weak; and at least once more we who, in too dark an age, still haunt the laureled ledges of the hill may hope to hear the old man sing again, and, rejoicing in the music, think also with love and regret that we shall hear his brother sing no more.

However different they were in development, their poetry arose out of the same national excitement on political, social, and religious subjects. The date of 1832 is as important in the history of English poetry, and as clearly the beginning of a new poetical wave, as the date of 1789. The poetical excitement of 1832 is unrepresented, or only slightly represented, in the poetry of these two men, but the excitement itself kindled and increased the emotion with which they treated their own subjects. The social questions which then grew into clearer form, and were more widely taken up than in the previous years,—the improvement of the condition of the poor, the position of women, education, and labor,—were not touched directly by these two poets; but the question how man may best live his life, do his work, or practise his arts, so as to better humanity—the question of individual development for the sake of the whole—was wrought out by them at sundry times and in divers manners. It is the ground-excitement of "Paracelsus," of "Sordello," of Browning's dramas from "Pippa Passes" onward, of a host of his later poems; of "Maud," of "The Princess,"¹ of the "Idyls of the King," and—to mention one of the latest of a number of Tennyson's minor poems—of "Locksley Hall, or Sixty Years After." The religious questions, both theological and metaphysical, which took in 1832 a double turn in the high-church and broad-church movements were vital elements in Tennyson and Browning. No poets have ever been more theological, not even Byron and Shelley. What original sin means, and what position man holds on account of it, lies at the root of half of Browning's poetry; and the greater part of his very simple metaphysics belongs to the solution of this question of the defect in man. The "Idyls of the King" Tennyson has himself declared to be an allegory of the soul on its way to God. I was sorry to hear it, but I have not the same objection to the theology of a poem like "In Memoriam," which plainly claims and has a religious aim.

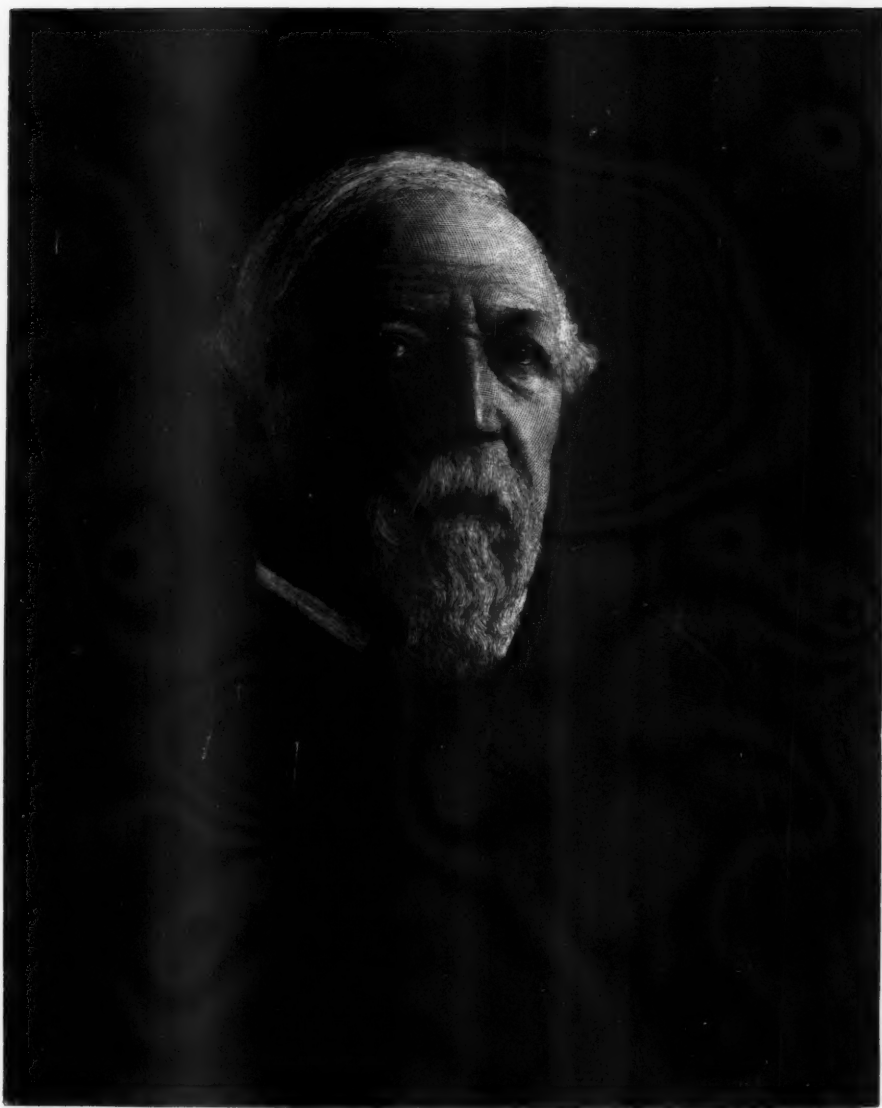
Both men were then moved by the same impulses; and long after these impulses in their original form had died, these poets continued to sing of them. In a changed world their main themes remained unchanged. Different then as they were from each other,—and no two personalities were ever more distinct,—there

was yet a far-off unity in this diversity. In all the various songs they made the same dominant themes recur.

Along with this difference of personality and genius there was naturally a difference of development. The growth of Tennyson has been like that of an equal-growing tree, steadily and nobly enlarging itself, without any breaks of continuity, from youth to middle age, and from that to old age. The growth of Browning was like that of a tree which should thrice at least change its manner of growing, not modified so much by circumstances as by a self-caused desire to shoot its branches forth into other directions where the light and air were new. He had what Tennyson had not—an insatiable curiosity. Had he been in the Garden of Eden he would have eaten the fruit even before the woman. He not only sought after and explored all the remote, subtle, or simple phases of human nature which he could find when he penetrated it in one direction, he also changed his whole direction thrice, even four times, in his life. East, west, south, and north he went, and wherever he went he frequently left the highroads, and sought the strange, the fanciful places in the scenery of human nature. Men have divided his work into three manners or periods, and if the divisions are not too defined, there is some truth in the opinion; but it must be remembered that on whatever line he was he had a habit of momentarily wearying of it and of flying back to the line he had apparently abandoned, suddenly picking up again old interests and old forms of verse. That is clearly to be seen in successive volumes, and it appears in "Asolando," his last book. In the very year he died he reverts to many of his original types. He was as unfixable as quicksilver, and Silver-all-alive fairly enough expresses him. Nevertheless, there are certain permanent elements in his work, and there is always the same unmistakable, incisive, clear individuality, persistent through all change.

I do not propose to mark out these periods, with their several interests—they lie on the surface; but various as his mind was, these changes of direction made it still more various. I am not sure that the too-restless, the too-curious in him—the overfondness he had for fresh paths and for the complex rather than the simple—did not make him less the great artist than he might have been. But we cannot unmake a man after our own fancy, and when we accept this element in Browning, which is of his very nature, making the best and not the worst of it, we find it to be part of his charm. Those

¹ "The Princess" treats one of these social questions in a way which is none the less effective because, for the sake of art, it is thrown into a mock-heroic form.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MRS. F. W. H. MYERS.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

who met him in social intercourse, much more those who companied with him at home, knew how delightful this changeable variety and curiosity made his society; and when, knowing him better, they recognized the unchangeableness of affection, of moral and spiritual ideas and their principles which lay beneath the restless movements of his intellect, they were charmed the more. They passed from delighted acquaintances to faithful friends. Moreover, what he was in society he was as a poet. He has been accused of being too much a man of the world for a poet, too much a *persona grata* in the drawing-room and at the dining-table, too desirous to shine; and the accusation would be of some weight if the cause of it had been apart from his poetic life. But all that in him gave any grounds for this accusation was an integral part of the man, and is equally a part of his poetry. What went on between hearts at the opera, in the morning and evening ride; what this man thought in a corner of the ball-room, and that woman dreamed of as she was dancing; the sudden recollection which brought five minutes' silence to an old man at the dining-table; the talk of a bishop and a nonconformist over their wine; the follies of society when Sludge crawled through it, and a thousand other aspects of that artificial life beneath which the natural heart of man is always moving, are represented by him as a poet, not as a mere looker-on might do, but as one who shared in that life, and was gracious and gentle in it, and saw below its surface things to love, to admire, and to reverence. There was but little which was artificial in Browning's interest in society; he liked as a man to move to and fro in the world, and he liked it also as a poet. We owe a great deal of keen and suggestive work bearing on the true life of men and women to the pleasure, the true sentiment, and the endless curiosity concerning human nature with which Browning went from garden-party to dinner-table, from the dinner-table to the theater, from the theater to the ball. His pleasure and his curiosity were never felt in anything which was slanderous, vile, or ugly, but always in that which belonged to the subtle changes of the nobler passions, to the deep-lying pathos of those dramatic situations which are so common in a very mixed and crowded world, to the transient moments when a great love or sorrow broke irresistibly upward to the surface of society. Of these he was curious, but curious with sympathy and tenderness. He showed the human heart below our conventional life, and he made us see it; and when he did touch what was mean or cruel, he did it with a sacred and fiery indignation. Some have said that he was spoiled by his fondness for the world. It was not the case. He

was true and tender and simple in heart to the end. My wonder has always been that a man moving among all ranks in the fashionable world for more than thirty years should have remained so untainted, and kept his soul and his art so clear. He lived in Gaza, Ekron, and all the cities of the Philistines, yet he never served their lords and never made sport for them. Moreover, he was just as pleased, as happy, as interested, gave himself just as much trouble, and was just as much carried away in talk when he was with a few unknown men and women, quite out of the fashion, as he was among persons of great fame or of high rank. One of the first times I met him was in the company of a few young men of no name and position whatever, and I never remember him more brilliant. He seemed enchanted to talk to us, and told us of his youthful life when he was writing "Paracelsus," of all the men he then met, and of what kind they were, and of all his doings with the actors and the stage when he was bringing out "Strafford." As I listened, I seemed to look within and to see arranged in his wonderful memory a multitude of subjects and compositions, as it were, of the scenery of human nature; nor was I less struck with his capacity for bringing forth out of his treasures things new and old, when on a day of his later life, leaning over the balcony of the Hôtel Universo at Venice, he was moved to speak to me of his life in Italy. All that he met he remembered, and what he remembered he naturally composed, like an artist, into drama, or lyric, or narrative in his heart. He had hundreds of unwritten poems within, and could use them when and how he pleased; and if such multitudinousness would have been troublesome, for example, to Tennyson as an artist, it was not a trouble but a stimulant to Browning. He was master of the many "studies" he possessed. He gained them in his social existence, and if he had not lived in this continual to-and-fro of human life, we should have lost not only a large number of those poems which touch and fix lyric moments of passion or conscience or spiritual feeling, but also that incessant by-play of human nature which, carried on by a number of minor characters, fills the background of his larger pieces. There is no need to give examples of this coruscating by-play. Their name is legion, but the putting of them in, the incessant parentheses in which they are inserted, the side-steps he runs out of his main subject to make, the incursions off the road into the wild country, account for a great deal of the obscurity with which slothful persons have charged him, and if they are not quite good art, are at least of extraordinary interest.

Had this love of society of which I speak

made him in any sense false to his art, or led him into suiting his art to society, or using it for the sake of gaining wealth, it would have been very ill-fortuned; but Browning had the profoundest reverence for his art, preferred it to everything else in the world, and followed it with undeviating truthfulness. Had society, bringing with it fame, rank, money, offered them all to him if he would write only to please it, or would sacrifice what his impulse led him at the moment to write, he would have flung society to the winds. The history of the reception of his poetry proves this to the hilt. He was clever enough to catch the public ear if he liked. He sometimes did so in a dramatic lyric, and he might have followed that vein and sold his books. But he followed only that to which his art impelled him, what his own soul loved and enjoyed to shape. It was *not* what the public wanted; and he waited longer than Wordsworth, but with the same consistency and faith in his art, for appreciation. It came at last, and it was received without a word of reproach for past neglect, with a kind of naive wonder, and with so natural and grateful a humility that I never remember anything so delightful in my whole life.

His knowledge, too, of all that had been done by the poets, both ancient and modern, was like that of Tennyson, very extensive. He loved his art, not only in his own hands, but in the hands of others. There was not a grain of envy or grudge or jealousy of other living poets in his conversation. Even when he did not care for the subjects or the kind of poetry, he appreciated and praised the work. It was characteristic of his searching curiosity and his love of discovery that he was not content with reading the best work of the bygone poets, but sought out the little nooks where some unknown poet had planted one flower, the sole poem of his whole life, and brought it to excellence. Long before Smart's "Song to David" had taken its place in so many collections, I remember his quoting a long passage out of it at a dinner, and well he rolled out, and with special pleasure, this fine verse:

Strong is the lion — like a coal
His eyeball — like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

Eager thus concerning his art, and full of intellectual curiosity concerning human nature as seen in modern society, and in diverse times and countries of the past, it might seem that he would be too analytic or too ethical a poet, and indeed that is the view which many persons who love analysis, or who want a moral foun-

dation for life, take of him. But though he did love to wind in and out of a character like a serpent, as Goldsmith said that Burke did into his subject, and though he had his clear view of the position and the aims of human life, and what could and ought to be done within its limits; and loved to lay these things down as he conceived them, both from the religious and the moral side — the subject-matter he felt the most, and concerning which he wrote his best poetry, was the natural passion of the human heart. It was not the theme of the bulk of his poetry, — he was sometimes too much seduced by his intellectual play and by his theological theories, — but it was at the foundation of his soul. When any phase of it was directly taken as a subject, the poem is more poetical than its comrades. Wherever the natural affections are touched on incidentally in poems which are descriptive, theoretical, or which concern, like "Sordello," the growth of a soul, these passages glow and gleam among the rest. They spring from the inmost fire in him, and kindle his intellectual analysis into life. One example of this, out of many, is "La Saisiaz," in which his friendship with Miss Egerton Smith, whose sudden death gave rise to this book on the "Soul and Immortality," inflames the whole; and I well remember walking home with him through the Park shortly after the poem appeared, and the profound and quiet emotion with which he told me the whole story of her death, of his sorrow and its questioning, and of the way in which the subject took form in his mind. It was rare, at least for me who did not know him intimately, to find Browning in this intense and open mood, and I felt how far and how apart this side of him was from that he showed to the world. Indeed, when he was at his work as an artist he was as lost to the world, as rapt away, as if he were feeding flocks alone with Apollo; yet had society claimed him in the midst of this self-isolation he would have been in fellowship with it in a moment. The last time I saw him, not long before he died in Venice, was in Kensington Gardens. He was seated on one of the benches in the Broad Walk, alone and tired, his head sunk between his shoulders, his body fallen in upon itself. It was the rarest thing in the world to see him thus, for, to the very last, he faced the world erect, like a soldier on parade, and, as I passed on, I could not help thinking with sorrow that the fires were burning low. I did not speak to him; he was so unlike his usual aspect that I felt half ashamed of surprising him, and I did not think he would be pleased. Had I spoken, he would have resumed his bright, bold carriage in a moment, and by some swift, quaint turn of phrase and thought have explained his weary attitude. But, in spite of his physical

abandonment to the hour, it was plain that he was thinking out a poem. He saw and heard nothing, lost in his work; and I was sure, from this sight of him, which I have always kept in view with reverence and pleasure, that when he was "making," as our Scotch neighbors used to say, he was as unconscious of the whole outward world, as far away from it in his own soul, as he was vividly conscious of it when he chose to belong to it. The next thing I heard of him was that he was ill in Venice, and then that he was dead.

It is not fitting, and it would not be just either to him or his art, to appraise or criticize his whole work so shortly after his death. We are as yet too near the star to see it as a whole; and the modernness of Browning makes it extremely difficult for us, who live in the same society of which he wrote, to say what is permanent and what is transient, what belongs to the best art and what to the less excellent, in his poetry. We are liable to be most interested in that which is nearest to the age to which we belong; and it depends on the character of that age whether the poetry which is close to it is likely to be lasting. I do not think that the part of Browning's poetry which has to do with our present unhappy society will continue except as the amusement or the interest of the student. Nor do I think that his special theories concerning the aim of life, its growth and its means, or his metaphysics and his theology, are likely to awaken emotion in, or to reveal beauty to, the men and women who are to come; but all that he wrote in the atmosphere of his passionate humanity will endure, whenever it is expressed in a form not too difficult or too rugged for the multitude of those who, in humility, love nature and human nature. There is nothing really obscure in Browning; his thoughts are clear enough to himself, and a few simple clues, easily won by those who will take the trouble, will lead a student to the center of any labyrinth to be found in his work. Nor are the thoughts themselves complex. The difficulty of understanding his poetry lies in the way in which thoughts in themselves quite simple are expressed. They are twisted, entangled, and broken up in a manner which I do not like to call wilful, but which has that air; and this is not good art. What is simple ought to be kept simple, not changed into riddles, or overwhelmed with fantastic ornament. He has also another fashion, and quite a different one, which makes him difficult. Sometimes he is as compressed, incisive, and vigorous as he is at other times careless and fluttering in thought. He has a way of leaping straight to his thought and clinching it at once, without taking us through any of the thoughts that led to it. We

see the thing, but not the process; and we have to work out the process for ourselves. That is quite legitimate in poetry, when there is not too much of it, and the man who complains of that difficulty has no business to read poetry at all. But when a number of these completed thoughts are expressed one after another in a few lines, without any care for showing their connection; when they so jostle and trip up one another that they are not really seen as wholes but as halves—then the poetry does become more difficult than any artist ought to permit his work to be.

Some people like this; but it is for the most part the trouble it gives them which they like, and not the poetry; the intellectual exercise to which they are put, and not the passionate feeling in the verse, which is, of course, what Browning most wished them to enjoy. The thought, when they have disentangled it, is dear to them and pleases their vanity, because they had such hard work to find it out—the nut tasting sweet in proportion to the difficulty of the shell. But this is not love of poetry, but of one's own cleverness. Moreover, when the thought is found out, it is often the same as Wordsworth or Milton has expressed in luminous language, but which, being quite clear to a child, does not give these persons the pleasure of a double acrostic. Neither is that pleasure pleasure in poetry. Indeed, one evil result of the artist not caring to make his form simple and clear is that men are led to depreciate the best poetry. They get a fondness for difficulty, and ask for its peculiar flavor. Not finding it in the greatest men, who as a rule avoid the strange and the fantastic, they neglect them: and hundreds of analytic persons who proclaim their adoration of Browning never open Milton, have only heard of Chaucer, and some enjoy no other poet at all but Browning. Another evil result is that these men and women who are greedy of the difficult, deceive themselves into a belief that they enjoy poetry because they enjoy Browning. But what they enjoy is not the poetry, but their own power of unraveling a problem. And the more they enjoy that, the further away are they getting from any power of enjoying poetry, till at last, if you quote to them passages where Browning's poetic power is moving in its finest and loveliest fashion, they think these passages weak.

It is a great pity that the ruggedness and the abruptness of Browning's style should have had these results. No doubt the style *was* the man, and we accept it for the sake of the great individual it represents. But then the artist ought to have improved his style. There are poems in which he uses it with simplicity, dignity, power, and grace. That Browning did not—having created his style—make it a better ve-

hicle for beauty than he did was a fault in him as an artist.

But it would be very stupid to extend these remarks, which, indeed, are not so much on Browning as on his intellectual admirers, over the whole of his poetry. They apply only to a limited number of poems, nor do they mean to say that the poet had not the right, if he liked, to amuse himself in this fashion. But they do mean to say that the method is not to be extolled, and that Browning himself was the last man in the world to desire that it should be praised. His best work, the work which will last when the noises are done, is as simple as it is sensuous and passionate; and it is entirely original. It stands more alone and distinct than the work of any other English poet of the same wide range. There is a trace of Shelley in "Pauline," but for the rest Browning is like Melchizedek: he has neither father nor mother in poetry; he is without descent; and he will be—but this belongs to all great poets—without end of days. "Whole in himself and owed to none" may well be said of him, and it is a great deal to say.

It is even more to say that in spite of this keen distinctiveness his range was very great. A strong individuality often limits a man, but Browning had with it so much imagination that he flung himself—retaining still his distinctive elements—into a multitude of other lives, in various places, and at various times of history. In each of these he conceives himself, imagines all the fresh circumstances, all the new scenery, all the strange passions and knowledge of each age around himself, and creates himself afresh as modified by them. It is always Browning, then, who writes, but it is Browning seen again and again across the ages in transmigration after transmigration; and in this fashion his poetic range is very great. Of course it is not that highest creative work, when the poet makes men and women quite fresh, not in his own image; who have their own clear individuality which their creator feels has nothing to do with himself.

This is what the imperial poets do, and it is the greatest and most beautiful work which is done on earth. The difference between them and other men, in any sphere of intellectual power, is immeasurable. The very highest scientific intellect is a joke in comparison with the intellectual power of Shakspeare, Dante, or Homer. The difference between them and the second-rate poets is also immense. No poet of the last hundred years is worthy to approach the sacred inclosure where they sit apart who, like the gods, make, beyond themselves, men and their fates.

When we look, however, at the second-rate poets of these hundred years we can mark

the point at which Browning excels the rest. Others have gone closer into the heart of Nature; others have seen clearer into that which is universal in humanity; others have sung more sweetly and ideally; others have seen Beauty more face to face, and loved her better; others have far excelled him in the technic of their art; but Browning has excelled the rest in character-making, and in the multitude and variety of his characters. Nevertheless, as I said,—and it is this, as well as his want of fine form and simple aim, which differentiates him from the greater character-builders,—Browning himself always turns up in every character. When his characters are men, a sudden turn confronts us in them (even when they are so far away as Caliban) with which we are well acquainted. It is like recognizing a friend under his domino in a masked ball by some trick of voice or manner, or in his conversation by some theory of life outside of which he cannot get.

When, again, Browning's characters are women, they are more invented than the men, but they are not so good in drawing. There are two or three distinct types of them, but these types are related at several points to one another. It would have been impossible for Browning to conceive or portray women so distinct as *Portia* and *Imogen* and *Desdemona*. Moreover, the women are more built up by intellectual analysis based on Browning's own emotion—that is, on a man's specialized emotion—than created at a single jet, or by one who, like the greatest poets, makes both men and women with equal power out of that humanity in him which is not specially male or specially female. On the whole, the women in Browning are somewhat tiresome, except when, like *Pompilia* or *Pippa*,—and I choose two diverse types,—they run on the simplest lines. There are plenty of sketches of women, it is true, which are very full of interest, but their interest is the interest of sketches. He was wise to leave them as they are; he would not have been able to make a finished picture of them.

It is on account of all this that he is not a good dramatist. The essential difference of drama is the creation of a number of distinct characters, within the same set or web of circumstance, on each of whom the circumstances act differently, and whose action and thought in and through the circumstances are different and clashing; and the clashing produces the catastrophe. But in Browning's plays, Browning meets Browning more or less in every character; and the talk is a series of his soliloquies on the events. There is little or no interlocking of character and of action, and there is no necessity in the catastrophe. "The

Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' which is the best of them, might with just as much of probability have ended happily. All of them are interesting as revelations of the poet's way of thinking on the problem of life, but they are not dramas, though they may be, if I may coin a word, *dramatical*. They are also poetical enough, but they are not half so poetical as the undramatized poems, where everything, it would seem, in earth and heaven is brought, and with extraordinary brilliancy, keenness, and swiftness,—flash after flash of lightning,—into his one subject, till its farthest recesses are lighted up, then left in darkness, and then lighted up again. In that way also we are made to see Nature in his poetry. A long essay might be written on Browning's treatment and description of natural scenery, and on the way it is always modified by the character in the poem which sees it, and even by the movement of passion in

which that character is placed. There is nothing in which Browning's art is better and more instinctive than in this.

I wish I could speak as fully as I feel of some of the lyrics and of many of the lyrical poems; but to do this, or to expand the brief statements I have made, or to enter into the vast wealth of thought with which the simple main lines of his view of this life and the life to come are developed, illustrated, supported, and completed, would be beyond the sphere of this brief paper; nor do I think, as I said at the beginning, that the time for this has yet come. But still I hold fast to one thing—that the best work of our poet, that by which he will always live, is not in his intellectual analysis, or in his preachings, or in his difficult thinkings, but in the simple, sensuous, and passionate things he wrote out of the overflowing of his heart.

Stopford A. Brooke.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

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It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

STUDIES OF POVERTY.



It might be difficult to agree upon a definition of poverty; but it ought to be possible, without disputing over definitions, to ascertain pretty accurately the conditions under which our neighbors of the less fortunate classes are living.

Such is the conclusion to which a few wise men in this generation have lately come; and we have, as the result, several studies of poverty by which our judgment of this difficult subject may be greatly assisted. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has undertaken to tell us "How the Other Half Lives" in the city of New York. The book is not strong on the statistical side, but it gives us in a series of vivid pictures a good idea of the sinking circles of that Inferno whose gates stand open every day before the eyes of the dwellers in New York. It would be a simple

matter for any intelligent citizen to find out these facts for himself; but it is not probable that one in ten of the well-to-do denizens of the metropolis has any adequate conception of the depth of the degradation in which some hundreds of thousands of his neighbors live. Mr. Riis has performed a valuable service in publishing his reporter's sketches; his essay ought to incite some one with ample leisure and abundant resources to make a scientific study of the conditions of life among the poor of New York.

Mrs. Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty" is another series of sketches of life among the working-women of New York by which much light is thrown upon this dark problem. Certain phases of the subject reveal themselves most clearly to a woman's insight. The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, in a number of popular discourses delivered in Boston, and lately published, has made rather a startling picture of the condition of the "white slaves" of the metropolis of New England. And we are told that a much more careful and thorough

investigation of the tenement-houses of that city is now in progress under the direction of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. Such are some of the attempts that have been made or are being made in this country to get at the facts concerning the poverty of the cities. Still there is very little definite and reliable information, and the popular ignorance upon the whole subject is profound and universal. The facts are far worse than most intelligent Americans suspect, and there is need of thorough investigation.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE.

If the pattern for such an investigation were wanting, it is admirably supplied in the monumental work of Mr. Charles Booth, entitled "Labor and Life of the People." For the great English metropolis Mr. Booth (who must never be confounded with the head of the Salvation Army) has done what needs to be done for every great city. He has caused to be made a thorough house-to-house and street-to-street investigation of that whole vast metropolitan area; he has gathered his facts from various sources, and has diligently compared and compiled them; he has given to the world a statement the fullness and colorless accuracy of which must impress every intelligent reader. Mr. Booth's work is not yet complete. His first volume, published in 1888, dealt with East London, then supposed to be the darkest section of the metropolis; his second volume, issued during the summer of 1891, extends the census to the whole city, and treats of many phases of life in the northern and the southern districts; in the third volume he promises to give us some further account of the industrial conditions, and also to make a full report upon the various methods of relief which have been in operation, and of their results, so far as they can be ascertained. The magnitude of this undertaking can be imagined. To explore and lay bare this trackless wilderness of want calls for heroic enterprise and perseverance. Yet all may see that the work has been done, not only with thoroughness, but with tact and judgment. So far as Mr. Booth has gone, philanthropists and legislators may feel that they have sure ground to go upon; the facts are in their possession; they know what the poverty of London is, and where it is; and although they may not be clear as to its causes or confident as to its cure, the disease has been located, and the extent of its injuries pretty clearly described.

In illustration of the thoroughness with which his work has been done, it may be noted that he has given us the statistics of no less than 13,722 streets and parts of streets which have been visited, and the character of their population carefully ascertained. In these

13,722 streets dwell 3,500,000 persons belonging to the lower and the lower middle classes. The streets and squares inhabited by the upper and higher middle classes were not counted: these classes are supposed to include about 750,000, making a population of something less than four and a quarter millions, which occupies the central districts of the metropolis covered by this investigation. The colored sectional maps accompanying these volumes set before us graphically the location of the various classes, revealing to the eye the character of the population in every street and square of central London.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

ONE naturally wishes to know how it was possible for any man to gain information so precise and so extensive of so vast a population. Mr. Booth has had a numerous staff of helpers under his own direction. But in addition to these he has been able to make use of the whole body of School Board visitors. The entire metropolitan area is subdivided by the London School Board into districts, over each of which is set a visitor. Of these Mr. Booth says:

The School Board visitors perform amongst them a house-to-house visitation; every house in every street is in their books, and details are given of every family with children of school age. They begin their scheduling two or three years before the children attain school age, and a record remains in their books of children who have left school. The occupation of the head of the family is noted down. Most of the visitors have been working in the same district for several years, and these have an extensive knowledge of the people. It is their business to re-schedule for the Board once a year; but intermediate revisions are made in addition, and it is their duty to make themselves acquainted, so far as possible, with newcomers into their districts. They are in daily contact with the people, and have a very considerable knowledge of the parents of the poor children, especially of the poorest among them, and of the conditions under which they live. No one can go, as I have done, over the description of the inhabitants of street after street in these huge districts, taken house by house and family by family,—full as it is of picturesque details noted down from the lips of the visitor to whose mind they have been recalled by the open pages of his own schedules,—and doubt the genuine character of the information and its birth. Of the wealth of my material I have no doubt. I am indeed embarrassed by its mass, and by my resolution to make use of no fact to which I cannot give a quantitative value.

This trained and capable force of visitors has been permitted by the authorities to assist in this investigation. In these two volumes many pages from their note-books are pub-

lished, and we may easily see for ourselves how minute and painstaking their work has been. Besides these, the Local Government Board, the Board of Guardians of the Poor, the relieving officers, the police, the Charity Organization Society, the clergy, and the many bodies of lay workers among the poor, have aided him effectively.

SOCIAL CLASSES.

ONE salient feature of this discussion is the classification of the population. In his first volume Mr. Booth divided the people into eight classes; in the second he combines some of these, in the interests of simplicity, and gives us really but five principal classes. The class represented by A in his schedules are the very lowest—occasional laborers, loafers, and semi-criminals. Class B are “the very poor”—those who subsist by casual labor and charity, who are in chronic want, and who maintain a hand-to-mouth existence. Classes C and D are the poor,—the irregularly employed, and those of small regular earnings,—those who barely manage to keep the wolf from the door. Classes E and F are the regularly employed and fairly paid working-class of all grades. Classes G and H are the middle class, and all above its level—the servant-keeping class. The four lowest grades of his first classification are, broadly, the poor. Class A is something worse than poor; it is the disorderly and dangerous class. Class B, “the very poor,” needs a little further description:

The laborers of Class B do not, on the average, get as much as three days' work a week, but it is doubtful if many of them could or would work full time for long together if they had the opportunity. From whatever section Class B is drawn, except the sections of poor women, there will be found many of them who, from shiftlessness, helplessness, idleness, or drink, are inevitably poor. The ideal of such persons is to work when they like and play when they like; these it is who are rightly called the “leisure class” amongst the poor—leisure bounded very closely by the pressure of want, but habitual to the extent of second nature. They cannot stand the regularity and dullness of civilized existence, and find the excitement they need in the life of the streets, or at home as spectators of or participators in some highly colored domestic scene. There is drunkenness among them, especially amongst the women; but drink is not their special luxury, as with the lowest class, nor is it their passion, as with a portion of those with higher wages and irregular but severe work. The earnings of the men vary with the state of trade, and drop to a few shillings a week or nothing at all in bad times. . . . The wives in this class mostly do some work, and those who are sober, perhaps, work more steadily than the men; but their work is mostly of a rough kind,

or is done for others almost as poor as themselves. It is in all cases wretchedly paid, so that if they earn the rent they do very well.

Classes C and D, the irregularly employed and those of small regular earnings, are laborers whose average weekly income would not be above five dollars for a moderate family. Between these and the class below them this distinction is made:

My “poor” may be described as living under a struggle to obtain the necessities of life, and make both ends meet; while the “very poor” are in a state of chronic want. It may be their own fault that this is so; that is another question.

What, now, are the proportions in which these classes are found in the population? That part of London covered by this investigation is represented by the following table:

A (lowest)	37,610 or	.9%	} In poverty 30.7%
B (very poor)	316,834 or	7.5%	
C and D (poor)	938,293 or	22.3%	
E and F (working-class, comfortable) ..	2,166,503 or	51.5%	} In comfort 69.3%
G and H (middle class and above) ..	749,930 or	17.8%	
	4,209,170	100%	

Concerning the number of the lowest class, we have little more than a rough estimate. But we are assured that the figures err, if at all, on the side of safety; that is, by overestimating rather than by underestimating the evils with which he is dealing. It is some relief to believe that this disorderly and dangerous class,—or those members of it at large,—in a city like London, constitutes only nine tenths of one per cent. of the population—nine persons in a thousand.

The fact that thirty persons in every hundred of that vast population are living below the line of comfort may well furnish food for meditation to those who live far above that line. The admission that 30 per cent. of our neighbors are in poverty is one that none of us is willing to make. Would this be true of New York or Boston? It is impossible to say. Some of the experts who are thoroughly familiar with the worst portions of London tell us that they have found worse conditions in some of our American cities than any they have seen at home. If it be true, as all investigations indicate, that the greatest poverty is apt to be found in the densest populations, then the bad eminence must be assigned to New York; for while the most populous acre of London holds only 307 inhabitants, we have, according to the census, in the Eleventh Ward of New York 386 to the acre; in the Thirteenth Ward 428, and in the Tenth Ward 522. The death-rate of the two cities is also greatly in favor of London;

for while in 1889 there were in that city 17.4 deaths to every thousand of the population, in New York the rate was 25.19. One statement of Mr. Riis throws a lurid light upon this inquiry: one tenth of all the burials from New York, he tells us, are in the Potter's Field. It is not, however, necessary to assume that the ratio of poverty to the population is greater in New York than in London. Thirty per cent. is sufficiently alarming. We might admit that the rate in New York and Boston is considerably less than in London, and still have cause enough for anxiety. Such a state of things in Christian countries where the aggregate wealth is increasing with such phenomenal rapidity will not be witnessed with complacency.

It will be observed, however, that out of the thirty persons in every hundred here placed in the category of poverty, twenty-two are only a little below the English standard of comfort. Classes C and D of this analysis are persons who are struggling to keep their heads above water, and who, for the most part, succeed. If the social medium were a little more buoyant, or if their own powers were slightly reinforced, or if some of the weight that they are carrying could be lifted off, most of them would easily sustain themselves, and be found dwelling in comparative comfort. Surely here is a problem which is not beyond the reach of wise philanthropy and enlightened statesmanship. It must be possible to furnish, out of the abundance which our lands are bringing forth, some effective aid to this large class of our fellow-citizens.

The real difficulty is with Class B, "the very poor." The description of this class which I have quoted above shows us the nature of this difficulty. Whether any remedy can be found for this state of things is a question to be considered by and by; for the present let us note that this most discouraging element constitutes in London only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the population. It is to be hoped that the proportion is no greater in our American cities.

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

WHAT, now, are the causes of this poverty? Upon this point we have the results of some very careful studies. Of Classes A, B, C, and D there were taken 4076 families well known to the School Board visitors, and their cases were analyzed with a view of ascertaining the reasons why they are in poverty. Of the very poor, classes A and B, there were 1610 families. Of these 60 were reported as "loafers"—persons who will not work. The poverty of 878 of them was due to casual or irregular work, low pay, and "small profits"—the last being the condition of hucksters and other hawkers, probably. Drink was the cause of

the poverty of 231. Illness or infirmity, and the great number of mouths to feed, combined with irregularity of employment, accounted for the poverty of 441. In Classes C and D there were 2466 families; of these 1668 were in poverty because of low pay, irregular work, and small profits; 322 because of drink, and 476 because of ill health and family burdens. In all these cases the causes assigned are supposed to be the *principal* causes; in most of them, doubtless, the poverty was due to more than one cause.

It will be a surprise to many that out of these 4076 cases of destitution only 553, or $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., are reported as chiefly due to drink. I suppose that the great majority of those who attempt to account for poverty would say that 80 or 90 per cent. of it could be traced to this cause. Doubtless it is true, as Mr. Booth reminds us, that drink is a contributory cause of poverty in many of those cases which are not directly assigned to it; but the fact that this careful investigation makes it the principal cause in less than 14 per cent. of the cases may well lessen somewhat the feeling of complacency with which the well-to-do citizen is often inclined to look upon the spectacle of poverty. The common saying is that the poverty of the multitude is the fruit of their own vices. To a great degree this is true—to a greater degree than these figures indicate. For irregularity of work, and low wages, and physical infirmity, which figure in these statistics as principal causes, are themselves, in many cases, the effects of intemperate habits. Nevertheless, it is quite true that intemperance as a cause of poverty has been greatly overworked both by temperance reformers and by optimistic economists. It is a great cause, but it is not at all certain that it is the chief cause. Indeed, in a great multitude of cases it is the effect rather than the cause of poverty. There are many who are destitute because they drink, and there are many also who drink because they are destitute, and hopeless, and forlorn—because the burdens of life are crushing them, and the potent draught makes them forget, for a season, their misery.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

THE other causes of poverty need to be carefully studied. Ill health and physical debility are sometimes due to vice, but they are also due in very large measure to the conditions under which these poor people are compelled to live. Any one who will traverse the narrow and filthy alleys in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane in the east of London, or those just south of Holborn in the very heart of the great metropolis, noting the dark, forlorn, miserable apartments which serve as human habi-

tations; or who will follow Mr. Riis in his explorations through Baxter street and Mulberry street in New York, will understand why the people who live in such quarters should be irregularly employed, and why their wages should be low. It is simply impossible that laborers who get so little daylight in their dwellings, and who have so little pure air to breathe, should have the physical vigor to work continuously and to earn good wages. And the moral as well as the physical qualifications of the efficient workers are sure to be wanting. How can men and women who are huddled together in such horrible propinquity in such dreadful dens possess the self-respect, the hope, the courage, the enterprise which are the best part of the equipment for every kind of work? The lowering of the physical and the moral tone of the denizens of such dwellings is as inevitable as fate. Much of the time they will not be fit to work; when they do work they will be languid and slow; they will be the last hands taken on in the busy times, and the first ones discharged in the slack times: that their wages will be low needs no demonstration.

Now it may be said that these people are to blame for being in these tenements; that it is their own vice or improvidence that has brought them down to this level. In some cases this is true, no doubt, but by no means in all. Sickness, misfortune, failure of employment, calamities which they could neither have foreseen nor averted, have brought many of them hither. But the point to be noted is that, once down to this level, the conditions under which they live become the causes of poverty. If failure of employment, or sickness, or accident thrusts a family into these squalid, unsanitary, crowded quarters, the environment itself tends powerfully to keep them here; forms a barrier, in fact, over which it is well nigh impossible to climb. If some of these people are here because they are poor, all of them are poor because they are here. Whatever it was that brought them here, the fact that they are here is one main cause of their present poverty, one main reason why they cannot rise into better circumstances. They are under that fatal law of action and reaction which, in the social world, not only forbids progress but tends to degradation.

These people, as we have seen, work for the lowest wages. It might be supposed that they would therefore be the more likely to obtain employment. In some conditions of the labor market this is true, as we shall see, but not as a general rule. For although they work for less money than stronger and more efficient laborers will accept, they are, as a rule, the dearest laborers that the employer can hire, simply because of their untrustworthiness and inefficiency. Low-paid labor is often the most

expensive to the employer. The economic laws are therefore against them. Because they are what they are they must stay where they are; and every day that they remain in their present condition makes it less probable that they will ever escape from it by any effort of their own.

INDOLENCE AND IMPROVIDENCE.

IRREGULARITY of employment and low wages are chief among the causes here assigned to poverty. But these causes need explanation, and we have discovered some of these explanations. There are others, however, which must not be overlooked. The unemployed or the irregularly employed are often the victims of their own indolence or incapacity. Not only do we find among them those who by illness, or accident, or misfortune have been thrust down into these low conditions, and thus enfeebled and unfitted for effective labor, but we find also a goodly number of those whose indisposition is due to character more than to environment—persons who would not work if their health were perfect and all the conditions were favorable. The existence of this class is demonstrated whenever the work-test is effectively applied to the tramps perambulating our streets. The great majority of these gentry will shun the towns where lodging and breakfast may be earned by an hour or two of labor in the morning, in favor of the towns where they can sleep without charge on the floor of the station-house, and beg their food from door to door. Just how large this class is, what proportion of the whole destitute community it constitutes, it is impossible to say. The figures that we are studying throw little light upon it. Of the 4000 cases of poverty investigated, about 2500, or more than 60 percent., were poor because of insufficient work or insufficient wages; but how many of these were out of work because there was no work for them, and how many because they had become unfitted by their circumstances for efficient labor, and how many because they would rather beg than dig, it is not possible to determine. Especially difficult is it to discriminate between the last two classes. The line between "can't work" and "won't work" is very hard to draw, even by an expert who knows the cases fairly well. But it is important to remember that the line must be drawn. The sentimentalist, on the one hand, must not assume that all this poverty is the fruit of untoward circumstance; and the easy optimist, on the other, must not assume that it is all the consequence of moral depravity. Both causes are at work, and we shall not be able, until we know more than we do at present, accurately to discriminate between them, and to measure the effects which are due to each.

Family burdens are among the causes of poverty discovered in this analysis. Some of these households are in pinching want because of the number of small children. And one clear result of this census is to establish the fact that the families are largest in the poorest districts. Such is precisely the fact in our own country, as most of us are aware. Here, again, we have a cause of poverty which is also an effect of poverty. The improvidence which recklessly brings into the world children for whose maintenance there is no provision is one of the sources of poverty; but, on the other hand, the poverty which degrades and embitters life, and closes the door of hope upon its victims, is one of the reasons of this improvidence. People who are getting on in the world, and who have some hope of bettering their condition, are apt to be more prudent; it is the most ignorant and degraded who are farthest from the rule of reason.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

CERTAIN causes of poverty not mentioned in the analysis now under consideration are brought to light in other portions of this study. Some of these are closely connected with the existing economic system. One remark, casually dropped, contains a world of meaning.

The modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin,—some reserve of labor,—but the margin in London to-day seems to be exaggerated in every department, and enormously so in the lowest class of labor. Some employers seem to think that this state of things is in their interest,—the argument has been used by dock officials,—but this view appears short-sighted, for labor deteriorates under casual employment more than its price falls.

"The modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin." This is a fact which Karl Marx has emphasized. The industrial machinery moves with great irregularity. Cycles and crises seem to occur with a periodicity which can be roughly calculated; and in almost every branch of business there is a busy season, when all the machinery is driven at the top of its speed, and a dull season, when production is greatly reduced. Unless there is an industrial reserve on which they can call in the driving times, the capitalists cannot meet the spasmodic demand, and must fail to secure their customary profits. Therefore the modern industrial system contemplates irregularity of employment on the part of many. It expects to find, at any given moment, a small army of men standing idle in the market-place. It makes provision, therefore, in all its plans and estimates, for a certain amount of poverty.

It finds its account in keeping a portion of the population unemployed for a certain number of months in the year. This seems to be the inevitable fact. I do not know what can be done about it; but it is not a pleasant fact to contemplate.

THE GARRET MASTERS.

THE poverty of London has always been supposed to be most distressing at the East End, and this is the region where most of the manufacturing industries are located. The striking fact of this East London manufacture is the extent to which the work is done in the homes of the people. There are a few factories, but they are small compared with similar industries in America, or even in British provincial towns. In some cases only part of the work is done in the factory, and the rest is distributed among the home workers. Thus, among Jewish coat-makers employing hands other than their own family, we have the statistics of 901 workshops. Of these only 15 employ more than 25 hands, 201 employ from 10 to 25, and 685 employ less than 10. So also in the shoe-trade the writer says:

Most of the London manufacturers, instead of getting all the work (except the finishing) done in their own manufactories, give much of it to out-workers. . . . Even when the output is of considerable dimensions, the factory itself may be so minute that a few rooms in an ordinary dwelling-house suffice to accommodate staff, plant, and stock. As we descend the scale we rapidly leave behind the giants of the trade,—men who turn out ten thousand and more pairs in a week,—and find ourselves among manufacturers of Liliputian proportions, whose weekly output is limited to a few gross, and whose tiny work-rooms contain little more than a sole-cutting press and a table for the clicker; until at last we reach the lowest level of all, the owner of a couple of rooms in a tenement-house, who buys his leather, cuts his uppers, gets his wife or daughter to close them, and lasts and finishes the boots himself, selling a gross, or a gross and a half, at a time to a large "manufacturer" or to a "factor."

As a rule these "chamber masters," or "garret masters," are nearly as poor as the hands whom they employ; they work as hard and as many hours as their helpers do, and the profits which they make out of the labor are infinitesimal. This is supposed to be the realm of the sweater; and it must be admitted that these thorough investigations considerably reduce the dimensions of this ogre. Says Mr. Booth:

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to prove a negative—to prove that the monster sweating-master of the comic papers has no existence. I can only say that I have sought diligently and have not found him. If a specimen exists, he has

at any rate nothing to do with the troubles we are investigating. Among the large employers there are hard men, but the necessary conditions of their business compel them to keep on regularly a staff of competent work-people who must have fair wages, and can and do protect themselves from oppression. The sweating-master I have found, and who is connected with the troubles under investigation, works hard, makes often but little more, and at times somewhat less, than his most skilled and best-paid hands. He is seldom on bad terms, and often on very kindly terms, with those who work under him. There is here no class division between employer and employed; both, in fact, belong to the same class, and talk freely together, social amenities of all kinds going on naturally and easily between master and man.

It is not, then, the avarice or the cruelty of the sweater to which this misery is due: it is a case of economic disease, and the multiplication of small masters is, according to this authority, the tap-root of the disease. The diagnosis is as clear as daylight:

Of the tendencies common to all industry, on the one hand toward the increase of successful enterprises at the expense of unsuccessful ones, on the other toward disintegration and fresh beginnings in a small way, it is the second which has prevailed. The quite small workshop, which is, in truth, no workshop at all, but an ordinary room of an ordinary house, lived in as well as worked in, stands at some advantage over the properly appointed workshop of a larger size. The capital needed for a start is very small. A few pounds will suffice, and the man becomes a master. It is a natural ambition, and one that appeals with peculiar force to the Jews. The evils which follow are patent. Men are content, at least for a while, to make less as masters than they would receive in wages as journeymen. The wholesale houses can take advantage of the competition which arises, and prices are reduced — to the immediate loss of the sweaters and the ultimate detriment of those whom they employ.

This system of production works injury to the laborers in two ways. On the one hand, the outside workers are so divided and scattered that it is impossible for them to combine for the protection of their own interests; on the other hand, the fact that there is a vast multitude of outside workers, who are always ready to take work at the lowest prices, enables the factory masters to drive a very sharp bargain with their employees. It is easy to see that the industrial system which prevails in London must tend to the oppression of the poor. Isolated workers, in the existing state of the labor-market, will always work for starvation wages. The same state of things exists in American cities. The revelations recently made by the Rev. Mr. Banks of Boston of the rates at which women are working in garrets and cellars for wealthy firms in the New England

capital are quite as startling as anything in these portentous volumes.

WOMEN'S WORK.

THE relation of women's work to the general problem of poverty must also be well studied. The worst-paid work is always women's work; the reasons have already been given. And it is easy to see how the labor of women often tends directly to the depression of general wages. The wife or the daughter of the breadwinner frequently works for less than would sustain life. The main dependence is the wage of the husband and father; what is earned by the women merely adds something to the sum of comfort. It is out of his earnings that they derive the strength which they expend for the benefit of their employer. If they were compelled to subsist on what their employer pays them, they would starve. A vast amount of the labor of women is thus given for wages that will not sustain life. The vital energies by which this labor is performed are supplied from other sources. Many poor widows and deserted wives, who sew all day and most of the night for less than enough to feed themselves and their children, are kept from starving by the alms of some church or charitable association, or, perhaps, by the assistance of the overseer of the poor. Now it is evident that this kind of labor tends to poverty. Because there are so many who can work for less than enough to support life, those employers who recognize no law but competition are ready to reduce wages to this standard. Although, as we have seen, it is bad economy for the employer to pay less than will fairly support life, if his laborers are compelled to subsist upon the wages which he pays them, yet it may be good economy, from his point of view, to pay them this inadequate wage, if he can depend on somebody else to supplement it, and can thus consume the labor-force which somebody else daily replenishes. This is one of many ways in which the strong thrive at the expense of the weak.

Not only women's work, but much of the labor of young men and boys, is exploited after this fashion. Great firms and corporations employ young men at salaries far below the cost of their maintenance, because they can get them at that figure. The young men are living at home, and their fathers and mothers, many of whom are themselves poor, are made to contribute to the growing wealth of the great firms or companies by boarding and clothing their employees. The excuse for this is that the young men are receiving instruction. That is a good reason why they should not receive the full wages of trained hands, but it is not a good

reason why they should not receive enough to support life. For they are not only receiving instruction, they are performing labor—in many cases very severe and exhausting labor; and the labor of a full-grown able-bodied young man or woman ought to suffice for maintenance. It is also said that the loss which the employer suffers from the imperfect work of the learner is a reason why the learner's pay is small. These losses are greatly exaggerated. Making due allowance for them, there are few trades so technical that the apprentice does not, after a very few weeks, fairly earn for his employer enough to pay for his keeping. At any rate, the business which cannot honestly pay for the labor which it employs, but which is compelled to depend on outside contributions for the maintenance of its employees, is not, I dare assert, in a healthy condition. In former times it was not so. The apprentice, in any trade, was supported by his master. That ought to be the rule in every trade, in every business, and in every generation. The fact that it is not so is clear proof that our system of industry is radically out of joint. In all our cities there is an army of women, and not a few young men, who work for less than enough to sustain life; their labor, thrown into the scale, powerfully tends to depress the standard of wages, and to bring a great multitude down to the verge of poverty.

CHARITY AS A CAUSE OF POVERTY.

The effect of indiscriminate charity in breeding poverty must also be taken into account. The Lord Mayor's fund of \$350,000, which was flung out, by a charitable impulse, to the poor of East London a few winters ago, caused far more poverty than it cured. Many who were getting on fairly well without it left their work to depend upon this fund, and not only forfeited their self-respect but sadly demoralized themselves by the deceit which they practised in getting it. "The tendency of the fund," wrote Mr. Barnett shortly after its distribution, "has been to create a trust in lies. Its organization of visitors and committee offered a show of resistance to lies, but over such resistance lies easily triumphed, and many notorious evil-livers got by a good story the relief denied to others. Anecdotes are common as to the way in which visitors were deceived, committees hoodwinked, and money wrongly gained."¹ The effect of this distribution upon the applicants at large, as one visitor sums it up, was this: "The foundation of such independence of character as they possessed has been shaken, and some of them have taken the first step in mendicancy, which is too often never retraced." Poverty which must be relieved is always with

¹ "Practicable Socialism."

us: the problem is to administer the relief in ways which will not tend to pauperize the recipient. That lesson has been very imperfectly learned, and the net result of a large share of our well-meant charities is the increase of pauperism.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

POVERTY nests in the cities, and the influx of population from the country to the city is a phenomenon worth studying. This immigration can be accounted for in part by the superior attractiveness of town life. The movement and stir of the city, the sights and sensations of the streets, powerfully allure the young men and women of the rural districts, who find life on the farm monotonous and tame. "Nothing is going on in the country," they say; they prefer to live where things are happening all the while. But there are economic as well as sentimental reasons for this migration, reasons which affect the best and the worst elements of the country population. The higher wages of labor in London are the chief attraction to countrymen; a large share of those who come into the city expect to receive and actually do receive higher wages than they can earn in the country; the gain is not merely nominal but real. Healthy lads and men coming from the rural districts into the metropolis will be given the preference, in many employments, over city-bred laborers, because they are, as a rule, stronger and more trustworthy. The average city laborer has become so enfeebled by his irregular habits and his unsanitary surroundings that he cannot perform many of the heavier and better-paid kinds of city labor; and the rural laborer comes in and takes the work away from him, crowding him down to a lower point in the social scale. Says the witness:

The countrymen drawn in are mainly the cream of the villages, traveling not so often vaguely in search of work as definitely to seek a known economic advantage. So far from finding their position in London hopeless, as is often supposed, they usually get the pick of its posts, recruiting especially outdoor trades which have some affinity with those to which they have been accustomed in the country, and in general all employments requiring special steadiness and imposing special responsibility. The country immigrants do not, to any considerable extent, directly recruit the town unemployed, who are, in the main, the sediment deposited at the bottom of the scale, as the physique and power of application of a town population tend to deteriorate.

After a generation or two many of these robust laborers begin to drop down in the labor scale; their superiority is lost, and their places are filled by fresh levies upon the country. Some of them, of course, maintain their footing,

and even rise into independence and wealth; but the tendency with most of them is in the other direction.

To what extent this process may be going on in American cities it would be difficult to say. I am induced to think that, with the exception of New York and Boston, few of our American cities would reveal much of this kind of deterioration; but it is best not to be too confident. In the higher departments of urban industry the country-born workers do certainly supplant the city-born to a remarkable extent, and the same may be true of the wage-workers. Here, at any rate, is a question upon which we need light.

That the migration into London from the country consists mainly of the cream of the country-side seems to be established; but the dregs of the country-side also find their way into the city, lured by the hope of maintenance without labor. London offers less inducement to immigrants of this class than most of our American cities do, and therefore gets fewer of them. London distributes no public outdoor relief; it is only as inmates of workhouses or almshouses that the impecunious can obtain aid from the public treasury. Those who wish to live a dependent life, outside of the poorhouse, must therefore rely upon private charity. In our own cities the case is very different. Outdoor relief is freely given by the overseers of the poor in most of them; and even where the administration is conscientious, the number of applicants is so great that it is simply impossible to bestow this aid intelligently. Large numbers of those who are abundantly able to take care of themselves can and do receive aid from the public treasury. If, in addition to this public relief, there are known to be considerable funds in the hands of private benevolent associations, a powerful attraction is set up in the city which the ne'er-do-wells of the villages and hamlets round about will find it difficult to resist. To some considerable extent the rapid increase of American cities comes from this source. The family of low degree, whose claims upon charity are sharply scrutinized in the village where their history is familiar to all, know that they will be able to tell their story to the overseer of the poor or to the charitable visitor in the city with much better hope of credence. And if there is no concert of action among charitable organizations, so that the shrewd mendicant may hope to obtain aid from half a dozen different sources simultaneously, the increase of this element in the population is likely to be rapid. Of course all who come to the cities with these ends in view are added to the mass of its hopeless poverty; for those who start upon this road are very seldom turned from it.

IMMIGRATION.

WHATEVER may be true of London, it is probable that a large share of the poverty of our American cities is due to the influx of helpless and degraded people from other countries. London draws into its insatiable maw the vigor of the country and impoverishes it. New York and Boston are themselves largely impoverished by the immigration of multitudes whose standard of comfort is far below that of our own people, and who help to drag the natives down to their own level. The American policy seems to be to prevent the "pauper labor" of foreign countries from competing on its own ground with American labor, but to open the doors as widely as possible for this "pauper labor" to come to America and depress our own labor market by its desperate competition.

THE GREED OF THE LANDLORD.

I SHALL name but one other cause of poverty in the cities, and that is the exorbitance of rents. The need on the part of laborers of lodgings not too far from their work makes in many portions of the great cities such a demand for house-room that those who own tenements are able to obtain extortionate prices for them. The operation of this economic law has been checked to some extent by good-will and wise statesmanship in London; working-men's rents in that city are far lower than in New York and in Boston. Mr. Riis gives us many particulars respecting the rents of apartments in New York, and Mr. Banks furnishes the same information for Boston; and any one who will compare their figures with the full information upon this subject now before us will see that the cost of shelter is far less in the English metropolis. It is probable that the very poor of New York pay more per cubic yard for the squalid quarters they occupy than do the dwellers on the fashionable streets for their salubrious and attractive homes. At any rate, the revenues derived by the landlords from this kind of property are far greater than those received for the most costly buildings. A committee reporting to the New York Senate respecting this city stated that "more than one half of the tenements, with two thirds of their population, were held by owners who made the keeping of them a business, *generally a speculation*. The owner was seeking a certain percentage on his outlay, and that percentage very rarely fell below fifteen per cent. and frequently exceeded thirty." "Forty per cent.," says Mr. Riis, "was declared by witnesses before a Senate Committee to be a fair average interest on tenement property. Instances were given of its being one hundred

per cent. and over." When the landlord can get such returns as these upon his capital, he is not, of course, likely to refuse them; but the tribute takes the life-blood of the laborer, and hastens his descent into hopeless poverty.

REMEDIES.

SOME of the causes of this chronic social malady have come to light in this discussion. That the analysis is exhaustive is not probable; let it be accepted as a contribution toward that complete statement of the problem for which we are waiting. Even its errors may be serviceable, if they awaken thought and challenge investigation.

And now, what can be said of remedies? Here it is becoming to speak with even greater caution. The suggestions which follow are set forth tentatively, as propositions worth thinking of rather than as prescriptions for the disease.

1. *Abolish the Garret Master.*—Where such a state of industrial affairs exists as that which is found in the east of London, it is evident that some economic readjustments need to be made. The best thing that could happen to that district would be the substitution of the factory system for the domestic system which still lingers there. We are prone to think that the factory brings evils enough in its train; but the worst evils of the larger system of industry prevail in East London, and all the compensating benefits are absent. If the workers who are now huddled in little groups in stifling garrets could be brought together in large factories, the sanitary conditions, being under State inspection, would be greatly improved, and the combination of the workers which would certainly follow would enable them to make better terms with their employers. No one who will make himself familiar with the condition of the London trades will ever be able to doubt that while the wage-system continues, the combination of laborers for mutual protection is an absolute necessity. Doubtless such combinations often behave unwisely and perversely; but they are the only defense against the degradation of the laborer.

2. *Help the Poorest Workers to Combine.*—The frightful revelations respecting the wages of working-women in New York and Boston, which are quite as startling as anything shown us in Stepney and Whitechapel, suggest the inquiry whether consumers of the goods produced by starvation wages have not some responsibilities. Ought a good Christian to buy a garment covered with blood-stains because it comes cheap? Might we not encourage and promote some organization of these poor laborers by which all work for which living prices are paid should bear some kind of stamp, certifying to

that fact? It is to be hoped that there are a great many purchasers who would refuse to purchase any goods that did not bear this certificate.

3. *Train the Children.*—Escape from the toils of penury might be offered to some, by furnishing a more practical education to the children of the poor. Some elementary industrial training would enlarge the resources of these boys and girls, and might prevent many of them from dropping down into the lowest grades of labor, where the struggle is severest. Especially would a little practical training in domestic economy be useful to the girls of this class. Most of them are destined to be wives and mothers, and the question whether the household shall live in pinching want or in comparative comfort often depends on the skill and thrift of the wife and mother. Here, for example, is a table with minute accounts of the expenditure for five weeks of thirty families in London; and the exhibit is a forcible illustration of the lack of thrift which accompanies poverty. One family, with an income of about five dollars a week, made seventy-two different purchases of tea during the five weeks. Inasmuch as this family never took more than two meals a day at home, it is evident that they never bought more than a single drawing of tea at a time; seventy-two purchases of tea in thirty-five days is two purchases a day (Sundays included), and two extra. Of these thirty families, it is evident that quite a number went to the grocery every day of their lives—not a few of them several times a day. This hand-to-mouth existence is at enmity with thrift; it is scarcely possible that any family should escape from poverty until it learns wiser methods of expenditure. That many of these helpless people are pitifully ignorant of the alphabet of domestic economy is plain enough; is it not possible to give the girls, in industrial schools, some practical instruction in this most important art?

4. *Organize and Humanize the Helpers.*—The fact that charity, as at present dispensed, is a great breeder of pauperism is not a reason for abandoning charitable effort, but a strong reason why it should be wisely organized. The charities of every city should be closely associated, and should be uniformly administered on rational principles. In several of our own cities this is done; in some the attempt has been made, and the work has been abandoned because it involves labor and self-sacrifice. But few of our social needs are more imperative than a careful administration of charitable relief. The conditions in many cities are such as to offer a bounty to mendicancy. The dependent class is growing, and the citizens have themselves to thank for it. It will continue to grow until they abandon their sectarian methods of administration, and unite to pro-

tect the needy against suffering, and the community against imposture.

The one truth which is hardest to learn, and which is yet the foundation of all really productive charitable work, is the truth that the deepest need of most of these poor households is not alms but friendship. Doubtless some of the sick and helpless ones need and must have material aid; but where there is one who requires food or medicine there are ten who need sympathy and companionship. "Not yours, but you" is the cry of these starved and hopeless lives. "The Life was," and always is, "the light of men." Those colonies of the children of good-will that have gone down to live in the poorest districts of London and New York and Boston and Chicago are administering charity in the most practical fashion. It has been said that the aim of the new charity is to provide every needy family with a friend. If, in this way, the strong and the weak can be brought together in personal relations, the best results must follow. Would it not be possible for every Christian minister, quietly, and with no public announcement or organization, to find for every needy family of his acquaintance one wise, patient, sympathetic friend, who would give no alms (the needful material aid should come from other sources), but would become the good providence of the household, bringing into it all manner of genial and stimulating influences?

The rationale of this new charity needs to be better understood. If it were possible to put into the hands of all the thoughtful and kind-hearted people of our churches the little book by Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of Toynbee Hall, entitled "Practicable Socialism," the quiet, unsensational methods there brought to light would commend themselves to many.

5. *Unite Public and Private Agencies.*—A closer alliance between public and private charities must be secured. If the public authorities continue to administer outdoor relief, they ought to be in constant communication with the private agencies engaged in the same work. There is no reason why there should not be hearty co-operation between the overseers of the poor and the agents and visitors of the benevolent societies. The lack of such co-operation is one of the gaps through which mendicancy creeps in.

6. *Abolish Official Outdoor Relief.*—Among students of this problem the abolition of public outdoor relief is, however, scarcely an open question. It is simply impossible that our overseers of the poor should intelligently administer relief to the multitude of applicants daily appearing before them. The State will not pay for the proper investigation of all these cases. Imposture flourishes under such a system, and the dependent classes are steadily recruited.

Much less can the State accompany its alms with the kind of personal ministry without which it is almost sure to be pernicious and demoralizing. Therefore it would be infinitely better if the State would give no relief except in its almshouses and children's homes, leaving all the outdoor relief to be dispensed by private charity. A few of our cities have tried this experiment with the most gratifying results.

7. *Reform and Reinforce Municipal Governments.*—When, by the greed of landlordism, any quarter of the city has become a nest of squalor, and the conditions of life are such as inevitably reduce the vigor and undermine the health of the inhabitants, it should be ruthlessly destroyed, and rebuilt under stringent sanitary regulation. No city can afford to tolerate these pest-holes of pauperism. *Salus populi suprema est lex.* No maxims of non-interference can stand in the way of this highest law. The drastic measures which have been employed in several of the British cities have abundantly justified themselves. Many acres of Birmingham, Glasgow, and London, which were once covered with the vilest habitations, are now the site of comfortable and healthy tenements, and the rents for the same amount of space are no higher in the new buildings than they were in the old. The character of whole districts has thus been regenerated. Large powers are given for such purposes to the municipalities of Great Britain, and they are trusted to use them for the public welfare.

Here, it must be confessed, we encounter our most serious difficulty in dealing with the problem of poverty. Our existing municipal governments are not, as a rule, bodies of men to whom such powers could be safely intrusted. It is to be feared that too many of these officials are more interested in the propagation than in the prevention of poverty; that their sympathies and affiliations are very often with the parasitic classes—the rum-sellers, and the gamblers, and the public plunderers by whose active co-operation the poverty of the cities is constantly increased. It is a hard saying; but who will deny it? And the fact may as well be confronted, once for all, that we shall never succeed in dealing effectively with the problem of poverty while our municipal governments are left in the hands to which we are now so generally willing to intrust them. It is simple fatuity to go on sowing the seeds of pauperism by the municipal machinery, thinking meanwhile to extirpate it by such voluntary forces as we can bring to bear. A very large share of the poverty now existing in our cities is due either to the inefficiency or to the corruption of the men in whose hands we have placed the municipal authority.

The first thing to do, then, is to stop propagating pauperism by political methods. And

then we must see to it that those who bear rule in our cities are men who are capable of dealing intelligently and vigorously with this stupendous problem. They must be men of clear mind, of firm character, of practical wisdom — men who have sufficient intelligence to be aware that their own offhand judgment upon a great question like this cannot be trusted, but that they need to avail themselves of the experience of the world, in forming their opinions and choosing their methods. For many reasons we need a great change in the *personnel* of our municipal governments, but no reason is more urgent than that which grows out of the problem of poverty. This problem cannot be solved by private benevolence. Its solution will require, in addition to all that can be done by charitable effort, the wise and energetic action of the local authorities, not in giving charitable aid, but in going to the root of the trouble. And the local authorities, to deal with it effectively, must be men who have some higher qualifications than the ability to pack a ward caucus, or to conciliate the support of publicans and gamblers.

8. *Summon the Philanthropic Landlord.*—The power to sweep from the face of the earth the rookeries where poverty breeds must belong to the municipal government of the future. Whether the better housing of the working-classes shall be directly cared for by the municipal government is an open question: doubtless it may be better, as a rule, to clear the ground, and leave private enterprise, under stringent regulation, to make this provision. Nor is this a purely philanthropic enterprise. Ample experience has shown that capital invested in model working-class dwellings, rented at rates far below those paid for the most wretched tenements in New York, will yield a good return. Competitive rents in our great American cities mean degradation and destruction to the poor; but those landlords who are willing to take a little less than they can get, to content themselves with five per cent. instead of fifteen or forty, are helping more effectively than any other class of philanthropists to solve the problem of poverty.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES.

LET me say, in closing, that the growth of pauperism, if not of poverty, seems to be due in part to the decay of two old-fashioned social virtues. One of these is family affection. The individualism of the last half-century has weakened the family bond. There has been so much talk of men's rights and women's rights and children's rights, that the mutual and reciprocal duties and obligations of the family have come to be undervalued. Families

do not cling together quite so closely as once they did; *esprit de famille* is wanting. For this reason many persons who ought to be cared for by their own kindred become a charge upon the public. This tendency ought in every way to be rebuked and resisted. The shame of permitting one's flesh and blood to become paupers ought to be brought home to every man and woman who thus casts off natural obligations. All public authorities and charitable visitors should enforce upon such delinquents the scriptural judgment: "If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever."

The other old-fashioned virtue to which I referred is the manly independence which is the substratum of all sound character. Why this virtue is decaying, there is no time now to inquire. But one or two causes are not remote. The first of these is the habit of regarding public office not as a service to be rendered, but as a bounty to be dispensed. The mental attitude of most office-seekers is the attitude of mendicancy. The spoils system is built upon this view of office. It is evident that there is a large class of influential persons who wish to be dependents upon the public. Dependence is thus made respectable. This sentiment diffused through society affects its lowest circles, and makes it a little easier, down there, for a man to become a dependent upon the public treasury.

There is another explanation which I would not venture to offer as based upon my own opinion. But I heard, not long ago, these words from the lips of a brave soldier of the Union army—a man whose patriotism and devotion to that army no one who knows him will venture to dispute: "The one great cause of the increase of able-bodied paupers during the past few years is the lavish bestowal of pensions. And this extravagance," he went on, "is not so much to be charged upon the old soldiers, as upon the demagogues and pension agents who have pushed these schemes for their own aggrandizement." I will add not one word of comment; I was not a soldier. Nor shall I reveal the name of my friend; I do not wish to expose him to a torrent of abuse.

To whatever cause the decay of independence may be attributed, the loss is a very serious one; and those who labor for the removal of the evils of poverty and pauperism may well remember that the foundation of all sound social structure is the sentiment of self-help, and the just pride that would rather live upon a crust honestly earned than feast, as a dependent, on any man's bounty.

Washington Gladden.



PAINTED BY EDWARD E. SIMMONS.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

THE MOTHER.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



IN DÉES.

V.

ANOTHER afternoon we went to the Volksgarten. There was a homelike intensity in the September heat which made it impossible to walk, and it was in one of the old-fashioned busses, with the hood in front,

that we rattled up the wide Andrassy-strasse, where no two houses, proud citizens boast, are alike, though there is only one, the big Café Reuter, which might with artistic profit have served as model for the others. We had left immaculate business men eating ices among the geraniums of the Kiosk on the Danube; we found their more immaculate wives and children eating ices and concocting scandal under the trees of the Volksgarten, and, though the sun was still high in the heavens, the music had begun. There were Jews among the gypsies here too, we thought, and before our ice was finished, the plate had been passed twice.

It mattered little whether they tuned their violins in doors or out; we missed the old swing and rhythm that had set us to dreaming dreams in the shabby Männerchor. And why were all so bent on wearing the ugly clothes of the *gorgio*? We would have liked better the old red breeches and blue coats, even if they were but half soldier's uniform, half servant's livery. There were days when in our disappointment we wondered sadly whether the fault lay with us, whether it was because our time had come

to creep in close about the fire
And tell gray tales of what we were, and dream
Old dreams and faded.

It was after the visit to the Volksgarten that we heard of Budapest's yearly market, which lasts for a week, and from the far Karpathians often attracts families of gypsies, who bring wooden spoons and platters for sale. The city has grown up about the market-place where the fair is held. From the modern streets, with the well-dressed people, the electric cars, and the mounted policemen waiting in the quiet

rings for the traffic's rush and crush, which it is hoped that the years and Dr. Shaw's article and ours will bring, it was only a step to the open fields, now covered with tents and booths, and filled with strange peoples in stranger garments — Hungarian peasants, the men in white divided skirts, high boots, and jackets brave with silver buttons; the women with bright ribbons braided in their hair, their many skirts, one over the other, standing out like crinoline, swaying at every step like a ballet-dancer's, showing bare feet or high boots; Slovaks from the mountains, unkempt hair in disorder about their shoulders, loose skirts confined by enormously wide, brass-studded leather belts, embroidered sheepskin jackets; greasy Polish Jews, the single curl over each ear and the long caftans; soldiers in blue tights slipped inside their shoes; policemen, like the peasants, in high boots, a cockade falling on one side over the straight brim of their stiff felt hats; Serbs in baggy blue Turkish trousers and fez; every kind of delightful creature save a gipsy.

We had walked again and again in the brilliant sunshine, up and down between the booths, as characterless as the fine shops in the Waitzen or the Andrassy-strasse, the ground strewn with rind of the watermelons, upon which every one had breakfasted, when, toward noon, a sound of music brought us back to our starting-place. Two rows of tent restaurants, shut earlier in the morning, were now open, and from each came strange smells and deafening noises. In some were Serbs with a curious little instrument, half mandolin, half violin; but in the greater number were gypsies, who had come into that vast crowd without our seeing them, though they alone wore a dress that would have passed unnoticed in the Bowery or in Whitechapel.

We went into one of the tents; it made little difference which, for there was really no choice. But the Romanies, we thought, looked a trifle darker and wilder. Two or three were as yellow as Hindus, and in their eyes was the true gipsy gleam; all had the regular, refined features of their race. But the mud of weeks was on their boots and trousers; the greasy Jews in the rear booths would have scorned their coats and hats; their linen had not been changed for days. They were not even picturesque in their dirt and rags. The leader was

gravely tipsy, but he steadied himself as we came in, and with a show of style began to lead a shrill, screechy *Czárdás* that set our very teeth on edge. I had believed that every Hungarian gipsy plays by instinct, as a bird sings;

leader kissed my hand, while his greedy eyes followed J——'s every movement. They even came and made a circle about the table, and "played into our ear." It would have been funny had it been less tragic; for their



ARE THERE ANY GIPSIES AROUND HERE?

but the music of these men was as forlorn as themselves.

J—— ordered beer, for we could not sit there without eating or drinking, and he got out a gulden note, as he had no small change, to pay. There was the glare of a starved wild beast in the leader's eyes when he saw it; I think he must have pounced upon it had not the proprietor of the restaurant captured it in time. We could not stand that glare: there were in it hunger and thirst, the story of a long spell of bad luck. We did not like to offer food, though I doubt if they would have objected, but we had to do something for our own comfort, and J—— asked them to have a glass of beer with him. Then we said a few words in Romany in half-hearted fashion. We did not want to, but it was foolish to keep on waiting indefinitely for the proper kind of gipsy, who gave no sign of existence. They tried to pretend to be pleased, but it was a hollow mockery all around. The flageolet-player, in a burst of confidence, showed me how his instrument had worn away his upper teeth. The tipsy

playing was abominable, and it was the proprietor who bade them play. It was he too who signaled to them to strike up the *Rakotzy* when, heartsick, after the leader had snatched our money, we started to go. Then we saw why it had been to his interest to keep us: people had gathered outside, others looked over the canvas walls of the tent. Like the man who beats the drum at the side-show, we were drawing the crowd. We passed by the other tents without stopping.

Often in our evening prowls in the streets we heard the same screechy *Czárdás* coming from those smaller drinking-places which hang out the primitive paintings of a bottle of yellow wine and a loaf of yellow bread with a knife stuck in it, always more intelligible to us than the signs in Magyar, which looked so barbarous in print and sounded so musical when spoken. We never went inside, where we knew we should see the same poor starved wretches, where we should be looked upon as intruders by the people, as a bank to be broken by the gipsies, who could not be supposed to understand that

our only capital was much devotion to them, for which they did not care, and little money, for which they did care to a degree that we took as an offense. We did not mind the begging of the wandering gipsies that we met one day on the road near the old Roman Aquincum, they were so jolly about it. It was their little game in life, the one art they cultivated, and the whining of the tiny naked black boys and girls, turning somersaults in the hot sunshine, meant no more than the wheedling of the English gipsy woman who wants to tell your fortune. But those others who pretended to be musicians when they were beggars all the time were too dead in earnest. They would have bartered all the freedom of the deer in the forest, had they possessed it, for kreutzers.

It was no better in the near villages, to which we went once or twice on Sunday afternoons. We found peasants dancing the Czárdás in the stuffy inn, but when we came the gipsies stopped playing and began to beg.

They were every bit as much in earnest in

who had got to know us so well that he bowed and smiled when we entered or left the dining-room—as, however, we discovered afterward, he smiled and bowed to any one seen for the second time. But this evening, if he passed us by in the beginning, his next collection began at our table; of course he got twice as much for his politeness, as of course he knew he would.

I remember one evening, after he had made us believe that he was thinking of nobody in the room but ourselves, and was playing for us alone, and we were ready to shower untold wealth upon him, he stepped from his green bower (I can still feel myself smiling complacently as he came) and, with never a glance at us, went to a near table to “play into the ear” of a Hungarian whose head was bowed, whose face was tear-stained, whose bottle of *szomorodin* was half empty, and who was enjoying himself thoroughly. And then he went back to the bower with a handful of notes—not ours.



A REAL EGYPTIAN.

the big hotels, but there they were prosperous, and, after the first shock it gave me to see my unknown lover's kinsmen passing round the plate like respectable vestrymen in church, we enjoyed the humor of it. The gipsies are graceful in whatever they do. If these musicians swindled us, it was with a style that won our hearts. For example, if you had just sat down when the collection began, the leader on his rounds had a pretty way of not handing you the plate. The first time we thought he was paying us a personal compliment. For it happened to be the leader with the face of a Jew,

More than that once, in a crowded dining-room, did we see a strong, full-grown man with his elbows on the table, his hands clutching his head convulsively, crying like a child without shame or restraint, and thrusting piles of golden notes into the hands of the gipsy at his side. They were really not like other men, after all. It is not in every country that you see people weeping bitterly when they are merriest.

And by and by we discovered that, despite the English tailors, there was a special Hungarian type, though how much the little strip of narrow side-whisker worn as close to the



ON THE MARCH.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

ear as possible had to do with making it, we could never quite determine. And then we began to find the gipsy.

It had grown so hot with September, and the nights were so close and still, that for a week we had been dining at one of the little groups of tables, each with its single candle, ranged in the middle of the street, when one evening, with friends, we went again to the brilliant green hotel court. We came in late, the place was crowded, and the music had long since begun. It may have been something in our mood, but for the first time it seemed to us that there was the right ring in violin and cymbals.

Racz Pal was leading—there was a different leader every night. He was one of the thirty-three sons of the more famous gipsy of the same name who had fought for his country, and had been an exile with Kossuth, Pulszky, Teleky and all the other patriots of 1848. His name was known from one end of Hungary to the other, and to his funeral, but a few years since, great magnates had gone as to that of a prince.

The entire width of the court separated our table from the musicians, but we had not been in the room five minutes before Racz Pal knew as well as we ourselves did that we felt his music, that it had struck a responsive chord.

The gipsies for so many generations have swayed the souls of men with their violins, that now they can tell by instinct when their charm has worked. He watched us as we sat there, mostly silent; one does not care to talk when the gipsies are really playing. When he came with the plate, which he did soon enough, he asked what he must play for us. For the first time I wished to speak in the old way to the gipsy. It was almost unconsciously, almost as if it were the one natural thing to do, that I said a word or two of Romany. He answered in far better English as he stood there, plate extended, correct and dignified. But when he went back among the oleanders and took up his violin, he played only the Czárdás, the waltzes, and the overtures to which we had listened in the stifling Männerchor or on the airy hill at Belmont. Then, at times, I had dreamed dreams of Hungary; but now it was in the past I lived. We are young only once. Had I had a little of the Hungarian simplicity I too could have put my head down and cried for my lost youth and its romance.

The music stopped only when now and then Racz Pal came to ask what next his violin must sing for us. And every great joy of that long-lost summer sprang into life again as they played; my heart was breaking with its every sorrow. There was the scent of dried rose-

leaves in their music, the windings of the river in the moonlight, the voice of love.

I think the diners must have gone without my knowing it, for the waiters began putting out the lights here and there, until all the court was in darkness except in our corner. But still the gipsies played.

Presently Racz Pal, always playing, came slowly through the darkness to my side, his violin close to my ear, its every note thrilling me with pain that was almost unendurable in its sweetness. One by one the others, always playing, crept down until all stood around us among the shadows. I do not know whether we gave them more money; I do not think they knew either. But they played on and on, exulting in their power. Was it with tears my cheeks were wet, I wonder? Was there really some one opposite with head bent low, his clenched fists beating the table, singing like mad? And who was sober enough to push back his chair and break the charm? Not I: the violin was too sweet in my ear. And these wild creatures, with flaming eyes and faces aglow, who kissed my hands, were they the musicians who had seemed so cold and passionless as they sat among the palms and oleanders?



A LOOK AT THE GORGIOS.

When we came to our senses the next morning in the sunlight that was pouring in hot cheerfulness on the hills of Buda, and while the only music was the puffing and whistling of the little steamboats across the Danube, and it was possible to think as well as feel, we decided that it was worth waiting three weeks for one such night of beauty, and that if Racz Pal and the others had only worn curls and silver buttons, and had been playing like that in their camp by quiet stream or in lonely woodland, and we



TALKING OVER THINGS.

had come upon them by chance, why then our ideal had been realized, our quest over. It was then, too, that for the first time it occurred to me how very little Racz Pal had cared for my Romany—such as it was. Every time I had spoken it he had answered in English or German.

But another evening that same week, J— had gone somewhere, and I was dining alone in a small room next to the large court, where, at a table under the light, I could now read my book, now listen to the music. I had not looked to see who was leading. But when collection-time came, there was a step on the stairs to my quiet retreat, and Racz Pal, plate in hand, appeared in the doorway. He dropped the plate on the first table, and with hands outstretched ran to where I sat, and now that I was alone, poured forth a torrent of Romany so fast and inexhaustible that I could not follow it. "Then you do talk Romany?" I said. Why, of course; he talked nothing else at home with his own people. The Tziganies of Hungary were still true Roms. Wherever we might journey, in the plain, or, better still, in Transylvania, where there were so many *Romany chals*, we would hear the soft-flowing speech of their fathers. After J— and I had talked this over, we got our map of Hungary, and studied it. We might as well be off in the woods while the September sun was still hot, the September sky still cloudless. We arranged to start from Budapest on the next Monday.

On Sunday afternoon we went for the last time to the high villa on the Blocksberg where our every Sunday had been spent. But this was an occasion in itself. It was some popular saint's day, and all the morning in Pest we had seen flowers borne through the streets to those named in honor of the saint; among them was



AN INVALID.

our friend, the mother in the villa. And so, when we sat down to supper, there were great bunches of roses and carnations and gladioli on the long tables that ran around three sides of the large dining-hall, and all her friends had come to bring their good wishes. Nor were we the only foreigners, for at the villa Americans were as welcome as prodigals, and many, with us, have carried away golden memories of the gay hours spent there. There were toasts after supper over the amber wine of Hungary. The colonel, straight and erect and soldier-like, as in the days long past when he defended his country's freedom at Kossuth's side, made his sonorous Magyar speech to the mother, and then proposed our health in English,—for during years of exile he lived in England,—and praised me—I blush a little now, remembering it—as the brave sportswoman who had cycled all the way from Calais to Budapest. Above the loud cries of *Egen*, and *Servus*, and *Mahlzeit*, as everybody shook hands with everybody else, rose the gipsy music, for gipsies with their violins and cymbals sat at the door. What would a feast in Magyarland be without them?

When we went into the garden, hanging lanterns burned among the trees, and the moonlight lay white and wide on the plain and on the river far below. The gipsies followed to the terrace, where there was light enough for men who play from their hearts, as Rudi said. One by one the wandering couples began to dance, until at

last all were stamping and whirling and shouting in the mad Czárdás. When there was a pause in the playing, from the road at the foot of the hill came a faint echo answering the violins in the garden; for lights there too flickered among the trees, and in the silver dust other dancers stamped and whirled. And they danced and danced down there in the open road, and up above in the garden, while the moon rose higher and higher.

Once the dancers, hot and breathless, trooped into the house to drink long, cooling draughts of the amber wine. And it was then I spoke in Romy to the leader as he stayed there in the moonlight, grave and sad as gipsies so often seem. He said little, but he told me that now, for me, he would play a *tácho Románi gilli*—a real gipsy song. It was as wild and fierce as the moan and roar of the wind through the pine forest at night, this passionate defiance of the weary outcast. They say the Romanies have no music of their own, but never have I heard a song so strange and savage as the *gilli* sung by the violins in the moonlight, among the swinging lanterns.

The dancers came out, and a new Czárdás began. They danced and then they sang, and then they danced again, while the moon sank lower and lower; they danced while the first faint gray of the dawn streaked the eastern sky beyond the Danube and the plain of Pest;



A FLIRTATION AT THE FAIR.

they danced till the sun was high in the heavens and the river flowed a stream of gold through the fields—that is, they danced, and the gipsies played, till nine in the morning.

This, our last in Budapest, was the perfect night of our dreams. Only, when we dreamed, the gipsies, wandering in the moonlight, stopped of their own accord where the dancers waited, and played for nothing but the love of playing. Our perfect gipsy was not there; we knew now that we could never find him in cities, but must search for him in his own home on the roads.

VI.

A DAY as hot as midsummer, a burning sky without a cloud, a green country brilliant in blinding light, what could have been better for

to study the country's institutions and progress, for no one in Budapest believed in our interest in the gipsies; and in J——'s pocket, along with his passport, was an impressive paper from the Minister of the Interior—impressive, probably, because we could not read it—which explained to whomsoever it might concern that we were not Russian spies or dangerous characters.

All the afternoon we were crossing the vast treeless plain until dusk and Debreczin came together—Debreczin, where we had been warned we must not fail to stop, because it was such a thoroughly typical Hungarian town, and because the mayor would turn out in his coach and four to show us the sights. But the mayor was not a gipsy, and we stayed only long enough to see the strange women, with their faces half covered in the Eastern fashion, who



THE FAIR.

our start, even if we were stifling in the railway-carriage, filled with people talking now German, now Hungarian, now a totally unknown tongue, evidently sampling some of the three languages of the printed notice above the seats? We were on our way to Transylvania, and our bicycles were in the baggage-car.

That little word of Racz Pal's a few nights before had first turned our thoughts toward the home of Hunyadi Janos, the great Hungarian hero whose name hitherto had meant for us only a very nasty mineral water. Hungary was far too big for an autumn's wanderings to carry one across its entire length and breadth, as we had fondly hoped before we knew anything about it; and we were going to that part where were the most gipsies and the best roads. Our knapsacks were full of letters of introduction which would enable us

crouched in the shadows of the station, and the stranger men, in tall black sheepskin caps and priestlike cloaks, who looked ready to ascend the sacrificial altar, but who were only buying tickets at the office.

Some time during the night we must have journeyed out of the plain, for, when we awoke, mountains shut us in on every side. I shall never forget our arrival at Máramaros Szeget in the pale dawn, when a hundred or more men, like so many savages, in shaggy sheepskins, their hair falling in long tangles, tumbled out of the train, and, suddenly at a word of command, fell into line, and two by two, with military step, marched toward the town. We followed with our bicycles and an escort of Polish Jews in curls and caftans, bent on making us, machines and all, take their old hacks. Into the large square the company in sheep-



THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

skins marched, and there, in long rows, silent and stern, stood more men like them, over their shoulders great scythes black and threatening against the eastern sky, now fiery with the rising of the sun. Was it the beginning of another peasant rebellion away off here in this remote corner of northeastern Hungary?

Seen in broad daylight, the men with the scythes were only laborers waiting to be hired, the savages from the train only reserves come for their summer manœuvres. We found them later in the open streets stuffing their divided skirts into the blue tights of the Austrian infantry uniform, cutting their hair, shaving their beards, and showing how a picturesque peasant can be transformed into a commonplace soldier. But this very explanation made the whole town with its fantastic groups seem still more artificial, like a scene upon the stage. It was the beginning of the East, where men wear impossible costumes; and before the morning was over we discovered such an incredible mixture of races,—Magyars, Wallachs, Ruthenians, Germans, Polish Jews, gipsies,—that the crowd suggested nothing so much as an illustrated ethnological catalogue. It was the same throughout Transylvania, but this first glimpse of the people fairly took away our breath. And

it seemed the more extraordinary because, wild and barbarous as were the peasants in their dress, we were yet in the heart of western civilization. The town with the outlandish name was a Budapest in miniature, with brand-new houses, banks, and hotels.

Not for us in Szeget was it necessary that a kettle should be hung over the fire of brushwood; not for us did smoke go curling up among the trees. Instead of being allowed to find our gipsy, we had to get dressed and go out to dinner in a house full of pictures from Vienna and Paris—one of those long, rambling, single-storied Hungarian houses with the rooms opening into one another, and beds standing around promiscuously where you least looked for them. Had Romanies been there we might have talked a trifle more intelligibly than with our host and his wife and daughter. Still the evening was gay. Only, when we asked if there were Tziganies about the town, they thought perhaps so, somewhere down the road; but what matter? We must come with them tomorrow to the famous salt-mines close by, and the day after J— should go on a bear-hunt got up for his special benefit.

But it was gipsies we wanted, not bears and mines, though, like our friends in Budapest,

they would not believe it. And so, the next morning early, we were off, when only the peasants with their scythes were in the market-place to see our start. In the growing light we rode between the sheepskins, down the long street of the Wallachs, with a well-pole at every cottage gate, past the encampment where the soldiers were already stirring, and then on through little villages where stately Roumanian women in gay aprons stood at the wells with jugs that a Greek designed, through the open country, the peasants working in the fields making lines of white against the dark belts of woodland, and on into the lonely mountains.

What places there were for the tent of the wanderer on that first day's journey!—in the little leafy dell by the brookside under the chestnuts shading the high mountain-pass. But it was only in Telső Bányá, in the kitchen of the one inn in the town, that we found him. A woman was cooking at the large stove, another, in the caged-in corner to which we got so used in small Transylvanian inns, was

drinking nothing, doing nothing, and their talk, as it reached us, was all of kreutzers and guldens, guldens and kreutzers, which, however, no one came to give them. We waited and waited, and still we were the only guests, still the violins lay untouched on the table. We were so sleepy after our long ride in the hills that at last we went to bed and left them there to their endless talk of guldens and kreutzers, which had killed within us the desire to speak.

I do not know how late it was when we woke with a start in the great bare, stone guest-chamber with the gratings at the window that gave upon the street; we had been sleeping soundly, though J——'s only bed was a shabby sofa with sheets and blankets thrown loosely over it. There was a crash of music, struggling with fierce voices; at last, rising above them, the Czárdás again; a scuffling, a string of good strong Romany oaths, the banging of doors and—silence. It was a common tavern brawl, for which one need not travel to Hungary.



A FAMILY MOVING.

chopping melons with a hatchet,—for the pigs, probably,—and at the far end of the room sat a group of men whose features we could not distinguish in the darkness. But as the landlord, a stanch Magyar who spoke no German, brought us his dishes that we might make our choice, we heard a few words of Romany, and, as the lamps were lighted, we saw the violins on the table, and the dark faces. They were eating nothing,

And yet the gipsies had played, and we had been sleeping!

We never knew what happened in the night; for we could speak no word to the landlord when, in the morning, he came smiling with our bill chalked up on a slate; and the women in sheepskins, selling tomatoes and big red *paprikas*, and the white oxen lazily chewing the cud in the market-place, were still in shadow when



WAITING TO BE HIRED.

we set out down the valley, following the river, riding past the white-robed peasants going to the gold-mines, and the carts with Wallachs in sheepskins low in the bottom, like us on the way to Nagy Bánya.

It was the day of the weekly market there, and the square was a solid mass of sheepskins and white oxen. We never ceased to marvel at these markets with their extravagant display of costume, always differing, if only slightly, according to town or village from which the peasants came. For us they never lost their freshness and infinite variety. But now I think I remember best those we saw first, when everything was so new and strange. And it was stranger in Nagy Bánya to step across centuries of civilization, from the midst of the wild sheepskins, into a house where etchings by Rembrandt, and drawings by Victor Hugo, and rare old tapestries hung on the walls; where the latest books lay within easy reach, and where London tailors and Paris milliners had set the fashion. For in this pretty town, lying low among the hills, our pile of letters was lowered by one, and we were welcomed to it, as none but Hungarians can give you welcome, by another of those brave patriots of '48, a man whose boast it is that in his day no battle for freedom was fought in Europe without him. He is old now, his hair is white, but the same fire burns bright within him. He is a Magyar to the heart's core, and I like to recall how he received us with scowls so long as we spoke the hated German, with

open arms when once we dropped it for French, and he had read the letter we brought from the good colonel in Budapest.

I wish I could linger on the days we spent in Nagy Bánya, the afternoons in the flower-garden, with glimpses of the distant mountains; the drives down the cool green valley where the gold-mines are; the walks in the little park where the people take their afternoon stroll. There is nothing the world over like the Hungarian kindness, and the friends we made here could not do enough for us. "Tell us what we can do for you"—that was the beginning and end of all our talks. We said once we wanted to see gipsies. Oh, that was easily managed, was their answer. We were dining with them at the time, and a wonderful dinner it was, all Hungarian, for our benefit: *galyas* and *paprikas* and *paradeis huhn*, washed down with old *szomorodin* of some famous vintage, and mineral water fresh that morning from springs just beyond the town, and set on the table in the beautiful Greek urn in which the peasant woman had brought it, a bunch of oak-leaves for cork. The cloth was laid in the porch, it was such a still, hot day. A man in loose white drawers and shirt, carrying spade and rake, passed across the garden to the stables.

"Tzigan! Tzigan!" called the old patriot, from where he sat at the head of the table.

The man came running to the porch. As he ran he took off the cap from the tangled mass of his black hair, and he now stood with

it in his hand, as wild and shy as the deer just tamed, the bird just caged. There was the beauty of the East in his dark face, the gleam of the gipsy in his darker eye.

The master filled a glass with wine, and gave it to him. He drank it, cap in hand, drank it greedily, thirstily, unabashed. Then, at the word of command, he put down the empty glass, and ran as fleet as a whipped hound to the stables. He was one of their gipsies, and it was his day to work for them, they explained.

Their gipsies! His day to work for them! We understood better the next morning when they drove us in their carriage, behind the little Roumanian driver in his blue-and-white summer livery, and with long ribbons dangling from his hat worn jauntily on one side of his head, out from the town, across the

tains of the Karpathian Girl melting into pale blue shadows in the noonday heat. We left the carriage, and the pretty daughter and her brother took us to the gipsy huts on the outskirts of the village. The trees hid the nearest cottages. In front were the corn-fields, the ears all picked, the green leaves gone, but the stalks, brown and withered, standing stretched to the shadowy heights. The blue smoke was lazily curling upward from the kettle hung over the fire, as I had so often seen it by the Camden reservoir, and an old brown witch of a Dye sat close to it on the parched grass, smoking a pipe. It might have been Rosanna Lovell, only Rosanna never would have jumped up and made such humble bows to the *gorgio*. And never in Camden or Philadelphia had we seen a group like that gathered about another kettle



THE FAIR AT NAGY BÁNYA.

plain, to the group of thatched cottages where flax was drying in the tiny gardens, and to the big house with the last roses blooming about the door, and far away, on the horizon, the moun-

tain further on. A young woman, dark and beautiful, her white teeth gleaming as we came, crouched there with a naked brown baby in her lap; in front of her, in a semicircle around



A CORN-STALK CABIN.

the fire, three boys as brown and naked, like little imps of darkness, were sitting cross-legged. From the hut wandered a young man in a pair of wide drawers, but stripped to the waist, and as coal-black as a negro. It was a family party an explorer would not have been surprised to find in Africa. They were wilder far than any gypsies we had ever met upon the roads at home. One of the boys, when he saw us, sprang to his feet, and with a bound was in the corn-field, flying and hiding among the corn-stalks as tall as himself.

But these were not gipsy tents, these huts, burrowed deep into the ground, with walls and roofs of wood and mortar, thatched with corn-shucks. These were not tents to be thrown over the horse's back or strapped under the van when the cold blasts from the mountains gave the signal for the journey down into the lowland and far away to the south. For the gypsies living in them, though they ran naked like so many savages of the desert, had given up forever the old sweet, free life when they wandered at will and knew no man for master. They had come many years ago to squat, as we would say, upon the great lord's estate, and he had let them stay, only exacting for payment a day's work in every week from each grown man. The peasants may have been freed in '48, but the gypsies in gipsyland have become slaves in their place, though many a *Romany chal* followed Kossuth into the field against the hated Austrian. Poverty and dirt and rags are a small price to give for freedom, but they had lost this priceless heirloom of their race, and had kept only its bitterest burdens. They were poorer than their kinsmen

who travel over our American roads; they were more tied to the land upon which they dwelt than the peasants in the near cottages. As they sit there in the sunshine, looking over to the mountains, how often, I wonder, are they haunted by the old love of change and adventure?

All the gypsies were working about Nagy Bányá. We saw the pretty Romany boys bringing milk into the town, though, had they been carrying it from the *gorgio*, it would have been more to our liking. We saw old white-bearded men coming from the fields. Men and women were fetching and carrying in the brick-yards in the valley on the other side of the town. Like the *gorgio*, or Philistine, they were forced to eat their bread—and such stale, musty bread!—by the sweat of their brow.

And it was the same when we left Nagy Bányá and were on the road again. Near the great house were always the gipsy huts, which we soon got to know as well as already we knew the gipsy himself.

The day we rode away from that friendly town and its friendlier people, and were in the hills that lie between it and Décs, we met a wagon with two gipsy women lounging low in the straw at the bottom, and two gipsy boys walking at its side, urging on the rickety old horse. The faces of the women once would have brought them to the stake for witches; the boys, with the tumbled black locks falling into their eyes, were beautiful in that exaggerated, sentimental way that we resent as artificial and theatrical in pictures of the ideal Neapolitan, while their rags seemed more artfully "arranged" than those of the best made-up stage



SEEN IN DÉES.

beggar. One wore a bit of bright red in an old sleeveless waistcoat, but it only half covered the beauty of his brown young body. We thrilled a little as we saw them: it was exactly the caravan that we had thought to find at every turn on Hungarian roads. But when we overtook them and spoke, they could not understand. We did not mind much, we were so sure that we should meet others like them every day now. But they were the only wandering gipsies we saw in the northern part of Transylvania.

They told us in the towns, when we asked why this should be, that it was rare indeed that gipsies traveled from place to place. The local laws against them in each department are severe, and when they venture to pitch their tents by the roadside, they are quickly made to fold them, and are sent flying into the next county. When they journeyed with their baggage, we might be sure it was because they were playing a favorite gipsy trick, and leaving their last village home just before their stay had been long enough to compel their payment of the village taxes. Free as the bird in the air no longer: free as the bird in the cage, rather, is their song to-day.

It went to our hearts when we passed the gipsy women digging in the road near the manor-house; when from brick-yards gipsy girls, with lovely faces, handkerchiefs turned back like turbans over their low brows, came running out to watch us ride; when we found gipsy men toiling in the service of the peasants—and there was not a day that we did not see something of this kind. But the worst was when we met a gipsy with wild sad eyes, and long black curls hanging about his weary, drawn face, bent double under the bags of a Jew in caftan, who walked just behind to see that he did not lag. The sun shone, birds flew over the corn-fields, close by were woods where one could lie sleeping all day in the green shade. But on, in the white dust of the road, in the glaring sunshine, toiled the gipsy at the beck and call of the taskmaster who already holds half the Wallachs in that part of the Karpathians in his power. After this, there seemed to us no hope for the poor gipsy. And the pitiful face, the eyes,



THE SERVANT EVEN OF THE PEASANT.

as mournful and pleading as those of an animal in pain, haunt me yet.

Sometimes we spoke to the gipsies by the way, and sometimes they answered in Romany: it was only the few who, like the wanderers on the road near Dées, had forgotten even the *kālo jib*, or black language, which is half the secret of their survival as a separate race during all these long ages. Often from Hungarian or Roumanian peasant we had to turn to them to ask our way, and at this they were seldom surprised. The surprise, indeed, was on my part the first time I spoke to a woman at work on the road in the village, with a little black girl in a night-gown, many shells hanging from her plaited hair, and two little black boys in nothing at all playing close by. I asked her: "*Shan tiri chavi, Dya?*" ("Are they your children, mother?") as I might have asked Shera Wharton or Susie Boswell.

"*Egen*" (for the Hungarian gipsy uses the Hungarian yes), "*miri chavi*" ("my children"), she answered, hardly looking up, as if it were a matter of course. The truth is, the peasants here and there have picked up a few Romany words, and are better gipsy scholars, without knowing it, than the learned Romany Ryes in the town.

But we liked best, when we knew there were so many gipsies that we could not speak to all, to cry out a loud "*Del o del Bakk!*" the gipsy



A HILL CAMP.

"Good luck!" without stopping, and to see the black eyes flash and the white teeth glisten as a sudden smile lighted up the dark faces, and to hear the wild "*Del o del Bakk!*" follow us down the road.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

AFTER THE RAIN.



IT had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The cottage-roofs steamed in the sun; the roses in the garden were still heavy with rain and dragged with garden-mold; the wet trees gave out green lights; little rain-pools shone in the road like liquid gold, and the sparrows dipped in them. It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning.

The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. All night had he lain awake, listening to the rain on the roof, and longing for his lost love, while the memory of her caresses clung to his soul as sweet and evasive as the perfume of the roses in the garden.

It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. "My love has forsaken me," he said, "but it has stopped raining."

Mary E. Wilkins.



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THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED.

THE EFFECT OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY UPON RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.



SCIENTIFIC study has so richly increased the content of human knowledge, it is so practical in its results, and so fascinating in its practice, that its methods and spirit are rapidly pervading every field of intellectual activity. It is, therefore, of no small importance to those who are just beginning to train for life's struggle to consider what they have to lose and what to gain in the exercise of this dominant characteristic of modern thought. We enter the race but once; when the struggle comes, it will be success or defeat, and final for each of us. If we want strong bodies, we are well aware that proper exercise is the way to attain strength. We develop our intellects by thinking. If we would develop character, how shall we do it?

If we seek to distinguish man from the animals and matter with which he shares most of his attributes, we find him certainly superior to all others in his intellectual functions; but as a religious animal mankind stands forth essentially distinct from all other animals. We doubtless inherit much from our ancestors, functions as well as habits, and in both these respects mankind develops with the ages.

But when I speak of religion or religious beliefs as affected by scientific study, I do not mean the metaphysical abstraction, but a concrete system of beliefs and emotions regarding God. This I find essential to my purpose. If I were discussing the effects of unlimited suffrage, it would not be practicable to examine an abstract citizen of no particular age, without sex or color, and having no local habitation, and to observe what effects suffrage might have upon him, though any citizen possessing such definite qualities would be an exceptional citizen. So I find it impracticable to consider scientific study in relation to a religion without qualities, and select the Christian religion as the one concrete religion with which I am familiar, though I use it, if you please, as an example of religion in the abstract.

As exemplified in Christianity, I must assume that we are all more or less acquainted with religion, and scientific study is an occupation so familiar that it requires no definition. The question is, What effect does the exercise of scientific study normally have upon the religious beliefs of the student? Doubtless all who read

this discussion have some religious beliefs; it is not necessary to inquire specifically what they are. But I raise the question, Does scientific study develop them, make them clearer, more distinct, and fuller in content, or does it tend to dissipate them, cause us to hold them in less high esteem, dwarf them, and ultimately trample them underfoot? If the normal effect is deleterious, how are we to counteract this effect and preserve a healthy, vigorous development of both our religious and scientific faculties? If we ascertain the effect upon our particular beliefs, we may infer what will be the effect upon any religious beliefs.

In order to understand the relations which exist between science and religion, let us examine the sources of confidence in our scientific and religious convictions.

To begin with, we may assume the truth of the fundamental proposition, "I exist"; I think no one will deny this for himself. Upon analysis we find that, practically, we apprehend somewhat that is not ourselves in two ways. We become conscious, through what we call *sensations*, of a world outside ourselves, which we call the material universe. We become conscious, through what we call *emotions*, of a somewhat which is not ourselves, to which, however, in every analysis of experience we are unable to find ourselves unrelated. In my analysis this latter somewhat is conceived of as having various attributes. As matter is conceived of as extended, as exhibiting differences in weight, as it impresses me through the different sense-channels of sight, hearing, and taste, so this other somewhat has qualities of truth, of beauty, of goodness, perceived through the various emotions I exercise. And if at any moment I find my mind wavering in doubt as to the validity of my conceptions of the latter kind, I am brought to reason by the thought that if any reliance may be placed on the inference that behind the sensations of form, weight, color, and so forth, there really does exist substantial matter, with the same degree of confidence I may infer that behind the emotions of love and hate, of hope and fear, and of faith, there is a substantial ground of which the emotions themselves testify. The substantial ground of our emotions is contrasted with matter under the names spirit and spiritual, but when it is contrasted with the material universe it is God. As Jesus said to the woman at the well of Samaria, "God is a spirit: and they that worship him must wor-

ship him in spirit and in truth,"—"in truth" implying accord, true communion requiring spiritual harmony.

By this analysis we find that each of us is a conscious ego, oriented, through our sensations, in the midst of a universe of matter, the limits of which we are unable to apprehend; this ego is also oriented, through our emotions, in the midst of an infinity of God, the limits of which in like manner we are unable to apprehend. Starting thus with the conscious self, of the existence of which we are more certain than of anything beside, we attain a conviction regarding the existence of matter and regarding the existence of God *immediately*, but by different modes of consciousness.

The definitions we apply to the universe of matter are only analyses of the relations we bear to matter through our senses; and the definitions we apply to God are only analyses of the relations we bear to God through our emotions.

Science is engaged in the consideration of matter, and although the methods of intellectual thought which are called forth in such analysis may be applied in the discussion of any propositions we may formulate, science particularly deals with the experience of our sense-organs, and therefore differs essentially from religion in the same way that sensations differ from emotions. The study of science begins very early. The infant in its first stages of consciousness does not grasp the fundamental distinctions of science, and reaches for the moon with the same spontaneous avidity with which it grasps an orange. The difference between the infant and the astronomer is that the latter has learned how to interpret sensations into relative distance, and the infant has not. Sensations are immediate, but the formulation of sensations into a universe is the result of scientific study. The astronomer who tells us that the moon is 240,000 miles distant is giving us a brief formulated expression for the innumerable and complex sensations of eye and touch which have been made in the measurement of standards, and in the computation of the distance to the moon.

Again, the child does not at first know that a piece of coal on the floor is not good to eat, nor, having tasted only sugar, can he distinguish sugar from salt. The chemist knows more, only by his own or others' sense experience of the qualities of each.

The method of reaching such scientific knowledge from the state of ignorant consciousness of the infant is one of accumulating sense impressions, of their coördination and classification, and of the intellectual formulating of them into language. It is a process of close observation, of noting the differences and likenesses, or, in general, of noting the relations

between the various sense impressions. The confidence we place in the results of scientific study, resting fundamentally in the confidence that our senses always tell us the truth regarding the universe of matter outside, causes scientific study to magnify the importance of sensations as a means of apprehending truth.

Not only this, but the constant, minute, and rigid application of the mind to the scientific analysis of sensations so absorbs and fascinates the attention of the scientist that nothing else seems real to him; the increasing margin of darkness humiliates him, and he presses forward with redoubled energy, oblivious to all beside. Meanwhile, his emotional nature, at first neglected, soon becomes torpid, and finally reaches that state of atrophy so calmly depicted in the confessions of the greatest of our modern scientists—a state as pitifully abnormal as the paralysis of the permanently uplifted arm of the Hindu fakir.

As I compare my present attitude with that I used to occupy, I find my reverence for God has grown, while I have lost a kind of sense of familiarity with God. The change impresses me as similar to the change of attitude toward my father. As a very young child, I remember sitting on his lap, his telling me interesting tales, singing lullabys to me, and his attitude of sympathy with my childish views. As we grew older, the dignity with which he treated me, the reverence with which I treated him, both increased. For a time the more I grew in knowledge, the more his greater knowledge and judgment impressed me. Still later I approached nearer to him, but here the analogy ceases; in boyhood the first effect of growth was removal from the familiarity of childhood. Such a change, I conceive, has taken place in my relation to God. I was brought up to have profound respect for the authority of the Word of God; and with unquestioning faith, whether I understood it or not, it was a law to me; in every particular its account of natural facts was accepted as the type of truth.

My studies of science—that is, of the phenomenal universe—gave me another witness, which at first I did not recognize as another form of the Word of God. In my first conception of geology I believed that the world was made in six ordinary days. When I learned to read the world, I read there that it was made in thousands and millions of years. The discrepancy did not permanently disturb me; it enlarged my conception of God. This will, I presume, be a strange confession to some minds; but again I remember what it is to take the little doll of my baby in my arms, sing to it, put it in bed, and tell her, "Hush, my child; don't wake the dolly."

Is this deception? Is it even poetry? What do I mean when I thus say that cold or noise

will disturb a china doll? There is no deception—no poetry: the child knows precisely what I mean. To her it means, "He loves me, can enter into my thoughts, and sympathize in my greatest pleasure," and that is precisely what my words communicate to her, and not any information regarding the nature of the bit of clay which is the precious dolly of her childish mind. And we all know what this is; we speak to children in children's language, not in scientific Latin. So I take it that no revelation can reach our minds unless it be expressed in terms which we can understand. And when I look into the old books of the Bible, I do not expect to find instruction in those things which I know cannot now be understood except as the result of exhaustive scientific research. Nature is open to us, but her secrets must be sought out and interpreted. Nature never tells us a lie, but we often misinterpret her; and this gives us no ground for doubt. As we have become better acquainted with science, our formulas have changed, but nature has not changed, nor has the content of her revelation changed. Phlogiston expressed in the seventeenth century all that was known of the principle of fire. Heat will some day as imperfectly hold the story of the burning coal as phlogiston does to-day. Hence I conclude that the genuineness of a written revelation purporting to come from God is to be determined not by the scientific precision of its language, but by the perfection with which it portrays the religious content which it sets out to reveal.

When I say, then, that I can discharge the mathematical element from the story of creation in Genesis without discarding it as a revelation, I treat it only as I am accustomed to treat nature, only as I act out my life. So in using the Bible, we should treat it as a revelation of truth, as I treat nature as a revelation of truth; and I am not interested in either case to find out the thousand ways in which it can be misconstrued.

The scientific student never thinks that the universe of matter is merely a substantialization of his sensations; so, to suppose that God is a personifying of our emotions does not appear to me reasonable. In both cases we build up by intellectual processes the fuller fields of our experience, and when thus elaborated, the one is science, and the other is religion. They are contrasted outside; they meet within our consciousness. In religion, faith, hope, love, righteousness, glory, peace, joy are terms expressing with as great degree of certainty a reality objective to our emotions as sweet, sour, hard, soft, bright, blue, yellow express a reality objective to our senses.

But if these are objective realities, how do we learn of them? As formulated science is

the result of the observations made by thousands of sense-observers, accumulating and comparing their experiences of the relations of matter, so formulated religion is the result of the communings of thousands of holy men who have recorded the results of their religious communings with God. For us the record of these communings is called revelation, and is preserved in the sacred writings called the Bible.

A difficulty, and I am often of the opinion that it is one of the greatest difficulties the earnest scientific student meets in his religious life, is to believe in the accuracy of the Bible. The scientific student is accustomed to accuracy of statement. He says it is not accurate to call an apple blue, or to say that iron is lighter than water, but allows that it is not untrue to state that the sun rises and sets, although the scientist knows that the relative motion thus indicated is directly due to the revolution of the earth. Nevertheless, the fact is, that statements are found in the Bible which, as scientific statements, cannot be explained as even apparently true. Statements appear which can be explained, scientifically, in only one of two ways: either they are inaccurate statements of the facts, or the facts recorded differ from those now known to science as natural; as the account of Eve's creation, the sun standing still for Joshua, the account of Jonah, and others. The part of these stories which is unscientific cannot be explained away without destruction of the plain intent of the story itself.

What shall we do with such inconsistencies? Shall we continue to believe in the validity of a Bible which makes inaccurate statements? I say, Yes, with full understanding of the apparently unscientific attitude taken. But I do it as a scientific student seeking to get whatever truth there may be revealed in the Bible. And to explain why, let me take you to a picture-gallery. We find on the canvas representations of men, faces, figures, or scenes of various kinds which we call pictures. If we analyze them scientifically, we find only canvas covered with variously colored paints. To-day we can all recall such a picture of Washington.¹ We may study the picture in many ways; each element on the canvas may be dissected; each individual spot is of some particular color, which scientifically we may define as a color of a certain position in the spectrum; it is mathematically expressed as so many vibrations in the thousandth of a second; and the color on the canvas may not agree scientifically with any color seen in the human face. Again, we may examine the mode of putting on the paint, the artist's technic, his method of producing an effect, and criticize it as de-

¹ This address was first delivered on Washington's Birthday.

ficient in tone, and consider its faults or beauties as a painting. Again we may examine it as a reproduction of anatomy. It is well or ill drawn, it has given wrong curves or expressions to features, the nose is too thin, one eye is higher than the other. In any of these aspects the picture may be criticized, and it is probable that no picture on any canvas can escape such criticism unscathed. But we have not yet seen in the picture that which alone the picture is. We look at it again to find what Washington was, what it was the artist painted. And when we examine it for this purpose, we find it essential to put it in a particular light; we must stand before it in the attitude intended by the artist, and even then we must have the artistic sense to interpret it truthfully. When we have done all this, we find that the artist did not photograph the face he was reproducing. The artist studied the man, saw him in his various moods and postures, and became filled with a conception of Washington—Washington the general—the president of an infant republic—the founder of a nation—Washington the man: such is the conception portrayed on the canvas. No photograph could catch that with which the artist was inspired; the canvas preserves his inspiration, and all else is trivial compared with it. Until we have seen that, we have not seen the picture, and there is no other purpose in the picture.

Scientific study has made the Bible a gallery of such portraits for me. Until I get out of the Bible those truths with which its writers were inspired, I get nothing; and apprehending them, I care nothing for the criticisms of the artist's methods, or of the materials with which he worked. His very disregard of details which a soulless photograph would have preserved only emphasizes his meaning. What he leaves out, and what, with coarse brush, he dashes in for color, are alike essential to the expression of those profound truths which only holy men as they were inspired of God have ever been able to portray. I fear no criticism of the imperfections of this gallery of paintings. The microscope of the scientist, or of the philologist, or of the historian, may detect many a flaw, but the very flaws help us to catch more truthfully the artist's meaning.

Too many generations of noble human folk have looked on those written pictures and caught new glimpses of God. The light coming from them is too brilliantly reflected in all that is good in Christendom to leave any doubt as to their reality. If the undevout astronomer is mad, what shall we say of the geologist who can despise that unique portrait of Elohim creating the universe, because it makes no place for the Cambrian fauna? What grander or more divine conception of the creation was ever framed than that which likens the origi-

nal materialization of the universe to the vocal articulation of thought? In the beginning God spoke, and it was.

While I realize a growing appreciation of the Bible, and estimate its every detail as of priceless value, it seems to me true that as a body of formulas it is essential to translate the original in other ways than into the English language. In the old attitude there is a definite belief that there is something fixed, and formulated, and perfected long ago in regard to beliefs, what they are and what they should be regarding God and regarding religious things. As Saul found in the law and the ritual of the Pharisees a sharply defined body of law to which he conscientiously sought to conform his actions, so to-day there is a devout reverence for the particular details of form and shade of belief as they are taught in formulated creeds. The fundamental difference which I notice between this and the attitude of the scientific student is that he considers no formulated expressions of belief as permanently satisfactory.

This, I think, is a direct result of the study of science; for my study of science has demonstrated to me that although the laws of nature are so permanent that the very thought of a possibility of their irregularity would produce a mental vertigo destructive to thought, the most precise formulas of science defining these laws are only imperfect expressions of the truth. As we run back in history and compare them, we find that one after another of these formulas has changed, and indeed the most convincing proof of the change is seen in the fact that we now are studying more earnestly than ever, and constantly adjusting our formulas so as better to express the truth. If, then, we know science but imperfectly, if the coming generation will modify the best expressions of knowledge that we can now formulate, it is difficult to escape the inference that no formulations can be framed by man which do not hold the imperfection of the general thought of the time when they were composed. Underlying this view is the more general one, that while it is conceivable that there is absolute truth, all representations of it are imperfect; that the attempt to formulate any conception is but the emphasizing of what are to the man formulating it the chief or primary elements of the conception. That which determines which are primary, and which are less or more important, is the attitude of the man, his particular view; hence any formulation must reflect in some measure the point of view of its author, or of the age when it was framed.

Formulated truth, then, has become to me a body of evidence that requires constant adjustment to modern thought. We must constantly study such formulated truth as that in the Christian Bible, so as to adjust it to our growing

understanding. The content remains the same, but the use of words, force in illustration, the real, thought-transmitting capacity of language, each is modified by the environment; just as the transmission of electricity is modified by the condition of the wire. And as language is purely symbolic, the receiver's knowledge of the symbols determines his capacity to receive what was sent by the transmitter.

Formulas are not at fault, but scientific study begets a changed attitude toward formulas. The study of science begets a respect for truth itself. In the study of nature we become so accustomed to having the truth always told us,—we are so constantly reminded that if an error occurs in our results it is our error, not an error of nature,—that we are looking constantly and everywhere for the truth. And the real student of science expects everything that exists to have something concealed to reveal to him who is able to question it aright. By the real student of science, I do not mean the man who has merely a quick, retentive memory for form and color, and is a mere observer, filled with knowledge of outward things; but I mean the man who, becoming acquainted with her phenomena, invites nature inside his senses, and there communes with her. Reverence for truth so dominates such a man that he cannot consciously entertain a lie. To misrepresent is to him a sin, and the thought that any one could knowingly formulate as true that which is false is repugnant to him. Hence we cannot conceive honestly framed formulas as untruthful, but when we get no truth from them the scientific attitude is that we do not understand the formula.

The result of deep scientific study, it seems to me, is to develop precision in distinguishing true from false formulations of our conceptions, to such a degree that the personal elements of religious belief become more sharply distinguished, so that the devout scientist may be constantly growing in the fullness of his religious belief, and still, all along the way, be dropping out tenets which he had held to—dropping them as he found them not elements of the truth which he grasped. The richness of his religious conceptions will grow by study, as those of his sensuous conceptions grow with his scientific study. But the study which brings development is study of the religious emotions, which must be experienced if we would get the truth. The mere study of theological dogmas is no better than the mere study of text-books on science: in both cases it is only a study of formulas. The man who would grow in knowledge of religious truth must exercise his religious faculties.

This is the direct teaching of scientific study. No man can become acquainted with even the rudiments of science without exercising his sense-faculties—without meeting nature face

to face, and noting, analyzing, and formulating the results of such experience. Can we expect more easily to get acquainted with religious truth? Can we expect to find out God without communing with him? For their healthy development the emotions also require exercise and training, and this development will be purely sensuous unless it be religious. We cannot learn science at second hand, but must seek nature directly if we would be true scientists; so metaphysical speculations about our emotions are far from religious exercises. Religion does not consist of emotions any more than science consists of sensations. God, and our relations to him, must be conceived before emotions become religious.

While science may assist in developing correct morals, it is the province of religion to reveal to us the rightness and wrongness of emotions, and to kindle right emotions within us. The qualities of rightness and wrongness bear the same relation to an emotion that truthness and falseness do to our scientific conceptions. The cultivation of right emotions—this is the practice of religion. What are these emotions? They are faith, hope, love, as generic groups; kindness, appreciation, sympathy, and a thousand other species that are named in the vocabulary of the perfect Christian. These are not morals: morals have to do with the objective acts; these are emotions or affections of the soul, and they can be conceived of entirely separate from works; but they have moral value. The ultimate object of these emotions religion formulates under the name of God. Perfect loveliness, the perfect object of trust, the perfect end of all hope, what are these but attributes of God alone?

The scientist is accustomed to such conceptions. He defines matter as the ultimate essence of light, the ultimate essence of sound, the pure basis of his senses of feeling; but is God more an abstraction than is matter? Is the analysis which science gives us of our sensations to be accorded any greater credence than the analysis which religion gives us of our emotions? These thoughts lead us down into the inner depths of the soul, and there we may best answer these questions for ourselves.

Science exercises and develops functions which are not essentially antagonistic to religion; but they are *not* the functions of religion, and if they be given first place in our interest, religious growth must deteriorate in proportion to its neglect. The functions of religion must be exercised, or they will become incapable of action; they must be educated or they will become weak and useless. Scientific study, though extremely fascinating, though it fills us with exalted notions of the complexity of the universe, and of the wonderful harmony of its

correlations, leads us to no hope; we find in it only stern, relentless law; it has no feeling, and its end is certain death.

And what does it profit unless we keep alive those religious functions which conduct us to that other world of religious belief? As Mr. Howells has so perfectly said:

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed field of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where he dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

H. S. Williams.



THE GIPSY TRAIL.

THE white moth to the closing bine,
The bee to the opened clover,
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world,
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,
Out of the grime and the gray
(Morning waits at the end of the world),
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,
The red crane to her reed,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad
By the tie of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world,
Where winds unhaltered play,
Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks
Till the white sea-horses neigh.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,
The buck to the stony plain,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!
Out on a clean sea-track—
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran
North where the blue bergs sail,
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran
Sheer to the Austral Light,
Where the besom of God is the wild west wind,
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

Follow the Romany patteran
West to the sinking sun,
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,
And the east and the west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran
East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid—
Light of my tents, be fleet!
Morning waits at the end of the world,
And the world is all at our feet!

Rudyard Kipling.



BALCONY STORIES.

THE BALCONY.



HERE is much of life passed on the balcony in a country where the summer unrolls in six moon-lengths, and where the nights have to come with a double endowment of vastness and splendor to compensate for the tedious, sun-parched days.

And in that country the women love to sit and talk together of summer nights, on balconies, in their vague, loose, white garments,—men are not balcony sitters,—with their sleeping children within easy hearing, the stars breaking the cool darkness, or the moon making a show of light—oh, such a discreet show of light!—through the vines. And the children inside, waking to go from one sleep into another, hear the low, soft mother-voices on the balcony, talking about this person and that, old times, old friends, old experiences; and it seems to them, hovering a moment in wakefulness, that there is no end of the world or time, or of the mother-knowledge; but illimitable as it is, the mother-voices and the mother-love and protection fill it all,—with their mother's hand in theirs, children are not afraid even of God,—and they drift into slumber again, their little dreams taking all kinds of pretty reflections

from the great unknown horizon outside, as their fragile soap-bubbles take on reflections from the sun and clouds.

Experiences, reminiscences, episodes, picked up as only women know how to pick them up from other women's lives,—or other women's destinies, as they prefer to call them,—and told as only women know how to relate them; what God has done or is doing with some other woman whom they have known—that is what interests women once embarked on their own lives,—the embarkation takes place at marriage, or after the marriageable time,—or, rather, that is what interests the women who sit of summer nights on balconies. For in those long-moon countries, life is open and accessible, and romances seem to be furnished real and gratis, in order to save, in a languor-breeding climate, the ennui of reading and writing books. Each woman has a different way of picking up and relating her stories, as each one selects different pieces, and has a personal way of playing them on the piano.

Each story is different, or appears so to her; each has some unique and peculiar pathos in it. And so she dramatizes and inflects it, trying to make the point visible to her apparent also to her hearers. Sometimes the pathos and interest to the hearers lie only in this—that the relater has observed it, and gathered it, and finds it worth telling. For do we not gather what we

have not, and is not our own lacking our one motive? It may be so, for it often appears so.

And if a child inside be wakeful and precocious, it is not dreams alone that take on reflections from the balcony outside: through the half-open shutters the still, quiet eyes look across the dim forms on the balcony to the star-spangled or the moon-brightened heavens beyond; while memory makes stores for the future, and germs are sown, out of which the slow, clambering vine of thought issues, one day, to decorate or hide, as it may be, the structures or ruins of life.

A DRAMA OF THREE.

It was a regular dramatic performance every first of the month in the little cottage of the old General and Madame B——.

It began with the waking up of the General by his wife, standing at the bedside with a cup of black coffee.

"Hé! Ah! Oh, Honorine! Yes; the first of the month, and affairs—affairs to be transacted."

On those mornings when affairs were to be transacted there was not much leisure for the household; and it was Honorine who constituted the household. Not the old dressing-gown and slippers, the old, old trousers, and the antediluvian neck-foulard of other days! Far from it. It was a case of warm water (with even a fling of cologne in it), of the trimming of beard and mustache by Honorine, and the black broadcloth suit, and the brown satin stock, and that *je ne sais quoi de dégagé* which no one could possess or assume like the old General. Whether he possessed or assumed it is an uncertainty which hung over the fine manners of all the gentlemen of his day, who were kept through their youth in Paris to cultivate *bon ton* and an education.

It was also something of a gala-day for Madame la Générale too; as it must be a gala-day for all old wives to see their husbands pranked in the manners and graces that had conquered their maidenhood, and exhaling once more that ambrosial fragrance which once so well incensed their compelling presence.

Ah, to the end a woman loves to celebrate her conquest! It is the last touch of misfortune with her to lose in the old, the ugly, and the commonplace her youthful lord and master. If one could look under the gray hairs and wrinkles with which time thatches old women one would be surprised to see the flutterings, the quiverings, the thrills, the emotions, the coals of the heart-fires which death alone extinguishes, when he commands the tenant to vacate.

Honorine's hands chilled with the ice of sixteen as she approached scissors to the white mustache and beard. When her finger-tips brushed

those lips, still well formed and roseate, she felt it, strange to say, on her lips. When she asperged the warm water with cologne,—it was her secret delight and greatest effort of economy to buy this cologne,—she always had one little moment of what she called faintness—that faintness which had veiled her eyes, and chained her hands, and stilled her throbbing bosom, when as a bride she came from the church with him. It was then she noticed the faint fragrance of the cologne bath. Her lips would open as they did then, and she would stand for a moment and think thoughts to which, it must be confessed, she looked forward from month to month. What a man he had been! In truth, he belonged to a period that would accept nothing less from Nature than physical beauty; and Nature is ever subservient to the period. If it is to-day all small men, and tomorrow gnomes and dwarfs, we may know that the period is demanding them from Nature.

When the General had completed—let it be called no less than the ceremony of—his toilet, he took his chocolate and his *pain de Paris*. Honorine could not imagine him breakfasting on anything but *pain de Paris*. Then he sat himself in his large arm-chair before his *escritoire*, and began transacting his affairs with the usual—

"But where is that idiot, that dolt, that slug-gard, that snail, with my mail?"

Honorine, busy in the breakfast-room:

"In a moment, husband. In a moment."

"But he should be here now. It is the first of the month, it is nine o'clock, I am ready; he should be here."

"It is not yet nine o'clock, husband."

"Not yet nine! Not yet nine! Am I not up? Am I not dressed? Have I not breakfasted before nine?"

"That is so, husband. That is so."

Honorine's voice, prompt in cheerful acquiescence, came from the next room, where she was washing his cup, saucer, and spoon.

"It is getting worse and worse every day. I tell you, Honorine, Pompey must be discharged. He is worthless. He is trifling. Discharge him! Discharge him! Do not have him about! Chase him out of the yard! Chase him as soon as he makes his appearance! Do you hear, Honorine?"

"You must have a little patience, husband."

It was perhaps the only reproach one could make to Madame Honorine, that she never learned by experience.

"Patience! Patience! Patience is the invention of dullards and sluggards. In a well-regulated world there should be no need of such a thing as patience. Patience should be punished as a crime, or at least as a breach of the peace. Wherever patience is found, police investigation should be made as for smallpox.



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

ENGRAVED BY H. HAIDER.

"WHERE IS THAT IDIOT, THAT DOLT, THAT SLUGGARD, THAT SNAIL, WITH MY MAIL?"

Patience! Patience! I never heard the word—I assure you, I never heard the word in Paris. What do you think would be said there to the messenger who craved patience of you? Oh, they know too well in Paris—a rataplan from the walking-stick on his back, that would be the answer; and a, 'My good fellow, we are not hiring professors of patience, but legs.'

"But, husband, you must remember we do not hire Pompey. He only does it to oblige us, out of his kindness."

"Oblige us! Oblige me! Kindness! A negro oblige me! Kind to me! That is it; that is it. That is the way to talk under the new régime. It is favor, and oblige, and education, and monsieur, and madame, now. What child's play to call this a country—a government! I would not be surprised"—jumping to his next position on this ever-recurring first of the month theme—"I would not be surprised if Pompey has failed to find the letter in the box. How do I know that the mail has not been tampered with? From day to day I expect to hear it. What is to prevent? Who is to interpose? The honesty of the officials? Honesty of officials—that is good! What a farce—honesty of officials! That is evidently what has happened. The thought has not occurred to me in vain. Pompey has gone. He has not found the letter, and—well; that is the end. I predict. That is the end."

But the General had still another theory to account for the delay in the appearance of his

mail, which he always posed abruptly after the exhaustion of the arraignment of the post-office.

"And why not Journal?" Journal was their landlord, a fellow of means, but no extraction, and a favorite aversion of the old gentleman's. "Journal himself? You think he is above it, *hé?* You think Journal would not do such a thing? Ha! your simplicity, Honorine—your simplicity is incredible. It is miraculous. I tell you, I have known the Journals, from father to son, for—yes, for seventy-five years. Was not his grandfather the overseer on my father's plantation? I was not five years old when I began to know the Journals. And this fellow, I know him better than he knows himself. I know him as well as God knows him. I have made up my mind. I have made it up carefully that the first time that letter fails on the first of the month I shall have Journal arrested as a thief. I shall land him in the penitentiary. What! You think I shall submit to have my mail tampered with by a Journal? Their contents appropriated? What! You think there was no coincidence in Journal's offering me his post-office box just the month—just the month before those letters began to arrive? You think he did not have some inkling of them? Mark my words, Honorine, he did—by some of his subterranean methods. And all these five years he has been arranging his plans—that is all. He was arranging theft, which no doubt has been consummated to-day. Oh, I have regretted it—I

assure you I have regretted it, that I did not promptly reject his proposition, that, in fact, I ever had anything to do with the fellow."

It was almost invariably, so regularly do events run in this world,—it was almost invariably that the negro messenger made his appearance at this point. For five years the General had perhaps not been interrupted as many times, either above or below the last sentence. The mail, or rather the letter, was opened, and the usual amount—three ten-dollar bills—was carefully extracted and counted. And as if he scented the bills, even as the General said he did, within ten minutes after their delivery, Journal made his appearance to collect the rent.

It could only have been in Paris, among that old retired nobility who counted their names back, as they expressed it, "*au de cà du déluge*," that could have been acquired the proper manner of treating a "roturier" landlord: to measure him with the eyes from head to foot; to hand the rent—the ten-dollar bill—with the tips of the fingers; to scorn a look at the humbly tendered receipt; to say: "The cistern needs repairing, the roof leaks; I must warn you that unless such notifications meet with more prompt attention than in the past, you must look for another tenant," etc., in the monotonous tone of supremacy, and in the French, not of Journal's dictionary, nor of the dictionary of any such as he, but in the French of Racine and Corneille; in the French of the above suggested circle, which inclosed the General's memory, if it had not inclosed—as he never tired of recounting—his star-like personality. A sheet of paper always infolded the bank-notes. It always bore, in fine but sexless tracery, "From one who owes you much."

There, that was it, that sentence, which, like a locomotive, bore the General and his wife far on these firsts of the month to two opposite points of the horizon, in fact, one from the other—"From one who owes you much."

The old gentleman would toss the paper aside with the bill receipt. In the man to whom the bright New Orleans itself almost owed its brightness, it was a paltry act to search and pick for a debtor. Friends had betrayed and deserted him; relatives had forgotten him; merchants had failed with his money; bank presidents had stooped to deceive him: for he was an old man, and had about run the gamut of human disappointments—a gamut that had begun with a C major of trust, hope, happiness, and money.

His political party had thrown him aside. Neither for ambassador, plenipotentiary, senator, congressman, not even for a clerkship,

could he be nominated by it. Certes! "From one who owed him much." He had fitted the cap to a new head, the first of every month, for five years, and still the list was not exhausted. Indeed, it would have been hard for the General to look anywhere and not see some one whose obligations to him far exceeded this thirty dollars a month. Could he avoid being happy with such eyes?

But poor Madame Honorine! She who always gathered up the receipts, and the "From one who owes you much"; who could at an instant's warning produce the particular ones for any month of the past half-decade. She kept them filed, not only in her armoire, but the scrawled papers—skewered, as it were, somewhere else—where women from time immemorial have skewered such unsigned papers. She was not original in her thoughts—no more, for the matter of that, than the General was. Tapped at any time on the first of the month, when she would pause in her drudgery to reimpale her heart by a sight of the written characters on the scrap of paper, her thoughts would have been found flowing thus, "One can give everything, and yet be sure of nothing."

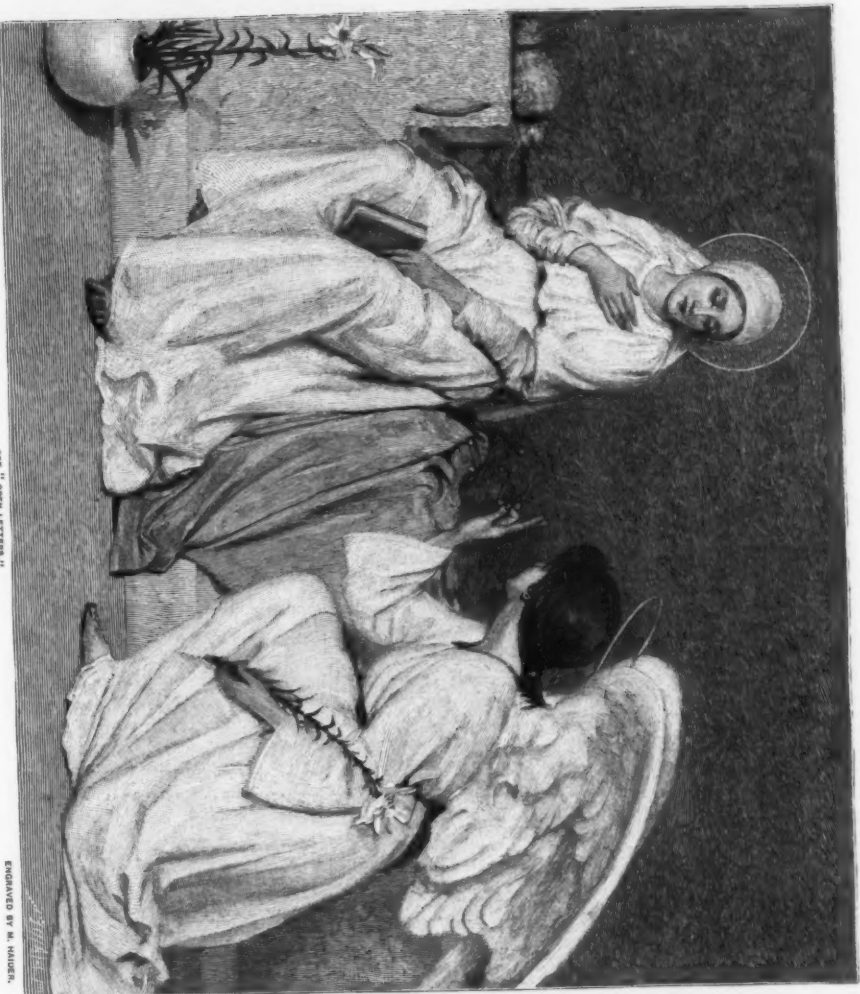
When Madame Honorine said "everything," she did not, as women in such cases often do, exaggerate. When she married the General, she in reality gave the youth of sixteen the beauty (ah, do not trust the denial of those wrinkles, the thin hair, the faded eyes!) of an angel, the dot of an heiress. Alas! It was too little at the time. Had she in her own person united all the youth, all the beauty, all the wealth, sprinkled parsimoniously so far and wide over all the women in this land, would she at that time have done aught else with this, than immolate it on the burning pyre of the General's affection? "And yet be sure of nothing."

It is not necessary, perhaps, to explain that last clause. It is very little consolation for wives that their husbands have forgotten, when some one else remembers. Some one else! Ah, there could be so many some one elses in the General's life, for in truth he had been irresistible to excess. But this was one particular some one else who had been faithful for five years. Which one?

When Madame Honorine solves that enigma she has made up her mind how to act.

As for Journal, it amused him more and more. He would go away from the little cottage rubbing his hands with pleasure (he never saw Madame Honorine, by the way, only the General). He would have given far more than thirty dollars a month for this drama; for he was not only rich, but a great *farceur*.

Grace King.



PAINTED BY M. L. MACOMBER.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ENGRAVED BY M. HARRIS.



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"YOU 'LL WANT TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE, AND SAY GOOD-BY."

SERENE'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE; AN INLAND STORY.



SERENE and young Jessup, the school-teacher, were leaning over the front gate together in the warm summer dusk.

"See them sparkin' out there?" inquired Serene's father, standing at the door with

his hands in his pockets, and peering out speculatively.

"Now, father, when you know that ain't Serene's line."

It was Mrs. Sayles who spoke. Perhaps there was the echo of a faint regret in her voice, for she wished to see her daughter "respectit like the lave"; but "sparkin'" had never been Serene's line.

"Serene would n't know how," said her big brother.

"There 's other things that 's a worse waste o' time," observed Mr. Sayles, meditatively, "and one on 'em 's 'Doniram Jessup's everlastin' talk-talk-talkin' to no puppus. He 's none so smart if he does teach school. He 'd do better on the farm with his father."

"He 's more 'n three hundred dollars ahead, and goin' to strike out for himself, he says," observed the big brother, admiringly.

"Huh! My son, I 've seen smart young men strike out for themselves 'fore ever you was born, and I 've seen their fathers swim out after 'em — and sink," said Mr. Sayles, oracularly.

Outside, the June twilight was deepening, but Serene and the school-teacher still leaned tranquilly over the picket-gate. The fragrance of the lemon-lilies that grew along the fence was in the air, and over Serene's left shoulder, if she had turned to look, she would have seen the slight yellow crescent of the new moon sliding down behind the trees.

They were talking eagerly, but it was only about what he had written in regard to "Theory and Practice" at the last county examination.

"I think you carry out your ideas real well," Serene said admiringly when he had finished his exposition. "'T is n't everybody does that. I know I 've learned a good deal more this term than I ever thought to when I started in."

The teacher was visibly pleased. He was a slight, wiry little fellow with alert eyes, a cynical smile, and an expression of self-confidence which was justifiable only on the supposition that he had valuable information as to his talents and capacity unknown to the world at large.

"I think you *have* learned a good deal of me," he observed condescendingly; "more than any of the younger ones. I have taken some pains with you. It's a pleasure to teach willing learners."

At this morsel of praise, expressed in such a strikingly original manner, Serene flushed and looked prettier than ever. She was always pretty, this slip of a girl with olive skin, pink cheeks, and big dark eyes, and she always looked a little too decorative, too fanciful, for her environment in this substantial brick farm-house set in the midst of fat, level acres of good Ohio land. It was as if a Dresden china shepherdess had been put upon their kitchen mantel-shelf.

Don Jessup stooped, and picked a cluster of the pink wild rosebuds whose bushes were scattered along the road outside the fence, and handed them to her with an admiring look. Why, he scarcely knew; it is as involuntary and natural a thing for any one to pay passing tribute to a pretty girl as for the summer wind to kiss the clover. Serene read the momentary impulse better than he did himself, and took the buds with deepening color and a beating heart.

"He gives them to me because he thinks I look like that," she thought with a quick, happy thrill.

"Yes," he went on, rather confusedly, his mind being divided between what he was saying and a curiosity to find out if she would be as angry as she was the last time if he should try to kiss the nearest pink cheek; "I think it would be a good idea for you to keep on with your algebra by yourself, and you might read that history you began. I don't know who 's going to have the school next fall. Now, if I were going to be here this summer, I —"

"Why, Don," Serene interrupted him, using the name she had not often spoken since Adoniram Jessup, after a couple of years in the High School, had come back to live at home, and to teach in their district, — "Why, Don, I

thought your mother said you were going to help on the farm this summer."

Adoniram smiled, a thin-lipped, complacent little smile.

"Father did talk that some, but I've decided to go West—and I start to-morrow."

To-morrow! And that great, hungry West, which swallows people up so remorselessly! Something ailed Serene's heart; she hoped he could not hear it beating, and she waited a minute before saying quietly:

"Is n't this sort of sudden?"

"I don't like to air my plans too much. There's many a slip, you know."

"You'll want to come up to the house, and say good-by to the folks, and tell us all about it?" As he nodded assent, she turned and preceded him up the narrow path.

"When will you be back?" she asked over her shoulder.

"Maybe never. If I have any luck I'd like the old people to come out to me. I'm not leaving anything else here."

"You need n't have told me so," said Serene to herself.

"Father, boys, here's Don come in to say good-by. He's going West to-morrow."

"Well, 'Doniram Jessup! Why don't you give us a s'prise party and be done with it?"

Don smiled cheerfully at this tribute to his secretive powers, and, sitting down on the edge of the porch, began to explain.

Serene glanced around to see that all were listening, and then slipped quietly out through the kitchen to the high back porch, where she found a seat behind the new patent "creamery," and, leaning her head against it, indulged in the luxury of a few dry sobs. Tears she dared not shed, for tears leave traces. Though "sparkin'" had not been Serene's line, love may come to any human creature, and little Serene had learned more that spring than the teacher had meant to impart or she to acquire.

When the five minutes she had allotted to her grief were past, she went back to the group at the front of the house as unnoticed as she had left them. Her father was chaffing Jessup good-naturedly on his need of more room to grow in, and Don was responding with placid ease. It was not chaff, indeed, that could disturb his convictions as to his personal importance to the development of the great West. Presently he rose and shook hands with them all, including herself,—for whom he had no special word,—said a general good-by, and left them.

"He's thinking of himself," thought Serene a little bitterly, as she watched him go down the yard; "he is so full of his plans and his future he hardly knows I am here. I don't believe he ever knew it!"

To most people the loss of the possible af-

fection of Don Jessup would not have seemed a heavy one, but the human heart is an incomprehensible thing, and the next six weeks were hard for Serene. For the first time in her life she realized how much we can want that which we may not have, and she rebelled against the knowledge.

"Why?" she asked herself, and "why?" Why should she have cared, since he, it seemed, did not? Why could n't she stop caring now? And, oh, why had he been so dangerously kind when he did not care? Poor little Serene! she did not know that we involuntarily feel a tenderness almost as exquisite as that of love itself toward whatever feeds the fountain of our vanity.

Presently, tired of asking herself, she turned to asking Heaven, which is easier. For we cannot comfortably blame ourselves for the inability to answer our own inconvenient inquiries, but Heaven we can both ask and blame. Serene had never troubled Heaven much before, but now, in desperation, she battered at its portals night and day. She did not pray, you understand, to be given the love which many small signs had taught her to believe might be hers, the love that nevertheless had not come near to her. Though young, she was reasonable. She instinctively recognized that when we cannot be happy it is necessary for us to be comfortable, if we are still to live. So, after a week or two of rebellion, she asked for peace, sure that if it existed for her anywhere in the universe, God held it in his keeping, for, now, no mortal did.

She prayed as she went about her work by day; she prayed as she knelt by her window at evening looking out on the star-lit world; she prayed when she woke late in the night and found her room full of the desolate white light of the waning moon, and always the same prayer.

"Lord," said Serene, "this is a little thing that I am going through. Make me feel that it is a little thing. Make me stop caring. But if you *can't*, then show me that you care that I'm not happy. If I could feel you knew and cared, I think I might be happier." But in her heart she felt no answer, and peace did not come to fill the place of happiness.

In our most miserable hours fantastic troubles and apprehensions of the impossible often come to heap themselves upon our real griefs, making up a load which is heavier than we can bear. Serene began to wonder if God heard, if he was there at all.

Her people noticed that she grew thin and tired-looking, and attributed it to the fierce hot weather. For it was the strange summer long remembered in the inland county where they lived as the season of the great drought. There had been a heavy snowfall late in April; from

that time till late in August no rain fell. The heat was terrible. Dust was everywhere; the passage of time from one scorching week to another was measured by the thickening of its heavy inches on the highway; it rose in clouds about the feet of cattle in the burnt-up clover-fields. The roadside grass turned to tinder, and where a careless match had been dropped, or the ashes shaken from a pipe, there were long black stretches of seared ground to tell the tale. The resurrection of the dead seemed no greater miracle than that these blackened fields should shortly turn to living green again, under the quiet influence of autumn rains.

And now, in the early days of August, when the skies were brass, the sun a tongue of flame, and the yellow dust pervaded the air like an ever-thickening fog, a strange story came creeping up from the country south of them. "Down in Paulding," where much of the land still lay under the primeval forest, and solitary sawmills were the advance-guards of civilization; where there were great marshes, deep woods, and one impenetrable tamarack swamp, seemed the proper place for such a thing to happen if it were to happen at all. The story was of a farmer who went out one Sunday morning to look at his corn-field, forty good acres of newly cleared land, plowed this year only for the second time. The stunted stalks quivered in the hot air, panting for water; the blades were drooping and wilted like the leaves of a plant torn up from the ground. He looked from his blasted crop to the pitiless skies, and, lifting a menacing hand, cursed Heaven because of it. Those who told the story quoted the words he used, with voices awkwardly lowered; but there was nothing impressive in his vulgar, insensate defiance. He was merely swearing a shade more imaginatively than was his wont. The impressive thing was that, as he stood with upraised hand and cursing lips, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and stood rooted to the spot, holding up the threatening arm, which was never to be lowered. This was the first story. They heard stranger things afterward: that his family were unable to remove him from the spot; that he was burning with an inward fire that did not consume, and no man dared to lay hand on him, or even approach him, because of the heat of his body.

It was said that this was clearly a judgment, and it was much talked of and wondered over. Serene listened to these stories with a singular exultation, and devoutly trusted that they were true. She had needed a visible miracle, and here was one to her hand. Why should not such things happen now as well as in Bible days? And if the Lord descended in justice, why not in mercy? The thing she hungered

for was to know that he kept in touch with each individual human life, that he listened, that he cared. If he heard the voice of blasphemy, then surely he was not deaf to that of praise—or agony. She said to herself feverishly, "I must know, I must see for myself, if it is true."

She said to her father: "Don't you think I might go down to Aunt Mari's in Paulding for a week? It does seem as if it might be cooler down there in the woods," and her tired face attested her need of change and rest. He looked at her with kindly eyes.

"Don't s'pose it will do you no great harm, if your mother 'll manage without you; but your Aunt Mari's house ain't as cool as this one, Serene."

"It's different, anyhow," said the girl, and went away to write a postal-card to Aunt Mari and to pack her valise.

When she set out, in a day or two, it was with as high a hope as ever French peasant maid went on pilgrimage to Loretto. She hoped to be cured of all her spiritual ills, but how, she hardly knew. The trip was one they often made with horses, but Serene, going alone, took the new railroad that ran southward into the heart of the forests and the swamps. Her cousin Dan, with his colt and road-cart, met her at the clearing, where a shed beside a water-tank did duty for town and station, and took her home. Her Aunt Mari was getting dinner, and, after removing her hat, Serene went out to the kitchen, and sat down on the settee. The day was stifling, and the kitchen was overheated, but Aunt Mari was standing over the stove frying ham with unimpaired serenity.

"Well, and so you thought it would be cooler down here, Serene? I'm real glad to see you, but I can't promise much of nothin' about the weather. We've suffered as much as most down here."

Serene saw her opportunity.

"We heard your corn was worse than it is with us. What was there in that story, Aunt Mari, about the man who was paralyzed on a Sunday morning?"

"Par'lyzed, child? I don't know as I just know what you mean."

"But he lived real near here," persisted Serene—"two miles south and three east of the station, they said. That would be just south of here. And we've heard a good deal about it. You must know, Aunt Mari."

"Must be old man Burley's sunstroke. That's the only thing that's happened, and there was some talk about that. He's a Dunkard, you know, and they are mightily set on their church. Week ago Sunday was their day for love-feast, and it was a hundred an' seven in the shade. He had n't been feelin' well, and his wife she just begged him not to go out;

but he said he guessed the Lord could n't make any weather too hot for him to go to church in. So he just hitched up and started, but he got a sunstroke before he was half-way there, and they had to turn round and bring him home again. He come to all right, but he ain't well yet. Some folks thinks what he said 'bout the weather was pretty presumptuous, but I dunno. Seems if he might use some freedom of speech with the Lord if anybody could, for he's been a profitable servant. A good man has some rights. I don't hold with gossipin' 'bout such things, and callin' on 'em 'visitations' when they happen to better folks than me—why, Serene! what's the matter?" in a shrill crescendo of alarm, for the heat, the journey, and the disappointment had been too much for the girl. Her head swam as she grasped the gist of her aunt's story, and perceived that upon this simple foundation must have been built the lurid tale which had drawn her here, and for the first time in her healthy, unemotional life she quietly fainted away.

When she came to herself she was lying on the bed in Aunt Mari's spare room. The spare room was under the western eaves, and there were feathers on the bed. Up the stairway from the kitchen floated the pervasive odor of frying ham. A circle of anxious people, whose presence made the stuffy room still stuffier, were eagerly watching her. Opening her languid eyes to these material discomforts of her situation, she closed them again. She felt very ill, and the only thing in her mind was the conviction that had overtaken her just as she fainted—"Then God is no nearer in Paulding than at home."

As the result of closing her eyes seemed to be the deluging of her face with water until she choked, she decided to reopen them.

"Well," said Aunt Mari, heartily, "that looks more like. How do you feel, Serene? Was n't it sing'lar that you should go off so, just when I was tellin' you 'bout 'Lishe Burley's sunstroke? I declare, I was frightened when I looked round and saw you. Your uncle would bring you up here and put you on the bed, though I told him 't was cooler in the settin'-room. But he seemed to think this was the thing to do."

"I wish he 'd take me down again," said Serene, feebly and ungratefully, "and" (after deliberation) "put me in the spring-house."

"What you need is somethin' to eat," said Aunt Mari with decision. "I'll make you a cup of hot tea, and" (not heeding the gesture of dissent) "I don't believe that ham's cold yet."

Serene had come to stay a week, and a week accordingly she stayed. The days were very long and very hot; the nights on the feather-

bed under the eaves still longer and hotter. She had very little to say for herself, and thought still less. There is a form of despair which amounts to coma.

"Serene's never what you might call sprightly," observed Aunt Mari in confidence to Uncle Dan'el, "but this time, seems if—well, I s'pose it 's the weather. Wonder if I'll ever see any weather on this earth to make me stop talkin'?" It was a relief all around when the day came for her departure.

"I'll do better next time, Aunt Mari," said Serene as she stepped aboard the train; but she did not much care that she had not done well this time.

When the short journey was half over, the train made a longer stop than usual at one of the way stations. Then, after some talking, the passengers gradually left the car. Serene noticed these things vaguely, but paid no attention to their meaning. Presently a friendly brakeman approached and touched her on the shoulder.

"Did n't you hear 'em say, miss, there was a freight wreck ahead, and we can't go on till the track is clear?"

"How long will it be?" asked Serene, slowly finding the way out of her reverie.

"Mebbe two hours now, and mebbe longer. I'll carry your bag into the depot, if you like," and he possessed himself of the shiny black valise seamed with grayish cracks, and led the way out of the car.

The station at Arkswheel is a small and grimy structure set down on a cinder-bank. Across the street on one corner is a foundry, and opposite that a stave-factory with a lumber-yard about it. In the shadow of the piled-up staves, like a lily among thorns, stands a Gothic chapel, small, but architecturally good. Serene, looking out of the dusty window, saw it, and wondered that a church should be planted in such a place. When, presently, although it was a week-day, the bell began to ring, she turned to a woman sitting next to her for an explanation.

"That 's the church Mr. Bellington built. He owns the foundry here. They have meeting there 'most any time. 'Piscopal, it is."

"I don't know much about that denomination," observed Serene, sedately.

"My husband's sister-in-law that I visit here goes there. She says her minister just does take the cake. They think the world an' all of him."

Serene no longer looked interested. The woman rose, and walked about the room, examining the maps and time-tables. By and by she came back and stopped beside Serene.

"If we've got to wait here till nobody knows when, we might just as well go over

there and see what 's goin' on—to the church, I mean. Mebbe 't would pass the time."

Inside the little church the light was so subdued that it almost produced the grateful effect of coolness. As they sat down behind the small and scattered congregation, Serene felt that it was a place to rest. The service, which she had never heard before, affected her like music that she did not understand. The rector was a young man with a heavily lined face. His eyes were dark and troubled, his voice sweet and penetrating. When he began his sermon she became suddenly aware that she was hearing some one to whom what he discerned of spiritual truth was the overwhelmingly important thing in life, and she listened eagerly. This was St. Bartholomew's day, it appeared. Serene did not remember very clearly who he was, but she understood this preacher when, dropping his notes and leaning over his desk, he seemed to be scrutinizing each individual face in the audience before him to find one responsive to his words.

He was not minded, he said, to talk to them of any lesson to be drawn from the life of St. Bartholomew, of whom so little was known save that he lived in and suffered for the faith. The one thought that he had to give had occurred to him in connection with that bloody night's work in France so long ago, of which this was the anniversary, when thousands were put to death because of their faith.

"Such things do not happen nowadays," he went on. "That form of persecution is over. Instead of it we have seen the dawning of what may be a darker day, when those who profess the faith of Christ have themselves turned to persecute the faith which is in their hearts. Faith—the word means to me that trust in God's plans for us which brings confidence to the soul even when we stand in horrible fear of life, and mental peace even when we are facing that which we cannot understand. We persecute our faith in many most ingenious ways, but perhaps those torture themselves most whose religion is most emotional—those who are only sure that God is with them when they feel the peace of his presence in their hearts. A great divine said long ago that to love God thus is to love him for the spiritual loaves and fishes, which he does not mean always to be our food. But for those who think that he is not with them when they are unaware of his presence so, I have this word: When you cannot find God in your hearts, then turn and look for him in your lives. When you are soul-sick, discouraged, unhappy; when you feel neither joy nor peace, nor even the comfort of a dull satisfaction in earth; when life is nothing to you, and you wish for death, then ask yourself, What does God mean by this? For there is surely some lesson for you

in that pain which you must learn before you leave it. You are not so young as to believe that you were meant for happiness. You know that you were made for discipline. And the discipline of life is the learning of the things *God wishes us to know*, even in hardest ways. But he is in the things we must learn, and in the ways we learn them. There is a marginal reading of the first chapter of the revised version of the Gospel of St. John which conveys my meaning: 'That which hath been made was life in him, and the life [or, as some commentators read, and I prefer it, simply *life*] was the light of men.' That is, before Christ's coming the light of men was in the experience to be gained in the lives he gave them. And it is still true. Not his life only, then, but your life and mine, which we know to the bitter-sweet depths, and whose lessons grow clearer and clearer before us, are to guide us. Life *is* the light of men. I sometimes think that this, and this only, is rejecting Christ—to refuse to find him in the life he gives us."

Serene heard no more. What else was said she did not know. She had seized upon his words, and was applying them to her own experiences with a fast-beating heart, to see if haply she had learned anything by them that "God wanted her to know." She had loved unselfishly. Was not that something? She had learned that despair and distrust are not the attitudes in which loss may be safely met. She had become conscious in a blind way that the world was larger and nearer to her than it used to be, and she was coming to feel a sense of community in all human suffering. Were not all these good things?

When the congregation knelt for the last prayer Serene knelt with them, but did not rise again. She did not respond even when her companion touched her on the shoulder before turning to go. She could not lift her face just then, full as it was of that strange rapture which came of the sudden clear realization that her life was the tool in the hands of the Infinite by which her soul was shaped. "Let me be chastened forever," the heart cries in such a moment, "so that I but learn more of thy ways!"

Some one came slowly down the aisle at last, and stopped, hesitating, beside the pew where she still knelt. Serene looked up. It was the rector. He saw a slender girl in unbecoming dress, whose wild-rose face was quivering with excitement. She saw a man, not old, whose thin features nevertheless wore the look of one who has faced life for a long time dauntlessly—the face of a good fighter.

"Oh, sir, is it true what you said?" she demanded breathlessly.

"It is what I live upon," he answered, "the belief that it is true." And then, because he saw

that she had no further need of him, he passed on, and left her in the little church alone. When at length she recrossed the street to the station, the train was ready, and in another hour she was at home.

They were glad to see her at home, and they had a great deal to tell that had happened to them in the week. They wondered a little that she did not relate more concerning her journey, but they were used to Serene's silences, and her mother was satisfied with the effect of the visit when she observed that Serene seemed to take pleasure in everything she did, even in the washing of the supper-dishes.

There were threatening clouds in the sky that

evening, as there had often been before that summer, but people were weary of saying that it looked like a shower. Nevertheless, when Serene awoke in the night, not only was there vivid lightning in the sky, and the roll of distant but approaching thunder, but there was also the unfamiliar sound of rain blown sharply against the roof, and a delicious coolness in the room. The long drought was broken.

She sat up in her white bed to hear the joyful sounds more clearly. It was as though the thunder said, "Lift up your heart!" And the rapturous throbbing of the rain seemed like the gracious downpouring of a needed shower on her own parched and thirsty life.

Cornelia Atwood Pratt.



WAR CORRESPONDENCE AS A FINE ART.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



IT is the foible of the veteran to be the *laudator temporis acti*. I must speak mostly in the past tense of the craft of which I have been an humble follower. Not, however, because I can pursue it no more; but because its conditions are being so altered that it may be said, I fear, to have ceased to be the fine art into which zeal, energy, and contrivance elevated it for a brief term. It is now an avocation, at once simplified and controlled by precise and restraining limitations. In all future European wars, by an international arrangement, the hand of the censor will lie heavy on the war correspondent. He will be a mere transmitter, by strictly specified channels, of carefully revised intelligence liable to be altered, falsified, canceled, or detained at the discretion of the official set in authority over him. I am far from objecting to the changed conditions, in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news. The point I desire to emphasize is simply this, that the new order of things has taken war correspondence out of the category of the fine arts.

It was by slow degrees that it had attained that position. In a sense Julius Cæsar was a war

correspondent; only he did not send his "Commentaries" piecemeal from the "theater of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace-time. The old "Swedish Intelligencer" of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war correspondence; published indeed tardily, compared with our news of to-day, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare. The first modern war correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man, only recently dead, who was sent to Spain by the "Morning Post" with the "Spanish Legion," which Sir de Lacy Evans commanded in 1837 in the service of the Queen of Spain. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English paper was represented in the great battles of the First and Second Punjab wars. When, at the outset of the Crimean war, in the early summer of 1854, William Howard Russell presented himself to old Sir George Brown in the roadstead of Malta, announcing himself as the correspondent of the "Times," and tendering an authorization from the Minister of War, the apparition was regarded not so much in the light of a revolution, as of an unprecedented and astounding phenomenon. But Russell's credentials could not be ignored, and

all the world knows how he became the pen of the war, and how his vigorous exposure of abuses, neglect, and mismanagement contributed mainly to the rescue from absolute extermination of the British army wintering in misery on the Sevastopol plateau. Other papers followed the lead given them by the "Times," and the "Illustrated London News" had its artist-correspondent at the Crimea in the person of Mr. William Simpson, now a veteran, but still traveling and sketching for the journal with which he has been identified for nearly forty years.

Russell represented the "Times" in the war in Denmark in 1864, when that poor, gallant kingdom suffered so severely at the hands of the twin bullies, Prussia and Austria; and he was again in the field in 1866, when the bullies, having fallen out over their Danish spoils, turned their weapons on each other in the Seven-Weeks' war of 1866. By this time war correspondence, if not yet a profession, was becoming a necessity for all our important papers. Russell and the late Colonel C. B. Brackenbury were for the "Times" with the Austrian army; it was represented with the Prussians by Captain Henry Hozier, whose book on the war is a standard authority. Mr. William Black, then unknown to fame as a novel-writer, wrote war-letters to the now defunct "Morning Star," and Mr. Hilary Skinner was the bright and versatile representative of the "Daily News." Quite a little army of war correspondents accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867. Of those who then marched with Napier two are still alive and available for service to-day—George A. Henty, the voluminous author of books dear to boys, and Frederick Boyle, who, besides being a war correspondent of repute, is a novelist, and has been a traveler even unto the ends of the earth. The journalistic honors of the expedition rested with Henry M. Stanley, then one of the youngsters, but born alert and enterprising. He rode to the coast with the news of the fall of Magdala, and it was his message which communicated the tidings of that event both to England and America. I should have mentioned that Russell described for the "Times" many of the battles and shared many of the dangers of the Indian mutiny in 1857-58, as a received member of Lord Clyde's headquarters staff, and that Mr. Bowlby, a barrister, and a "Times" correspondent with the British forces in the war with China in 1860, having been taken prisoner by the Chinese, was murdered by them with the cruelest barbarity, being thus the first war correspondent of an Old World newspaper to meet a violent death in the line of duty.

The war journalists who, previous to the Franco-German war of 1870, made for themselves name and fame achieved their triumphs

by the vivid force of their descriptions, by their fearless truthfulness, by their stanchness under hardships and disease. They had no telegraph-wire to be at once their boon and their curse; for them, in the transmission of their work, there was seldom any other expedient than the ordinary post from the camp or the base; or, at the best, a special express messenger. I can recall no instance (in the Old World) in which a war correspondent, before 1870, succeeded in anticipating all other machinery in forwarding the tidings of an important event. The electric telegraph had been but sparingly used in the Austro-Prussian war; in the Franco-German war it was to revolutionize the methods of war correspondence. But the conservative spirit of the Old World was singularly illustrated in the tardiness, the apparent reluctance, indeed, with which the revolutionizing agency was accepted. In the great contest of the American civil war the wires had been utilized with a copiousness and an alacrity and an ingenuity which should have been full of suggestiveness to the war journalism of Europe. But this was not so. The outbreak of the war of 1870 was accompanied by no stirring of the dry bones. At Saarbrück, on the French frontier, the point for which instinct had led me to make when war was declared, there was an immediate concentration of momentary interest scarcely surpassed later anywhere else; yet to no one of the correspondents gathered there, whether veteran or recruit, had come the inspiration of telegraphing letters in full, a practice now so universally resorted to in war-time that letters sent by post are an obsolete tradition. For the moment press telegrams from Saarbrück were prohibited; and we supinely accepted the situation and resorted to the post, no man recognizing, or, at all events, acting on the recognition, that from the nearest telegraph-office in the Duchy of Luxembourg, attainable by a few hours' railway journey, the despatch of messages was quite unrestricted. Enterprise thus far was dead, or, rather, had never been born. The stark struggle of the Spicheren, fought out within two miles of the frontier, was described in letters sent by the slow and tortuous mail-train. The descriptions of the important battles of Wörth and of Courcelles were transmitted in the same unenterprising fashion. The world's history has no record of more desperate fighting than that which raged the livelong summer day on the platform of Mars-la-Tour. The accounts of that bloody combat went to England per field-post and mail-train; yet the Saarbrück telegraph-office, from which the embargo had been removed, was within a six-hours' ride of the field. The battle of Gravelotte did get itself described, after a fashion, over the wires; but it was no Englishman who accomplished this

pioneer achievement. The credit thereof accrues to an alert American journalist named Hands, who was one of the representatives of the New York "Tribune." Whether, when the long strife was dying away in the darkness, the spirit suddenly moved this quiet little man, or whether he had prearranged the undertaking, I do not know; nor do I know whether he carried or whether he sent his message to the Saarbrück telegraph-office. But this is certain, that it got there in time to be printed in New York on the day but one after the battle. British correspondents were on the field in some strength; American journalism was represented by such masters of the craft as Moncure D. Conway and Murat Halstead; but it remained for obscure little Hands to make the *coup*. It was, indeed, no great achievement intrinsically, looked back on now in the light of later developments; yet Hands's half-column telegram has the right to stand monumentally as the first attempt in the Old World to describe a battle over the telegraph-wires.

Sedan was marked by efforts of journalistic enterprise, crude, it is true, but indicative, at least, of energy. Again it was the New York "Tribune" which took "first spear"; only, the wielder of the weapon was this time a Briton. Holt White, a man whose abilities should have given him a better fate than a premature death in an Australian hospital, was with the Germans on the day so unfortunate for France. He stood by Sheridan when Napoleon's letter of surrender was handed by General Reillé to old Wilhelm; the napkin that had constituted Reillé's flag of truce was given him as a souvenir. And then with dauntless courage he walked right across the battle-field through the still glowing embers of the battle, reached the frontier, made for the nearest railway station, and got to Brussels early next morning. He could not telegraph from there. His own story was that when he tendered his message, the people at the office refused to transmit it, scouting him as either a lunatic, or a "bear" bent on creating a panic on the stock-exchange; but I have heard that he had not the cash with him to pay for a long message. Anyhow, he came on to London, getting there the day but one after the battle, in time for a short synopsis of his narrative to be printed in a late edition of the "Pall Mall Gazette." It appeared at length in next morning's "Tribune."

Dr. Russell of the "Times" and Mr. Hilary Skinner of the "Daily News" were attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, and were billeted together. The following story regarding them was current at the time, and is, I believe, substantially true. All night long, seated at the same table, they wrote steadily. In the morning each elaborately and ostentatiously sent a big budget to the field-post wagon. Presently

Skinner, in his airy way, ordered his horse, explaining to Russell that he thought of riding over the battle-field. "Happy thought!" cried Russell; "my letter is off my mind, and I will go too." On they rode through the slaughter till they reached the Belgian frontier, when Skinner, with a fluttering jauntiness, chirruped: "Well, Russell, good-by for an hour or two; I'll just ride on into Bouillon, and get a morsel of luncheon there." "Faith," remarked Russell, with all imaginable innocence, "I'm hungry too; I don't mind if I go with you." So they rode, and they lunched, and they remounted; and then they started, but not by the way they had come; indeed, in the contrary direction. Then it was that they looked each other straight in the face and burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter. Each from the first had meant going through to England: they came on together.

Personally in those days, however enterprising were my aspirations, I had no means to make the most trivial attempt to realize them. I represented a paper then which had sent me into the field not lavishly equipped with financial resources. I was not mounted; I had no relations with any staff; I tramped with the soldiers, knapsack on my back. I saw then more of the real core of great events than I ever did later, but to what purpose? All I could do was to drop my missives into the field-post wagon, to a tedious and precarious fate. I too had gone across the frontier to Bouillon, tramping the distance, and was cooking a piece of meat at a fire I had kindled in the dry bed of the rivulet under the hotel window at which Russell and Skinner were lunching. I saw them mount, and envied them from the bottom of my heart, as, trim and spruce, they cantered away from the front of the Bouillon inn. I should not have thought of accosting them; they were of the *élite* of the profession; I was among the novices.

But presently better things befell me. The "Daily News" took me on its strength, and sent me to the siege of Metz with plenty of money and the most unrestricted injunctions to be enterprising, laid upon me by Mr. J. R. Robinson, the far-sighted and clear-headed manager of that journal. But I come of a race whose untutored impulse is to bewail the occasion on which "bang goes saxepe," and I had been stunted by the conservatism of my earlier newspaper. I wanted courage to be lavish, no matter how tempting the opening, and look back on my niggardly sacrifice of opportunities with sincere self-contempt. Thus I was the only spectator of the stubborn fight of Mézières-les-Metz on October 7, 1870, a combat that was the immediate antecedent of Bazaine's surrender; but I could not let loose about it over the telegraph-wires to a greater length than half a column.

A greater opportunity still I let slip when Metz capitulated. It was a rare chance; probably such another can never offer itself to the war journalist. So far as I knew, there was no rival nearer than the frontier. I was quick to enter the beleaguered city; from an American who had been inside the place throughout the siege I gathered a great mass of information; I saw the garrison surrender, and Bazaine drive away to the railway station; I visited the hospitals, talked with military and civilian Frenchmen, and wrote all night in a room in the Hôtel de l'Europe in the grand old city by the Moselle. Of course I should have hurried by road or rail over the forty-five miles to Saarbrück, there written for my very life, and sent sheet by sheet to the telegraph-office as each was finished. *Mea culpa*; and it is no palliation of my lack of alacrity that, dull as I was, I was ahead of my comrades.

But there was a real live man among us, although scarcely of us; a man whose trade was not war correspondence, yet who did a piece of work in that department which was a veritable example of fine art. The capitulation of Metz was consummated on the 28th of October, 1870. The morning but one after this event all England was startled by a telegram which appeared in the "Daily News." This memorable despatch, printed verbatim from the telegraphic slips, was over two columns in length, and described with minute detail, with admirable vigor, with effective if restrained picturesqueness, the events and incidents of the surrender. On the day after its appearance in the "Daily News" the "Times" quoted the message in full, with the introductory comment that it envied its contemporary "so admirable a correspondent." The credit of being that "admirable correspondent" was long ascribed to me; and notwithstanding repudiation on my part,—for no honest man can endure to enjoy credit which is not justly his,—I believe myself still generally regarded as the author of this unforgotten telegram. I sincerely wish that were so; but the truth is that I was then among the unemancipated. I had done my best according to my lights, and blindly thought I had done passing well. So far as I knew, I had entered Metz a whole day in advance of any rival; as I rode to Courcelles in the morning to post the long letter which I had spent the night in writing, I had met the earliest of my competitors on his way to the surrendered city. A few days after the capitulation I was breakfasting in a Metz hotel, when a "Daily News" containing the long telegram I have been telling of was handed to me. The sense of self-abasement, as I read it, turned me physically sick. I had been smugly believing in myself; and here was the crushing

evidence how completely and mysteriously my eye had been wiped. It was stern teaching; I all but succumbed under it, but took heart of grace, and swore to profit by the lesson. It was not until some time later that I learned who the man was that had thus at a stroke revolutionized war correspondence in the Old World; for this, in effect, was what, all unwittingly, this outsider had done. A young surgeon, a German-American named Müller, was professionally attached to one of the ambulances or field-hospitals of the German army that had been beleaguering Metz. On his way from America to the seat of war, he had accepted in London some kind of journalistic commission to do any work that might casually come in his way, not incompatible with the professional functions which he intended to undertake. Probably as a volunteer he had more time at his disposal than if he had been a surgeon of the regular service.

Anyhow, he saw the capitulation, looked on at the taking over of the Porte Serpenoise by the German troops, witnessed the march out of Bazaine's dejected cohorts, penetrated into the city, and was in the vortex of the confusion and anarchy temporarily reigning there. He and I may have rubbed shoulders in the Place d'Armes. Then, having "taken in" the whole situation, he set about utilizing his advantage in the most effective, daring, and purposeful manner. He rode out of Metz away northward along the Moselle valley, through a region infested by franc-tireurs, through villages bitterly hostile to the Germans, past the venomous cannon of Thionville—he rode, I say, the long forty miles north to the Luxembourg frontier, and, crossing it, reached a village called Esch, a place so petty that it is marked on few maps and is named in no gazetteer. How he got his long telegram expedited from this hamlet I know not, but there is no question that he did somehow; and then, strange to tell, he vanished utterly, *abiiit, evasit, erupit*. The man who had made what I do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest journalistic *coup* of our time on this side of the Atlantic, effaced himself utterly thenceforward. No laurels twined themselves around his name, which to all, save a few, is now for the first time revealed. I do not even know that he was aware he had earned any laurels. I have never seen the man in the flesh, much and often as I have tried to do so. In a word, of Müller it may be said, *stat nominis umbra*.

But this brilliant Müller-flash stirred in us all a new conception of our *raison d'être*. We had of course previously been aware that it was our duty to see all that we could see, know all that we could know; but we had not adequately realized that the accomplishment of

this to its fullest was merely a means to an end. At a casual glance it might seem that the chief qualification requisite in the modern war correspondent is that he should be a brilliant writer; able so to describe a battle that his reader may glow with the enthusiasm of the victory, and weep for the anguish of the groaning wounded. The capacity to do this is unquestionless a useful faculty enough; but it is not everything—nay, it is not even among the leading qualifications. For the modern world lives so fast, and is so voracious for what has come to be called the “earliest intelligence,” that the man whose main gift is that he can paint pictures with his pen is beaten and overshadowed by the swift, alert man of action who can get his budget of dry, concise, comprehensive facts into print twenty-four hours in advance of the most graphic description that ever stirred the blood. In modern war correspondence the race is emphatically to the swift, the battle to the strong. The best organizer of means for expediting his news, he it is who is the most successful man; not your coiner of striking phrases, your piler up of coruscating adjectives.

Müller, it is true, opened our eyes to a new comprehension of our most urgent duty; yet the scales did not fall from them until long after they were opened. It is strange now to look back on the supineness, throughout the Franco-German war, in what I may call craft, and on the feebleness of the practical recognition of opportunity. It cannot be said that there is any fine art in the dropping of a letter into a slit in the side of a field-post wagon, yet that method of despatch was the all but invariable resort. Occasionally, when anything important occurred, Russell might send his courier to Sedan, where the “Times” had located a forwarding agent; but the journey from Versailles to Sedan was tedious, and the train service irregular. He and, I think, Skinner of the “Daily News” also, were allowed, on special application for each message, to send short messages to England over the wires; I had the same privilege at the headquarters of the army which the Crown Prince of Saxony commanded; and Bismarck allowed Mr. Kingston, the accomplished representative of the “Daily Telegraph,” to wire at length the conditions of the capitulation of Paris. But such devices and facilities were simply tantalizing alike to the correspondent and to his public. There was, as a general thing, no *via media* between them and the routine crudeness of the field-post wagon. In a measure, indeed, I had been so fortunate as to discern where lay the *via media*, and to utilize it. From the beginning of November, 1870, until the fall of Paris in the end of January, 1871, my sphere of duty was

in the north and east sections of the environment, and the celerity with which my correspondence reached its destination and appeared in print created not a little surprise and speculation as to my methods. A respected colleague, perhaps I should rather say rival, on the same ground, although in subsidiary headquarters, was so stung by this superior celerity that, in the conviction that it must be owing to telegraphic facilities accorded to me, he made an official complaint of the undue favoritism which he believed I enjoyed. He was assured that there was no such favoritism, and remained bewildered and dissatisfied until the end. The Crown Prince of Saxony's chief of staff told me of this complaint, and desired that I should explain to him the method by which I accomplished the exceptional rapidity of transmission which he as a newspaper reader had observed. I revealed to him the extremely simple secret, under pledge that he should respect the confidence, since I did not devise methods for the behoof of competitors. Some little time afterward I chanced to be dining at the headquarters of Prince George of Saxony, to which my rival was attached, when one of Prince George's staff-officers accused me of post-dating my letters and so giving them a fictitious aspect of freshness. I asked him, if his accusation were true, how it happened that my letters recorded events occurring on the dates they bore, and offered to make a bet with him that if he should then and there inform me of something specific, the information would appear in the “Daily News” of the following morning save one. He accepted the bet, told me of some movement of troops, and presently left the room. I guessed the errand on which he had withdrawn, and, to verify my suspicion, presented myself at the military telegraph-bureau on the way to my sleeping-quarters. “No, no, Herr Forbes,” said the soldier operator, with a grin; “I have orders to take no message from you.” I feigned disappointment, and departed. Next morning my friend of the staff assailed me with fine Saxon badinage, and demanded that I should pay the bet, which I must know I had lost. I did not comply with this requisition, and in a few days was in a position to send him a copy of the “Daily News” of the stipulated date containing his piece of information, and to point out that he owed me five thalers.

My secret was so simple that I am ashamed to explain it, yet with one exception I had it all to myself for months. When before Metz I had done my telegraphing from Saarbrück, depositing a sum in the hands of the telegraph-master and forwarding messages to him from the front against this deposit. Before leaving the frontier region I learned that a train start-

ing in the small hours of the morning from a point in rear of the German cordon on the east side of Paris, reached Saarbrück in about fifteen hours. The telegraph-master would receive a letter by this train soon enough to wire its contents to England in time for publication in the London paper of the following morning. I put a considerable sum into his hands to meet the charge of messages reaching him, and arranged with a local banker to keep my credit balance with the telegraph-master always up to a certain figure. Every evening a field-post wagon started from the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters on the north side of Paris, picked up mails at the military post-offices along its route, and reached the railway terminus at Lagny in time to connect with the early morning mail-train to the frontier. At whatever point of my section of the environment of Paris I might find myself, a military post-office served by this post-wagon was within reasonable distance, and my letter, addressed to the Saarbrück telegraph-master, went jogging toward the frontier once every twenty-four hours, with a fair certainty of its contents being in England within twenty-four hours or thereabouts of the time of its being posted. There was surely nothing very subtle or complex in this expedient, yet so far as I know the only other correspondent around Paris to whom it suggested itself was my colleague Mr. Skinner, who posted telegrams from Versailles to his wife at Karlsruhe, whence she transmitted them to London; but I believe he lost a mail because of the greater distance of Versailles from the railway. It was by the simplest method I won my bet with the Saxon staff-officer. As I walked toward my quarters I scribbled his item on a leaf torn from my note-book, put it into an envelope already addressed, and as I passed the post-office quietly dropped the missive into the slot. My visit to the telegraph-office was merely a bluff.

There was perhaps a scintilla of innocent and simple tactic in the device which stood me in such good stead in the winter of 1870-71, but there was certainly nothing in it that could by any stretch of language be called fine art. Nor was there any fine art, but merely some forethought and organization, in the circumstances attending my entrance into Paris immediately after the capitulation, and my rush eastward into Germany to telegraph a detailed account of the condition in which I had found the great city after its long investment. I was fortunate in getting in; I made the best use of my time during the eighteen hours I was in; and I was fortunate in getting out, which I did before any competitor had entered. My scheme was all laid. I had to ride from the Porte de Vincennes on the east side of Paris some twenty miles to catch the day train leav-

ing Lagny for the frontier at 1 P.M. Had all gone well with me, I should have accomplished this without hurrying. But after I had cleared Paris, and thought there were now no more difficulties in front of me, I was detained in the Bois de Vincennes by a cordon of Wurtemberger hussars, whose orders were to turn back all and sundry, and who would not look at the great-headquarters pass I tendered. Such a contretemps as this seems trivial, but it may spell ruin to the correspondent's combinations. After a while, however, an officer whom I knew delivered me, and the Wurtemberger obstacle was overcome. As I rode on, I found that I should have made more allowance for the condition of the roads, long neglected as they had been, and scored across at frequent intervals by the trenches first of the defenders and then of the besiegers. To reach Lagny in time I had to ride my poor horse almost to death; in leaping trenches he had torn off shoe after shoe, and he was quite exhausted when I galloped up to the station just in time to put him in charge of a German cavalry soldier and to jump into the train. It was two o'clock on the following morning when I reached Karlsruhe, which I had chosen as my objective point because I knew the telegraph-office there was open all night. I had to remain in the office while my long message was being despatched, to assist the female telegraphist, who knew only her own language, over the stiles of awkward English words. She released me at seven; at 8 A.M. I was in a return train, and was back in Paris forty hours after I had left it—one of the earliest in of my confraternity on this my second entrance. Walking into the Hôtel Chatham, I found there two journalists who had just arrived from Versailles. I was the victim of their badinage. They had got into Paris before me, from their point of view; and they crowed over this their achievement with great self-complacency. A few days later I saw one of them reading a copy of the "Daily News" containing the telegram which I had sent from Karlsruhe. He did not seem disposed to be facetious any more.

There certainly was a stroke of fine art in the successful arrangements made by the London "Times" to have the earliest detailed account of the entry of the German troops into Paris on the first of March, 1871. William Howard Russell witnessed the grand review by the German emperor, on the Longchamps race-course, of the representative contingents detailed for the temporary occupation of a portion of the French capital; and he accompanied the head of the in-marching column until it reached the Place de la Concorde. Then he joined his colleague, Mr. Kelly, who had been assigned to watch the demeanor of Paris under

the humiliation of a hostile occupation; and about 4 P. M. the pair left the northern terminus in a special train bound for Calais. On the journey Russell dictated to Kelly the account of what he had witnessed, and he remained at Calais, while Kelly, crossing the channel in a special steamer which was in waiting, reached London by special train in time to have his own and Russell's narratives printed in the "Times" of March 2. The "Daily News" had no interest with the "Northern of France" directorate for a special train, and I had to do the best I could without any adventitious advantages. I remember reading a statement in an American paper of the period to the effect that I journeyed surreptitiously by the Russell-Kelly special in the disguise of its fireman; but I need not say that this was a playful invention. I saw the Longchamps review, entered Paris with the German column, and in the Champs Elysées was spoken to by the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of his staff. I immediately became a center of interest on the part of a knot of Frenchmen, who followed me when I quitted the protection of the German cordon, and then promptly raised the cry of "Spy!" I was attacked, knocked down, most of my clothes were torn off me, a sabot split my lip open, and men danced on me and kicked at me while I was being dragged by the legs toward a fountain, in which—such was the expressed intention—I was to be drowned. From this fate I was rescued by a picket of national guards, and presently made good my release. As soon as I was free and had fulfilled a grateful duty toward one who had helped me to my freedom, I hurried to the place where I had engaged a dog-cart with a fast and stout horse to be in readiness. It was neither a safe nor a pleasant ride through Paris to the St. Denis gate. But once outside I could let the horse out, and he made good time over the twelve miles to Margency, the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters, whence I was allowed to despatch a telegram of considerable length to London. That accomplished, I drove back to St. Denis in time to catch the regular evening train for Calais. Writing throughout the journey, I reached London the following morning, brought out a second edition of the "Daily News," which was selling in the streets by eight, and then lay down on the floor of the editor's room and went to sleep, with the London Directory for a pillow. When I awoke at eleven, the manager and his staff were standing over me in great concern, for I still had about me some of the evidences of the little unpleasantness with the gentlemen of the Paris pavement. I started back for Paris the same evening.

It was my turn to get in a little bit of fine

art on the occasion of the triumphal entry into Berlin of the home-returned conquerors, with Kaiser Wilhelm and his generals at their head. That event occurred on Friday, June 16, 1871. I left for Berlin a week earlier. Two days after I had gone the following telegram from me reached the manager of the "Daily News": "Despatch youngster from office, with passport good for France, to report to me at Berlin 14th instant." The manager, wondering to himself what I had in view, despatched a young gentleman, who duly presented himself on the specified date. I fear my friend, who is now a barrister in good practice, has not yet forgiven me for that, during the next two days, I permitted him less liberty than he not unnaturally desired, and did not even allow him to eat at the table d'hôte. The *Einszug*, in all its pomp and fervid national feeling, was over about 6 P. M. After writing and despatching a two-column telegram, I dined leisurely, and about ten o'clock sat down to write a full narrative of what I had seen on this memorable day. Soon after five o'clock next morning I wrote the last words of a letter more than five columns long; then I went round to the Dorotheen Strasse and got from my two colleagues their contributions. Returning to my own quarters, I roused my young coadjutor, ordered breakfast for him, and while he was feeding I made up my packet. Then I instructed him—by this time it was nearly seven o'clock—to start forthwith for the Potsdamer railway station, take a second-class ticket for Brussels, get early into his carriage, and keep out of sight till the train started at eight. On reaching Brussels, he was to buy another ticket for London, via Calais by the Calais train leaving Brussels soon after his arrival there. Following this route, he would reach London at 6 P. M. on Sunday, when he was to go immediately to the office and deliver his despatches.

All went well. I reached the station shortly before eight, and found there the correspondents of all the other London papers, who had come to consign their letters to the post-office van attached to the outgoing train. I too dropped a bulky envelop into the slot, in the eyes of all beholders, the contents of said envelop consisting exclusively of blotting-paper. I caught a glimpse of my emissary as the train rolled out of the station, and then went to breakfast in the serene confidence of success. The confidence was justified. On the Monday morning the "Daily News" had a page and a half descriptive of the entry; no other paper had a line. Their letters did not appear until the following morning.

The accomplishment of this priority was simply the result of the forethought which becomes a second nature in a man concentrated

on the duty he has in hand. On the voyage from Dover to Ostend I remembered that during the recent disturbed condition of France, and because of the diminished passenger traffic to and from the Continent generally, the Sunday day boats between Ostend and Dover were suspended. It occurred to me to ask the captain if they had been put on again. "No," he answered; "they are to begin to run at the beginning of next month." It was then clear to me that the mails leaving Berlin on Saturday morning—the entry was fixed for Friday—would lie in Ostend till late on Sunday night, when the night boat would carry them to Dover, but that thus they would not reach London until 6 A. M. Monday, too late for publication on that day. I knew that Sunday day boats were already running from Calais to Dover, but I knew also that the German mails were not sent by this route. A courier, however, could use it, hence my telegram; my instruction as to his being furnished with a French passport was because I knew that the war-time enforcement of passports at the French frontier had not yet been abolished. It had occurred to no competitor to go into this little problem.

During the campaigns in Spain and Serbia there were not many opportunities for artistic performances, nor did the amount of public interest make expensive organization worth while. But the men engaged in those campaigns were steadily concentrating their energies on the elaboration of improved devices for the swift transmission of news, and the old crude methods were drifting into limbo. The Russo-Turkish war formed a new era in war correspondence. The journalism of both worlds made up its mind to put forth its full strength, when in the spring of 1877 the Russian hosts destined for the invasion of Turkey were slowly massing in the squalid villages of Bessarabia. There had been a thorough awakening as to the advantages of telegraphy in war correspondence, and it was now for the first time thoroughly realized that strategic organization for the rapid transmission of intelligence was a thing sedulously to study. Some of the ideas were no doubt ridiculous. I remember a young correspondent coming to me for advice in a state of abject bewilderment. He had received instructions from the manager of his paper, to the effect that he was to keep himself aloof from both combatants, to flit impartially about the space intervening between them, and to use for telegraphic purposes the offices behind the Turkish



PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. LEONARD.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

DR. THEODORE KÜSTER.

A Typical German Correspondent of the Franco-German war.

front, or those in the Russian rear, according to convenience or proximity. In other words, he was to place himself in the precise position where he could not possibly know anything, with the certainty of being hanged if he escaped being shot.

In the earlier months of this war there was a reciprocal alliance between the "Daily News" and the "New York Herald." The representatives of the former paper in the field were the late J. A. MacGahan (whom I regard as the best war correspondent I have ever known) and myself. The "Herald" sent Frank D. Millet (who has since achieved deserved distinction as a painter, but who, I trust, being still in his prime, has not forsworn the war-path, should occasion call for his services) and that able journalist and genial comrade, Mr. John P. Jackson. When the alliance terminated in the September of the war, I was for-



WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

"Times" Correspondent in the Crimean, Danish, Austro-Prussian, Franco-German wars, and the Indian Mutiny.

fortunate enough to obtain Millet's services for the "Daily News." The organization of our methods of action and the disposition of our forces were matters deliberated on and settled in friendly conclave. The correspondence campaign was regarded a priori from a strictly strategical point of view. Bucharest was the obvious base of operations, as the nearest telegraphic point to the theater of war. But insuperable difficulties would beset the correspondent hurrying back from the field himself, and rushing into the Bucharest telegraph-office with his message partly in his head, partly in his notebook, or forwarding by a courier a hastily written despatch for the wires. For one thing, ready cash in hard money would have to be paid over the counter of the telegraph-office, and gold is the most inconvenient and dangerous thing a correspondent can carry about with him in the

field. For another, the operators knew no language but their own, transmitting mechanically letter by letter, and therefore messages had to be written in plain, round school-hand. I telegraphed for a young gentleman who had previously served me well in Serbia as base-manager, to act in Bucharest in the same capacity. He engaged for our uses a spacious suite of apartments, consisting of an office, manager's private rooms, and a couple of bedrooms to accommodate weary correspondents coming in from the field. Two capable copyists were engaged, to write out, in easily legible characters, messages for the wire brought or sent in by correspondents. The injunctions to the base-manager were that one of these transcribers was to be on the premises night and day, and that he himself was to have constantly in his possession for telegraphic purposes a sum of

at least £300. His duties were to make as amenable as possible the Russian censor, who, from the beginning, had been established in the Bucharest telegraph-office; for which purpose, and for gaining and maintaining the good will and alert service of officials and operators by presents of boxes of cigars, opera tickets, etc., he was authorized to disburse secret-service money with due discretion. Further, he had to gather and transmit what trustworthy news he could pick up in Bucharest; and in pursuit of this duty, he was to present himself frequently at the bureaux of the members of the Roumanian cabinet, call on their wives, and attend their receptions. He also had to be *bien vu* by the foreign ministers to the Roumanian court, especially the British representative.

We four quite amicably arranged the section of front to be covered by each, and there was never any clashing or poaching. Millet was a good deal out of things in the early days, down in the Dobrudscha with Zimmermann, but had a glorious inning with Gourko in and beyond the Balkans after the fall of Plevna. Nothing in the whole range of war correspondence is more brilliant as literature or more instructive in a professional sense than Millet's correspondence during this period; and so thorough was his organization for the transmission of his letters that Gourko was glad to send his despatches, and the Russian officers their private correspondence, by Millet's courier-service. MacGahan was lame all through the war from an accident at its beginning, but lameness had no effect in hindering a man of his temperament from going everywhere and seeing anything; and he was one of three correspondents, all of American nationality, who, having taken the field at the beginning, were still at the post of duty when the treaty of San Stefano was signed.¹ As for myself, until struck down by fever after the September attack on Plevna, I worked very hard and was singularly fortunate. General Ignatieff was very kind in giving me hints as to impending events. Apart from this, I had a curious intuition of a coming battle; I seemed to feel it in my bones; and I almost invariably backed my presentiment with good result. It happened that I was the only English correspondent present at the Russian crossing of the Danube, the capture of Biela, the battle of Plevna of July 30, and the desperate struggle on the Shipka Pass, which lasted from sunrise to sunset of August 24. Villiers, the "Graphic" artist, was my companion on all these occasions.

¹ Mr. Frederic Villiers, the skilful and daring war artist of the "Graphic," was the fourth Anglo-Saxon member of the journalistic craft who endured until the close of the war.

It may be easily imagined that the expenses of a correspondence service conducted on a footing so elaborate were very great; I can only hope that the results justified the cost. Each of us had a wagon and a pair of draft-horses, several saddle-horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion. The purely telegraphic charges were enormous, for almost everything was telegraphed. The scale, if I remember rightly, was about thirty-five cents a word, and I myself sent several messages of more than eight thousand words. But there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not cost too much that was well done. Let me



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

GEORGE A. HENTY.

Correspondent of the "Standard" in the Crimean, Franco-German, Abyssinian, Ashantee and Servian (1876) campaigns.

give one instance. In the early days we were nervous about the Bucharest censor, and on the suggestion of the ingenious Jackson it was determined to establish a pony-express across the Karpathians to Kronstadt in Transylvania, for the despatch thence of telegraph messages which the censor in Bucharest might decline to sanction. That service accordingly was promptly organized. The ground covered was about eighty miles. The stages were ten miles long; eight horses were bought, and eight men engaged to attend to them. When I reached Bucharest on August 2, with the tidings of the Russian defeat before Plevna of July 30, the base-manager assured me that the censor dare not permit its transmission. Thereupon I utilized this Karpathanian express-service, and sent the account of the disaster from the Hungarian town. The Russian military authorities were so satisfied with its tenor that I

realized the censor could no longer obstruct messages to the "Daily News"; so I directed that the pony-express should be disestablished. It had lasted for about nine weeks; it was used once; it cost abominably; and the decision was that it had paid for its keep.

Let me give an instance of the method by which intelligence was expedited. I started from the Danube for the Shipka Pass with four horses and three men. At the end of every twenty miles I dropped a man and horse, with firm orders to the former to be continually on the alert. With a hired pony I rode up from Gabrova to the beginning of the Pass, spent the day of August 26 on the Pass, where no horse had much chance of keeping alive; and at

and "get there" in the face of difficulty on difficulty. A courier may be alert, loyal, and energetic; he may be relied on to try his honest best; but it is not to be thought of him that he will greatly dare and count his life but as dross, when his incentive is merely filthy lucre. When a great stroke is to be made, to lean on a substitute is to forfeit the grand chance.

We acted habitually on certain fundamental axioms. Each man, as I have said, had his individual sphere of action, which altered with the course of events, but to which, whatever and wherever it might be, he habitually restricted himself. But the restriction was elastic. The motto of all was in effect that of the Red Prince—"March on the cannon thunder." When that sound was heard, or when one of us chanced on reasonably good intelligence as to the probable locality of impending fighting, then it behooved that man to disregard all restriction to a specific region, and to ride with all speed for the scene of actual strife. For it was possible that his colleague within whose allotted district the clash of arms was resounding or about to resound, might be hindered from reaching the fray; tidings of it might not have come to him; he might be intent on impending fighting nearer at hand to him, or indeed engaged in watching its actual outbreak and progress; he might be down with sunstroke or Bulgarian fever; all his horses might be lame: in fine, any one of many contingencies might hinder his presence. And if it should happen that two colleagues found themselves spectators together of the same fight, what harm was there? None; but rather it was well, since by dividing between them the field of strife, the course of the battle would be discerned more closely and described more minutely. During the five days' fighting before Plevna in the September of the war, three of us, MacGahan, Jackson, and I, watched that great struggle; and if Millet could have been withdrawn in time from the Dobrudscha, he would have found ample scope as well for his keen insight and brilliant faculty of description. As it was, we did have a fourth colleague before Plevna, in young Salusbury, who was on duty with the Roumanians. Here, as in the wider field, each man had his own allotted place. MacGahan was with his stanch ally Skobelev on the extreme left; and because Skobelev was the fiercest fighter of the Russian chiefs, the opportunities for thrilling narrative of the correspondent attached to him were incomparable, and were incomparably utilized. I had the central section along the Radischevo ridge, and Jackson placidly surveyed the scene of slaughter over against him about the Grivitza redoubt, regardless of the shells which occa-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DEBENHAM & GABELL.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WILLIAM BEATTIE KINGSTON.

"Daily Telegraph" Correspondent in the Franco-German, Servian (1876) and Russo-Turkish war (1877-78).

night, in the belief that Radetski had got a firm grip of the position, I started on the return journey. This I was able, by utilizing horse after horse, to perform at a continuous rapid pace; and so, as I was informed on reaching the imperial headquarters at Gorni Studen, I traveled so fast as to outstrip the official messengers, and brought to the Czar the earliest tidings of the result of the yesterday's fighting. The young officer who was afterward Prince Charles of Bulgaria was so good as to send me from Gorni Studen down to the Danube in his carriage, and I was in Bucharest and telegraphing hard on the following morning. My experience is that no courier is to be resorted to for arduous service on a really momentous occasion. He cannot be expected to swim rivers, ride horses to a standstill, and then run on foot; he has no inducement to smash through obstacles,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. SEBASTI, CONSTANTINOPLE.

ENGRAVED BY F. AITKEN.

J. A. MACGAHAN AND F. D. MILLET.

Correspondents of the "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. Mr. MacGahan had previously served as a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian and Carlist wars, and had investigated the "Bulgarian atrocities."

sionally fell about the hayrick outside which he sat and wrote by day, and in the hollowed-out interior of which he spent the night. Always once, and often twice, a day couriers were despatched to Bucharest from Jackson's hayrick, where his quaint and cheery fellow-countryman Grant, of the "Times," habitually kept him company, and whither MacGahan, or his messenger, and myself from time to time converged with written matter to be despatched to the telegraph-office.

Not less imperative on the war correspondent than the axiom that bids him ride on the cannon thunder, is the necessity that, when he has learned or seen something of interest and value, he shall forthwith carry or send it to the wires, without delaying for further information or for the issue of renewed strife. "Sufficient for the day is the fighting thereof," should be

his watchword, if he can discern aught decisive in the day's fighting. If he has with him or can find couriers, it is, of course, his duty to remain watching the ultimate issue; but if he has no such service, there is no more trying problem for the correspondent than to decide whether or not the day's work has been so conclusive one way or the other as to justify him in riding away with the instalment of information accumulated in his head and his note-book. Never did I find the solution of this problem more arduous than on the evening of the long day's fighting of August 24, on the Shipka Pass, to which reference is made above. I had the conviction that Radetski had made good his position, and I knew that reinforcements were on the way to him, yet it seemed certain that he would be assailed again and again; and indeed, as I rode away, the Turks were renew-

ing the combat. I was in MacGahan's country, and, knowing his instinct for a battle, I had been looking out for him all day. Yet I was aware that any one of many things might have occurred to detain him. Osman might be making a sortie from Plevna, or Imeretinsky and Skobelev might have finished their preparations for the storm of Loftcha.

Well, I took my risks, and rode away for the telegraph-wire on the night of the 24th. On the morning of the 25th MacGahan arrived on



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORG KRALEVACHKI.

ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

COLONEL GRANT.

"Times" correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war.

the Shipka, having ridden hard on the fighting the moment he had heard of its outbreak. There was severe fighting all that day, and the Russians, in trying to broaden their foothold, had the worst of it. In the evening MacGahan in his turn had to consider his position, and the problem before him was more complicated than that which I had solved, for better or worse, the previous evening. He recognized that the day's work of the Russians had been unsuccessful, and he frankly regarded their position as precarious. He knew that the fighting would be renewed on the morrow. But he knew further that in two or three days Loftcha was to be assailed, and that it behooved him to be there. He knew, too, that I had come and gone, and that he could rely on my speedy return if there came still bad tidings from the Shipka. So he in turn quitted that point of interest on the evening of the 25th, hurried to Bucharest with the result of that day's work for the wires, and by incredible exertion for a sound man, not to speak of a lame one, he was back in the vicinity of Plevna in time to witness Osman Pasha's furious sortie on the

morning of the 31st. As for me, on my way to Bucharest I had been called upon to report to the Czar, and had ventured to state my impression that Radetski could hold his own. As with MacGahan, so in the imperial headquarters, there was much dubiety on this point, and indeed as I passed through Gorni Studen, on my way back, I was told somewhat contumeliously that the Shipka was "as good as lost." But retaining still my belief in Radetski's ability to maintain his position, I pushed on toward the Pass, meeting on the way unneeded reinforcements returning whence they had come; and reaching the Shipka, I found the stout old warrior drinking tea in peace, and resolute, God willing, to stay where he was, come Turk or devil, till he should be relieved. There had been hard fighting for several days after MacGahan had quitted the Shipka, but the conviction on which I had acted on the evening of the 24th proved to be well founded. Between MacGahan and myself, acting independently, but actuated by a common zeal, our paper had been represented in the field during the two days of severest fighting, and the intelligence of what occurred during those two days had been placed before its readers with a minimum of delay. It was such an accomplishment, without the sacrifice of any important intelligence from elsewhere in attaining it, that was our constant and ardent aspiration.

Another illustration may not be inapposite of the paramount duty of the war correspondent to transmit important information without delay, to the abandonment or postponement of every other consideration. MacGahan had accompanied the raid across the Balkans made by Gourko almost immediately after the crossing of the Danube by the Russians. I remained on the northern side of the mountains, my specific place being with the army of the Czarevitch, which on the Russian left flank was stretching out toward the Lom, with intent, it was whispered, to attempt the fortress of Rustchuk by a *coup de main*. I had accompanied it to Biela, and had then gone back to Bucharest with despatches for the wire. On my way to rejoin the Czarevitch's headquarters, I passed, a few miles on the Sistova side of Biela, the hamlet of Paolo, in one of the gardens of which the imperial camp was pitched. It occurred to me to look in on General Ignatieff, and to ask him whether he had any news for me. "News, Mr. Forbes?" exclaimed the general. "To be sure I have; here is a despatch just arrived from General Gourko, giving all details about his crossing the Balkans, and his march up the Tundja valley toward Kezanlik!" Ignatieff translated the whole despatch for me, which I took down from his lips, thanked him, took leave, mounted my horse, and rode hard over the thirty miles be-

tween Paolo and the bridge across the Danube at Sistova. For I knew that what Ignatieff had given me was absolutely the earliest and sole intelligence of Gourko's doings; and until that intelligence was on its way to England, my intention of overtaking the army of the Czarevitch had to stand over. At Sistova I fortunately found a trustworthy messenger to Bucharest, and on the following morning rode a second time to Paolo. Again Ignatieff waved triumphantly a despatch from Gourko, describing hard and successful fighting and marching; again his translation of that document was scribbled down in my note-book; again I hurried back to Sistova; and again sent a courier to Bucharest with the interesting and valuable

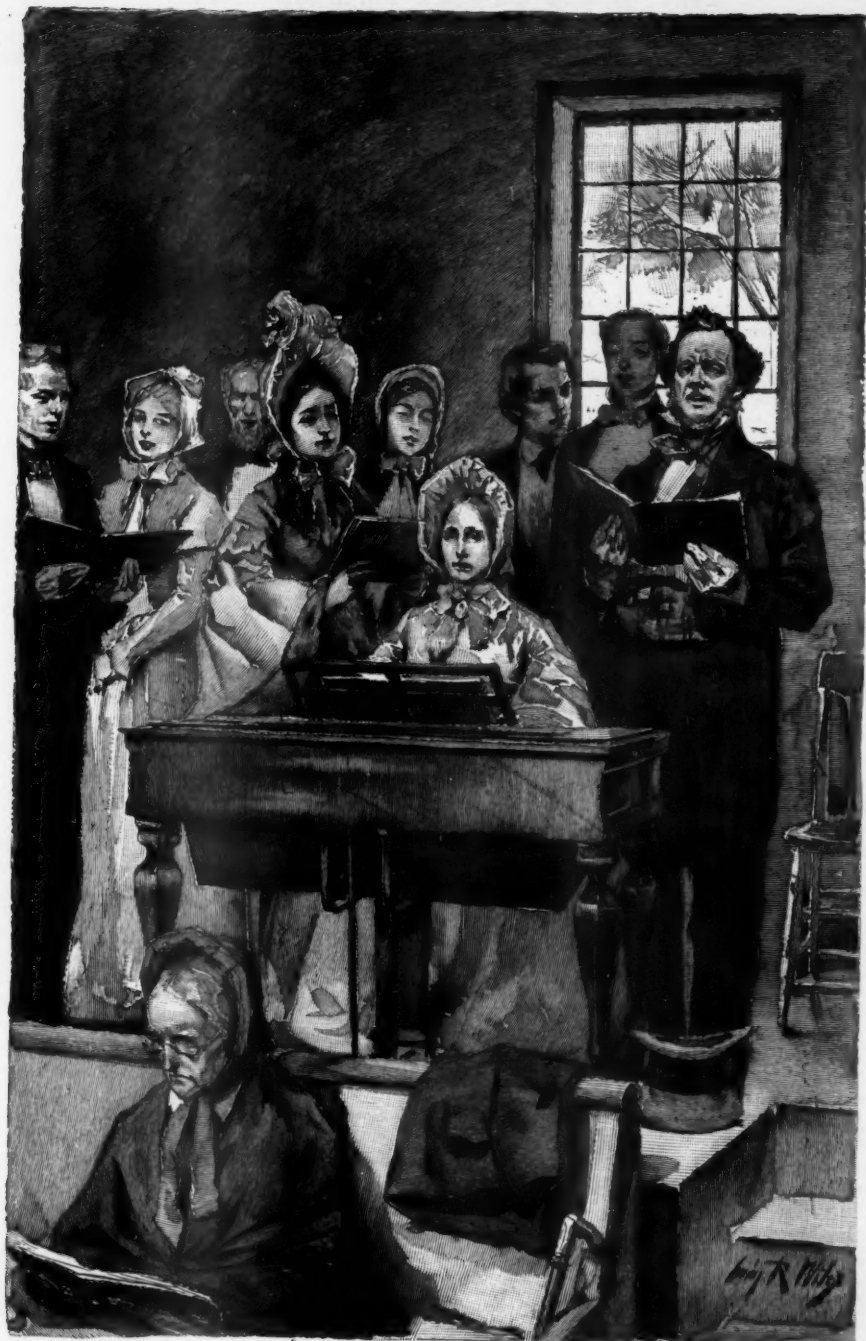
message. Precisely the same routine occurred on the following day; and I own to a certain satisfaction when the fourth day was barren of a despatch. For in each one of the three successive days I had ridden sixty miles in a heat fiercer than the heat of India, over tracks from which the dust rose so dense as to obscure near objects. But then the information given me by Ignatieff was the only news of Gourko, on whose enterprise the interest of Europe was concentrated; for it was not until some days later that anything came from the correspondents who accompanied the expedition. The game was well worth the candle, and, besides, as it turned out, I had lost nothing by not being with the Czarevitch.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

Geo. Forbes



DRAWN BY I. R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE CHOIR.

THEIR CHRISTMAS MEETING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH THE CROSS."

I.



HE Reverend Ezra Leal came to the pulpit in the saddle-bag days of Methodism. Pure, fervent, he rode the wilderness; appeared in the clearing with a smile that was heaven's light to the godly, though to the ungodly it was heaven's light of scathing; and melted all men's hearts, while mightily he preached of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come.

In time he was sent to congregations the largest, even to the wrestle with Mammon in big cities. He was heard, too, in the councils of the church; was presiding elder; was even delegate to General Conference. And honor followed him still in his later days, when the people's ears dulled to his preaching, and he went, contented, to the smaller charges.

In his sixty-eighth year Denham-on-the-river received him and his family, his sister Hannah and Robert, his only child. It was then that Robert entered college.

"Don't look so down-hearted, father," the lad begged, on his knees before his trunk that last evening. He was a tall fellow, with broader shoulders than his father's, with fuller lips, too, and a wider brow. "It's only twelve weeks to Christmas. And you shall have a Christmas present of a record that will make you smile. See if you don't."

"No doubt, Rob. I look to be proud of your scholarship. That does not trouble me. It is the dangers, the temptations—"

"Father, I'll behave myself. Can't you trust me?"

"That maketh flesh his arm; whose heart departeth from the Lord," quoted Aunt Hannah, where she sat sewing beside the lamp.

"I'm not a heathen!"

"That is it, Rob! That is the worst of it!" exclaimed the father. "It might be better if you were. You have heard the gospel message so often it has an uncertain sound. It does not convict. You trust in yourself. And you need to be broken by the Lord—at his altar. O Rob, there is where I wanted to see you before you went!"

"Gospel-hardened." Hannah Leal said it solemnly. Then she rolled her work up tight, tucked it into the trunk, and left the room. In

her chamber tears fell upon the white pillow-shams she folded away.

When she was gone, her nephew looked up with a hot face, and cried almost fiercely:

"Would you have me at the altar just to please you—and Aunt Hannah? I'm no hypocrite. I can't whine to order. My soul's my own—"

"Robert!"

"Anyhow, it is n't any other man's—not even my own father's."

Speechless, the two gazed at each other; then arose, and the son, with a broken word, put his arms around his father. Together they went up-stairs; and as they separated they kissed, though it was not their custom.

Yet Robert Leal, for the first time, went to bed prayerless.

As for the tale of prayers, that was more than made up. Until dawn the Reverend Ezra Leal wrestled with the Lord, like Jacob at the brook Jabbok. But the father forgot how easily a mettlesome spirit may be pricked beyond its natural leap. In the morning young Leal went away sore-hearted under his condemnation. And during this journey, before ever he began his college life, there grew upon him an unfortunate new estimate of his life at home.

The Saturday before Christmas Robert was expected back from college. But his father brought from the evening train only the conviction, stated often for comfort of Hannah Leal, that "Robert is sure to come bright and early Monday; and there is not the slightest reason in the world to fret."

The Sabbath was a day of light. Light filled the sky, and glistened on the bare, brown trees, and on the snow-fields round about the little village, and on the frozen river as one saw it from the church-porch. Before the church-bells rang, sleighs began to wind down from the hills, and to draw up before the door with an eager jingle. The men hurried back from the horse-sheds. While they stood about the porch, and blinked in the light, they talked of Robert's coming. So did the women, scorching their faces at the wood-stoves within the church. When the minister appeared, there was an expectant hubbub.

"Where's Rob, Dominie? Where's the boy?"

Disappointed, they scattered to their seats. The choir around the small melodion arose,

with dampened ardor, to the most intricate anthem in the book. And since enthusiasm was needed for the deft leaping in and out at strange places, and for the steady sticking of each one to his clue with yet a side thought for his neighbor, they came out straggling, and sat down flushed. Vexation had burned among them had not the minister quenched it, smiling down his approval, and saying,

"Let us all sing as heartily the one hundred and thirtieth hymn."

They were no over-devout saints, this branch of the church militant. Their supreme warfare was with the frosts, the droughts, the devouring insects that made their living hard. Their God was oftentimes the fearsome mystery at the center of the havoc of things. When times were good, they gave him feeble thanks. When times were bad, they tried, in their grumbling, not to pass beyond the bounds of submission.

And yet this house, with its square white walls and its green blinds, was to them the gate of heaven. When they sat in the straight-backed pews of their fathers, and heard the sweep of the wind; and saw, through the windows, the branches sway above the graves; and caught, through their reverie, holy words, they were dimly stirred: faintly their horizon lifted. So, now, they swelled the hymn. Ancient voices quavered with a sense of ecstasy:

"And wo-on, and wo-o-onders of his love!"

In his high pulpit arose the minister. To-day his pale cheeks glowed, his blue eyes sparkled. "And — they — shall — call — his — name — Immanuel," he read, each word dropping slower. As his sermon advanced, and the spirit within him burned, he stood on tiptoe, his head thrown back, his eyes upon the ceiling. Then the bright eyes came down, peering over their gold-rimmed spectacles for an answering brightness in the faces below —

What was that?

A door noisily opening, an unsteady step, some one stumbling up the aisle, and staggering drunkenly into the minister's pew.

There was not a sound, not a motion. Here and there a face paled, a sob was stifled. All eyes went mutely from that abject figure to the face leaning from the pulpit in awful tension, its light dashed out.

At last there came a change. The minister drew his narrow shoulders back. He turned, stepped firmly down the pulpit-stairs, down the aisle, and laid his hand upon his son's shoulder.

"Come home!"

The youth lifted his heavy eyes. Without a word he rose. Arm-and-arm the two passed from the house. Outside, their steps upon the walk came back to the motionless people.

The congregation broke up very quietly. There was little comment now upon what, to-morrow, would be town-talk.

To Robert Leal the shame and sin of it were not for easy explanation or excuse. He was frightened from his self-confidence; and that Christmas-tide he made the abiding choice of his father's righteousness and of his father's God. But his choice was like a woman's, of the heart. Doctrine might or might not follow. Then, later, there came to his analytical mind a growing fear lest doctrinal details should make a second separation between himself and his father. After his college course, he entered upon his profession of the law, and was prospered in it, and honored. But still he remained without the pale of his father's church.

II.

THE shock that made the son unmade the father. When next the Reverend Ezra Leal stood in his high pulpit, he felt a change in himself — a break, as it were, between his spirit and its instrument of expression. Thereafter, each Sunday, he felt it more keenly. And when his time was up in Denham-on-the-river, he bowed his meek head in a final benediction, went to Conference, and had his name written in the list of the superannuated.

Then he bought, high on the river-bank near Denham, a cottage with a large garden and many fruit-trees. He still preached at times, and especially at funerals. No Denham man, nor, indeed, any of the countryside, could quite think his dead laid away in fitting and sure triumph unless Dominie Leal stretched up his thin arms and talked of heaven. For then the crowding people almost saw the dead man rise from his lidded box to his place in glory, and stand there in the white ranks with a palm in his hand, a golden crown upon his head, and on his face the last, perfect smile.

But chiefly the old man went his loving rounds of the village houses, and worked in his garden, and read papers and books, light-hearted, not overburdened now with the conduct of the world. More and more his face, which withered, took on an almost mystic shining under his silver hair, and he grew to a oneness with the children he loved. And more and more — but most when he prepared the brown mold, and watched the seed in its springing — it seemed as though, for very joy, his spirit must burst its feeble bonds, and flutter forth upon its rapturous quest of God. And Denham people said, "The old Dominie would go straight up, if he did n't keep on fretting about his boy."

Most men would have felt only pride in a son such as Robert Leal. But this care for "tem-

poralities"—literature, art, social and political reform—was to the Reverend Ezra Leal the following of an age that "thought more of the loaves and fishes than of the Lord." When Robert gave money for such things, his father calculated how much the sum would have done for the heathen. And when his boy married, though the old man's beautiful courtliness grew into pride and fondness while he welcomed his new daughter, pain sharper than he had felt since that sad Sunday lay for him in the fact that "poor Alice" was an Episcopalian.

Hannah Leal's disapproval of this marriage was none the lighter in that she could not have defined her own creed. Still, she came to admit that "Alice was a good woman." And when Robert received his children, their Aunt Hannah deliberately broke every rule rigorous in their father's day, and pampered them to the damage of both soul and body. Especially at Christmas time did their Aunt Hannah spend herself for them. From which fact arose the trouble in the heart of her brother, one November evening.

"For mercy's sake, Ezra," she suddenly exclaimed, "don't sit there peeking at me over that letter. It fairly sends cold chills down my back. If anything is wrong, I have got to know it, first or last."

"Nothing wrong, Hannah. But there is something—something new."

"What has Alice been doing now?"

"Nothing. It is something they are planning to do."

"Not Christmas?"

"Well, yes, it is Christmas, Hannah. Here is just what Alice writes. She says—she says—ah, here it is—she says here: 'And now I must tell you something very beautiful of your grandchildren.' I did hope they might have experienced religion," sighed the Reverend Ezra Leal. "'They came to me in a body, reckless Rob for spokesman, and they said this year they did n't want any Christmas presents, except for Dot and Baby. But they wanted to give a dinner at Christmas to the *newsboys*! Grandfather, it was purely their own thought! You should have seen Robert when I told him. Of course we must meet the sweet impulse. So this year you and Aunt Hannah will come to us. And *very early*, because Christmas would not be Christmas without Aunt Hannah's cakes and pies, that shame our cooks and bakers. Tell her she shall have the kitchen all to herself, for her mysteries, *quite* as at home. Robert says—but that is all of that. Well, Hannah?'"

Miss Leal was slow in collecting herself.

"Newsboys!" she said at last. "But it's only what might be expected, Ezra Leal. We did n't use to think of bringing the off-scur-

ing of the earth into our houses, and setting them up with dinners and compliments. But nowadays, actually, the poorer, and the raggedier, and the dirtier a man is, the better for him, and the more people will fuss over him!"

"I think myself," her brother said sadly, "there is too much attention paid to the body, and too little to the soul."

"That is just what I said. What those boys want is a sense of sin. And once a sound thrashing was thought likelier for that than a dinner. It is all nonsense. Positively, it is a shame—and a disgrace. And Alice Leal need n't ask me to uphold her in it."

"What? Not go, Hannah? But what will Alice say? And Robert? And the children, Hannah?"

"It is their own doings. I am sure I have always stood ready to work and to do the best I could for those poor children; but missions I set my face against from the first. I said then, there are the churches. I won't mention unkindness," she continued more faintly, "though Alice knows—or she might if she thought—how I have been busy ever since September getting things ready, and stoves in every room, and the crib down for the baby, which has n't been up since Dot, and all the new little sheets and pillow-cases—" Miss Leal closed her lips; nor, from that moment, would she speak or hear more of Christmas.

From day to day her brother hoped that her mood would change, and fidgeted in his packing, and still lingered at home after forwarding his trunk. So that it was not until the day before Christmas that, satchel in hand, he received his sister's parting charge.

"You will see I have n't forgotten the children. The wafers are in the biggest box. Rob says he has never had enough yet, poor child. The waffles are in the next, and the crullers in the smallest. I expect they will be dry as chips. The plum-cake for Robert, Alice will find I have n't stinted. The other things are all marked, so there will be no excuse for getting them mixed up, though I have n't an idea the baby's will fit. I meant to finish them after he came. But I am not likely to know now whether he is fat or thin, or blue eyes or black eyes—"

The door shut. The turning of the key was a melancholy sound to the Reverend Ezra Leal. He walked to the station, and climbed into the car, downcast and remorseful.

But the afternoon sun was bright upon the river, and the car was full of children fain to frolic, and granted more than their usual license. So that one little tot cried to him, "Mewy Cwismas, Gwampa!" at which a laugh went round, and people beamed upon one another in exceeding good fellowship. And when, presently,

he grew drowsy, each time he roused, the flash of the river came like "Merry Christmas!"

Alighting in New York, he was astonished at the holiday multitude. He felt enlarged at the sight, as though he were become a citizen of the world; even as though he were returned from stereotyped old age to big-hearted, big-thoughted youth. And he squared his shoulders, and stepped on lithely.

When he entered the Brooklyn ferry-boat, with the great hurrying throng, and managed to look out over his spectacles at the tangle of shipping, and the twinkling span of the great bridge, and the answering lights of the two cities, his heart leaped up, for he thought it was like the end of time, and "all nations bringing their glory and their honor." And he longed to lift up a Methodist shout of "Bless the Lord!" So that at sight of his face the woman next to him laughed aloud, and said: "Goin' to the childer? So am oy. Faix, an' it's worth the hard work the rest of the year to see the day; is n't it, sor?"

The woman was so short and stout that she had trouble with her many bundles and big basket. He carried the basket off the boat, and delivered it to her at the horse-car with a stately bow. And now, as he drew near his son's house, his heart beat so excitedly that he stepped into an open church, and sat down to steady himself.

The church was a solemn pile, lifting high a cross. It was wreathed with greens, and with flowers among the carved work and the gold and the colors of flame. And in the far front, near the altar whereon candles burned like stars, beings like angels were echoing back and forth, "Alleluia! Alleluia!" as though it were "before the Throne." He had been wont to call it heathen mummerly; but now he cried softly, "Amen! Bless the Lord!" and went out so uplifted that, after all, he came unexpectedly to his son's house.

He saw the high front all ablaze. He discovered that the chief illumination, together with a humming confusion, came from the lower windows. He stooped and looked in. He beheld a long and loaded table; pressing turbulently around it, shabby boys; waiting upon them, his grandchildren; at the near end, Alice in a bright gown; at the far end, mustering the guests into something like order, his son Robert. And at that instant, in the dazzle, while his son smiled upon the circle, the momentary, dim, yet answering smile on each marred face smote upon the sight of the Reverend Ezra Leal as strange, as beyond human, as tarnished, but divine, as meaning, "Ye have done it unto ME!"

He stumbled to the door. He motioned the servant who admitted him to leave him un-

announced. He sat down upon a hall chair, put his satchel upon the floor, took off his hat, and leaned his head against the wall. And sitting with closed eyes, he said to himself: "Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. This is the way he has seen the Lord! He has been serving him this way for years and years. I've been unjust to my boy. I've been set to drive him my way into the kingdom. 'And many shall come from the east and west. . . . But the children of the kingdom—' God forgive me! Bigotry is an awful thing!" Faint, almost, as though his poor body must crumble then and there, and deliver up his humbled yet satisfied soul, he whispered, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

Meanwhile, beyond the door that stood ajar, Robert Leal was saying:

"Now, boys, what does Christmas mean to us to-night?"

"Grub!" "Boots and shoes!" "Larks!" were in the buzzing response. One thin voice raised itself and chirped, "We'd all ought to be good!"

He smiled down on the puny speaker. "I could n't preach to you if I wanted to. I expected my father to be here to talk to you. He has n't come—"

Sounds of "Bully for him!" "Solid old chap!" "He's all right!"

"So I'll just tell you what Christmas means to me."

His mind went back to that one dark Christmas. He looked into these pathetic faces, whose darkness was always with them; and suddenly it was to Robert Leal as though, for the first time, he was really looking into human sin and its divine despair. The horror of it was at his throat. He choked upon it. God! what words had he now, he, the easy theorizer upon life? While yet, burdened, tortured, in that moment he would have given all—even himself, like Christ—to save.

He looked across to the windows, and cried inly, "Father!"

And he seemed to see his father's face, wasted, lifelong, in this same struggle. He understood it now. In this revelation moment he saw clearly. Another thing he saw: that fancies, speculations, had had their day for him; that for him, with his childhood's bent and faith, there could henceforth be no working-theory of helping men like the old, thorough-going one of his father's.

Then he opened his lips. And to the dulling ears of that veteran in the hall the words he spoke came like old war-cries.

But they were meaningless to the boys. A minute had not elapsed when all the itching eyes and fingers were let loose. The confusion that before had only rippled low began to mount tumultuously. Fear came into the faces of Alice

Leal and her children. A plate crashed. Two of the guests shot up to grapple each other—

The door swung in. The radiant old man on the threshold, roused from weakness of the flesh, and unmindful of all his late-born fear of big-otry, lifted up his voice and cried:

"That's it! That's it! Put that doctrine to them straight, Rob! Why, bless the Lord! my boy, that's better Methodism—straiter-laced—than ever your old father preached in his best days!"

Florence Watters Snedeker.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The First Duty of Congress.

ONE of the first things which Congress ought to do, when it reassembles upon the fifth of this month is to repeal the silver law of 1890. Under that law the Government is purchasing each month 4,500,000 ounces of silver at the market price, paying in return for it legal-tender notes, redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the Government. The bullion thus purchased is stored, to be coined whenever the exigencies of the circulation may seem to require it. By the end of the year there will be in the Treasury vaults nearly three thousand tons of this bullion, or a sufficient quantity to keep the entire mint facilities of the country busy for over two and a half years if it were to be coined.

But this is only a fraction of the silver which the Government has piled away. The report of the Director of the Mint, read in the Senate in July last, gave the amount of silver dollars stored in the vaults, where they were as idle as if lying at the bottom of the sea, as 357,189,251. The number of silver dollars in circulation at the same date was 56,779,484. There have been coined, therefore, 413,968,735 silver dollars, and of this amount less than one seventh has passed into circulation. If the three thousand tons of bullion were to be coined, and placed in the Treasury with the silver dollars already there, we should have a total of over 460,000,000 of silver dollars, all locked up and all lying idle.

Every ounce of this silver has been purchased at a loss. Some of it has been purchased for 39 cents more than its present value per ounce. The aggregate loss on the whole is more than \$100,000,000. If an attempt were made to sell it, the price would fall enormously. Senator Sherman said in his speech in the Senate on June 1, 1892, that to "attempt to sell it on a falling market would only be adding misery to ruin. We have got this vast mass, and we cannot sell it; we dare not sell it."

Surely, in the presence of this enormous amount of idle silver, which refuses to pass into circulation, and which is constantly falling in value, no one can say that there is need either of further coinage of silver, or further purchase of silver bullion. If the limit is ever going to be reached, it has been reached already. We have called it idle silver as it lies in the Treasury, but it is worse than idle, for it is a constant menace to our standard of value.

Here is a great mass of depreciated money held above its real value by the fact of the Government's ability to redeem it in gold. What would happen if the Government, finding itself with a deficit in its

Treasury, and thus being without a supply of gold, were to refuse to redeem its silver notes in gold, and were to avail itself of its option to redeem them in silver? We should drop at once from the gold to the silver standard, and every dollar in silver would be worth only its market price, or about 63 cents. It would buy only 63 cents' worth of goods, and every wage-earner would discover that he had lost three eighths of his wages, that his savings-bank deposits had experienced a like loss, and his insurance policy the same. All the results which we depicted in an article in this place in THE CENTURY for May last would follow as surely as night follows day.

The possibility of such a boundless calamity as this ought to be removed by Congress without delay. The present Congress has exceptionally favorable opportunities for wise action in this matter. It comes together for its final session immediately after a presidential election in which both political parties took a position of hostility to free silver coinage. By their action the two parties eliminated the silver question from the late campaign, it being accepted by the people that whether Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison were elected, there would be no further legislation in favor of free silver coinage. Here is ample authority for the present Congress to take the first step in undoing the harm that has previously been done. Its members can have now no fear of the effects of their conduct upon their political futures, for their successors have been chosen, and there is to be no new election of Congressmen for two years. Before that time has elapsed, the silver question will have disappeared utterly from politics.

Every patriotic impulse ought to inspire the members of the Senate and of the House to move at once for the repeal of the law of 1890. Its author, Senator Sherman, expressed his regret last spring that it had ever been enacted, and he would, in all probability, be willing to take the lead of his associates in both houses in securing its repeal now. Let them not only stop this accumulation of silver in the vaults, but let them remove also the possibility that the whole mass may be let loose upon us, sweeping away our standard of value, and wiping out over one third of our earnings and savings.

The repeal of the law of 1890, and with it the option of redeeming silver notes either in gold or silver, would be the first step, but others ought to follow. We ought to get away utterly from the silver folly by decreeing that there shall be no silver dollar in this country which contains less than a dollar's worth of silver. If we could secure an international agreement in favor of a common ratio between gold and silver, the test would soon be made as to whether even such an agreement could im-

part sufficient stability to silver to make a double standard permanently practicable. But we cannot get such an international agreement until we first abandon utterly all efforts to make silver circulate on a par with gold at a ratio which makes the silver dollar worth less than the gold dollar in the markets of the world. So long as we continue in that course, other nations will hold aloof from all international agreement, for the simple reason that they will hope that we will get upon a silver standard, and thus furnish them with a good market for their silver.

The time has more than come for fearless dealing with this subject. Every day of continuation under our present laws is a menace to our prosperity, and to commercial and industrial stability, the evil possibilities of which can scarcely be overestimated. We are in this position simply because of the timidity and short-sightedness of time-serving politicians, who were misled by a mistaken idea that there was great popular strength behind the free-silver movement. There has never been any evidence of such strength, but in every instance in which a true test of popular sentiment has been made, the result has been conclusive evidence that the people were on the side of honest money, having both the intelligence and the probity necessary to convince them that a debased and dishonest dollar was as pestilential a thing for a nation as for an individual. It is time our politicians discovered that the surest way in which to please the people is to be honest with them, and to trust in their ability and willingness to appreciate and reward honest conduct at its full value.

Immigration Problems.

THE subject of restricting immigration is certain to command unusual attention from the session of Congress which is about to open. Chiefly because of the cholera experience of last summer, there is in the country to-day a more pronounced public sentiment in favor of restriction than there has ever been before. People who had formerly a vague idea that we were receiving somewhat too carelessly whomever might choose to come, without regard either to quantity or to quality, became suddenly convinced that their suspicions were only too well founded. No sooner was their attention concentrated upon the quality of the immigration which was bringing the pestilence to our doors, than they began to perceive that there was in it also very doubtful material for good citizenship. It came about, therefore, that the demand which was made for restricting immigration in the interest of the public health became one also for restricting it in the interest of public and political welfare.

As a consequence of this, to us, very hopeful condition of opinion, the approaching session of Congress is likely to be called upon to consider many plans both for regulating and for restricting immigration, and is likely to give them more serious thought than such measures have commanded heretofore, if for no other reason than that public opinion now demands some decisive action in the matter. Legislation in the past has been timid and halting, partly because of the political consequences of anything like rigorous restrictions, and partly because of a lack of public opinion in support of such restrictions. The fear of political consequences—that is, of alienating the support of foreign-born voters by seem-

ing to be hostile to their nationalities—may still be an obstacle when the question of legislation is reached, but it will be counteracted largely by the strong public sentiment which is now discernible in nearly all parts of the country.

The restrictive measures are likely to appear in two forms, one set relating to quarantine regulations, and the other to direct checks upon the whole mass of immigration. In regard to quarantine regulations, a strong movement will surely be made for the establishment of a national quarantine, in place of State and local quarantines, with uniform jurisdiction over all ports. The arguments in favor of this change are unanswerable. In the first place, the interests of the whole country are involved, and the government of the whole country, and that of no single State, should be in charge of it. Over 90 per cent. of all the immigrants landing in this country come in by way of New York. The great body of transatlantic travelers come in through the same port, and the great bulk of the commerce of the whole country as well. That the government of the State of New York should have the power to regulate and control this travel and business, which belong to the whole country, is both unreasonable and unjust. The General Government has charge of all international commerce, and it should have charge of all international travel, for it is impossible to interfere with the latter without at the same time interfering with the former.

Furthermore, if a single State government be in charge of quarantine, it can be called to account for its management only by the people of its own territory; but if the Government of the United States be in charge, it will be held responsible by the people of the whole country. This fact alone would be certain to secure better service, and a more effective as well as a more just quarantine. All the intelligence of the nation would be brought to bear to make the quarantine service the best possible.

It has been proposed, and the plan may be considered by Congress, to have in connection with a national quarantine in the country a kind of branch quarantine service in foreign ports. This could be done by limiting the number of ports from which immigrants would be allowed to sail for this country to four or five, and by establishing in each of them an inspection bureau at which every person desiring to emigrate would be required to register at least five days in advance of sailing. Such person could in that period be thoroughly examined as to his health, character, and capacity for self-maintenance, and if he prove unsatisfactory, shipment could be refused to him. The American consuls could assist in this work, and could give certificates, countersigned at the port of sailing, which would serve as passports, and be the only kind receivable, for admission into this country.

Another plan, which has no reference to quarantine regulations, is proposed by General Francis A. Walker. In brief, it is that free immigration be suspended for ten years beginning with 1893, and that every immigrant arriving here after that date be admitted only on payment of \$100. If he return home within three years, the money is to be refunded. If he remain in the country three years, and can present satisfactory evidence that he is a law-abiding and self-supporting citizen, the money shall be repaid to him at the expira-

tion of that period. This amounts to a tax on immigration, and while it would undoubtedly restrict it greatly, and would keep out a great deal of the poorest and least desirable of it, it would not keep out some of the most objectionable; for almost any criminal who really desired to get in could raise the necessary money, or his neighbors might raise it for him to be rid of him. The plan of examination at the ports of sailing, though obviously it would be more difficult of execution, would act more efficaciously as a sifter, which is the most desirable form of restriction.

But that restriction of some kind is imperatively needed, all thoughtful persons admit. It may be many years before we shall have a repetition of the cholera visitation, but we are going to have with us every year, in steadily increasing volume, a great mass of ills in our body politic, introduced therein by the precipitation of a huge mass of foreign voters who know little about our institutions and care even less. The readers of *THE CENTURY* cannot have forgotten the impressive article on this subject, entitled "Safeguards of the Suffrage," written by Dr. Washington Gladden, which we published in February, 1889. The argument of that article was that we must restrict the suffrage by improving our naturalization laws in the direction of placing more severe requirements and a longer period of residence upon the aliens desiring admission to citizenship, and that we must also limit the bestowment of it upon natives themselves by requiring more intelligence and character on their part as requisites for its exercise. We have no doubt whatever that if these ideas could be carried into effect,—that is, embodied in law,—a vast improvement in our political condition would be the result; but the trouble is that the politicians, who are our masters in such things,—save during the rare and fleeting moments in which the people become sufficiently indignant to assert their supremacy,—would not willingly consent to the changes. A great deal may be accomplished, so far as the foreign-born voters are concerned, by restricting the number, and sifting the quality, of the immigrants, thus making the general average of new citizens from that quarter better; and it may be that this is about all we can hope to accomplish at present. Still, public sentiment is aroused on the subject, and when once a beginning has been made in the right direction, a great deal more may be accomplished than now seems probable.

Government Architecture in America.

MR. VAN BRUNT, in closing his articles in *THE CENTURY* on "Architecture at the World's Fair," makes an earnest protest against the present antiquated methods of what may be called the National Government's department of architecture. He describes the evils of the present system, and advocates the designing of government buildings by architects who have "proved their ability to do justice to such great opportunities for professional distinction." It is evident that Mr. Van Brunt is in thorough sympathy with the proposed remodeling of

the office of the supervising architect under an act of Congress which has already passed the House of Representatives, and which it is hoped the Senate will quickly approve at the coming session.

No senator is likely to vote against the new law who gives five minutes to the reading of the succinct and lucid report on this subject from the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds; although no senator experienced in public affairs is likely to be ignorant, even before reading that admirable statement, of the wasteful and ridiculous workings of the system that now exists. The report explains that a single architect is now theoretically expected to design all the buildings belonging to the General Government throughout the United States, as well as to attend to all the repairs of the enormous and ever-increasing number of these structures. The consequence is that this unfortunate official's entire time is absorbed in clerical details; while he glances hopelessly over the tables where innumerable clerks are busy making copies of stupid old buildings to serve for stupid new ones, with as complete a disregard of climatic appropriateness as of artistic value. The committee is surely correct in declaring that "it was not intended that, as now, clerks and copyists should do the work of the learned architect, and that the learned architect should be occupied with the work of clerks and copyists."

Under the circumstances, of course, the one thing that it is rarest for the supervising architect to do is to supervise. This is generally done by some local carpenter or builder with a genius not so much for architecture as for politics, who is apt to see to it that the "job" is carried on with no undue haste. The consequence is that the Government pays nearly twice as much for the work; that it takes at least three times as long as it should to finish the building; which, when done, is apt to be an architectural negation, if not an actual monstrosity. "Eleven years ago," says the report, "the public building at Detroit was authorized; \$1,300,000 has been appropriated by Congress, and the foundation walls are not yet completed."

The bill approved by the committee gives plenty of useful occupation to the supervising architect, but (in the language of the report)

it authorizes the Secretary, in his discretion, to obtain plans and specifications and local supervision for its public buildings by the system of competition among private architects. While not mandatory, it authorizes the Secretary to employ the architect whose plans are approved to superintend the construction. It is to be presumed that this will secure the best architectural ability in the formulation of plans and the construction of the work according to such plans; that the compensation of such architects will be determined, as in private employment, on fixed commission upon the cost of the work, and that this will secure speedy completion of the work.

The condition of things which the new law will correct is a national disgrace, pure and simple, and we are assured that our senators will prove the senatorial wisdom by losing no time in the establishment of a new and better order.

OPEN LETTERS.

American Painters in the Christmas "Century." ¹

ABBOTT HENDERSON THAYER.

ABBOTT HENDERSON THAYER, whose "Virgin Enthroned" appears on page 272, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849. He was a student at the École des Beaux Arts, under Lehmann and Gérôme, from 1875 to 1879. Upon his return to America he settled in New York, and was made President of the Society of American Artists.

Mr. Thayer is one of the most sensitive and one of the most artistic of artists, decidedly modern and yet reminiscent of the best qualities of the fourteenth century,—one of the most realistic of idealists and most ideal of realists. He is thoughtful and intellectual in all he does, and his works charm us perhaps most of all by their intense humanness. In genre he exalts the commonplace, and what in the hands of a poorer artist would be ordinary becomes in his canvases precious. The subjects of his portraits, like those of Vandyke, impress us as people we would like to know, and a bit of New England hillside in his hands reveals its essential qualities. Excellent examples of his work are—"Child with a Kitten," "Portrait of two Ladies," exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1884; and "An Autumn Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills," engraved by Cole, and published in this magazine for July, 1880.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

It is seldom that a modern artist has achieved uniform success in so many forms of pictorial representation as has Mr. Blashfield, and certainly the works of few American artists, save those of the semi-Parisians, have been so often received and so well placed in the Paris Salon, Royal Academy, and other foreign exhibitions. A list of his principal pictures will best illustrate his versatility, including, as it does, "The Emperor Commodus," "A Roman Lady's Fencing Lesson," "Inspiration," "The Siege," and "All Souls' Day." He has also painted many life-size portraits and half a dozen ceilings in New York, and has made numerous illustrations for this and other magazines.

Mr. Blashfield's work is characterized by earnestness and thoroughness and by easy grace and charm; it is pleasant and agreeable in color, possesses a good "painter quality," and always repays study for its rare quality of concealing so easily, in most instances joyously, the conscientious labor and care of its production. The "Christmas Bells," of which we give an engraving on page 188, was painted in Paris, and was exhibited in 1892 in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. The studies for the bells were made at the old church of St. Nicholas at Blois and at Giotto's Tower in Florence.

Mr. Blashfield is a native of New York city, studied his art in Paris under Bonnat and Gérôme, and was the recipient of a medal at Paris in 1889.

MISS MARY L. MACOMBER.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists is known primarily as an artists' exhibition,—

¹ A sketch of Mr. F. V. Du Mond appeared in the CENTURY for December, 1891.—EDITOR.

though not the less popular on that account; therefore, when Miss Macomber's picture "The Annunciation" (an engraving of which is printed on page 283), passed the jury of selection, and found a place on the exhibition walls of 1892, the painter could fairly congratulate herself upon having passed an important milestone in her artistic career. Miss Macomber was born in Fall River in 1861, and her only place of study has been the Museum Art School at Boston. Her work is all of a religious or imaginative description, simple and naive, tender in sentiment and delicate in execution.

EDWARD EMERSON SIMMONS.

ONE of the most promising things in connection with American art is the readiness with which our artists, following the example of the great ones of the Italian Renaissance, take to decoration. By the word decoration I mean its ordinary, every-day signification, the ornamentation by pictures of walls, ceilings, and windows. Among these are La Farge, Maynard, Dewing, Blashfield, and Low. Another is Edward E. Simmons, at present a member of the artist colony who, under the direction of Frank D. Millet, are making in the decoration of the Exhibition buildings in Chicago the best plea yet made for the recognition of the American artist. Mr. Simmons first came into notice for this special genre, when he painted the window at Harvard for the Class of '84, now in Memorial Hall. He has painted many excellent easel pictures, among others that which we print on page 257. He is an example of the current tendency toward the revival of religious sentiment in art—a movement which was inaugurated in Germany by Von Uhde and in France by Dagnan-Bouveret, and which is spreading in other lands.

Edward E. Simmons was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1852; he was a student of the Museum Art School in Boston one winter, and afterward studied at the Académie Julian, under Boulanger and Le Febvre. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1882 and a medal at the Universal Exposition of 1889.

W. Lewis Fraser.

To Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Music.

In the first place, if you are seriously bent upon acquiring a real discrimination of music, avoid the opera for one season as you would a pest-house, and confine your attention to what is called absolute music—that is, music without text of any kind. The sovereignty of the singer is the ruling principle in the opera-house, especially since we have returned to what is called Italian opera, in which the graces of vocal art are esteemed more highly than dramatic verity. He who seeks his early culture in the opera-house will almost surely lose sight of the essentials of music and become a worshiper of vocal display.

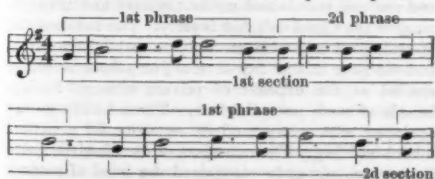
Let us, therefore, bear in mind that at first we are not seeking to cultivate our taste for singing and playing, but for music itself. Therefore we must devote ourselves wholly to that kind of music in which the individuality of the performer is lost. We must listen to chamber music and orchestral concerts. The latter

are preferable, because in nine quartets out of ten the personality and technical accomplishments of the leader are too influential. If you must have some variety, go to piano recitals; for, of all classes of composition, piano music most readily adapts itself to the control of a single player's thought without losing its own significance. But we know from experience that merely listening to music will not give us the instruction we desire. Something must be learned. What is it?

Let us be thankful that it is wholly unnecessary to be a practical musician in order to understand and appreciate the works of the great as well as the little composers. What we need, to begin with, is some knowledge of the theory of music. The prime requisite is a knowledge of form. Musical form is of two kinds, melodic and harmonic. It is the former variety which the listener to music needs most to know. Melodic form is the prosody of music. The person who has learned its rules is no longer in the condition of the man who cannot tell a pencil-drawing from a water-color, nor a sonnet from a five-act tragedy. To state the laws of musical form, simple as they are, is not within the province of this article. But it is necessary that the writer should lay special emphasis upon their importance to the person who wishes to listen intelligently. To the average hearer of music a sonata, or a symphony (which is simply a sonata for orchestra), is a long composition divided into several contrasting movements. The real fact, however, that the sonata is built on prescribed lines escapes him. The sonata form is the most artistic and complex of all musical forms; and although its outlines cannot be altered without a destruction of its identity, it admits of the widest variety of treatment. The prescribed form is like the human skeleton. Remove, enlarge, diminish, or greatly change the shape of any of the bones, and you produce a monstrosity. But preserve the skeleton, and in the investiture of flesh you may have as many outward appearances as there are in the human race. Fortunately it is much easier to learn musical than human anatomy. The sonata must be the end of our study of musical forms, for it embraces them all. Our beginning must be made with the musical phrase, which is simply the germinal thought of a melody. As I have said, it is not the province of this article to teach musical form, but by way of illustration let me dissect one melody. To aid the reader, let me first dissect the text which accompanies it.

'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Where'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

There is a stanza. It is also a sentence. In rhythm as well as in sense there is a suspension at the end of each line except the last, in which the rhythm and the sense are completed. Deprive it of its pictorial aspect of poetry, and write it continuously as prose, and it comes into the same condition as a printed piece of



VOL. XLV.—42.

music. But examine the music, and you will find it divides itself into lines precisely as the poetry does.

That is what is called a period, or musical sentence. The period, like the poetic quatrain, naturally divides itself into two sections, each consisting of an equal number of phrases. In this case, these phrases are equal to poetic lines. This is not always so. Sometimes a phrase would be equal to only one half the line, for a section in music may be composed of more than two phrases. But this example is sufficient to illustrate the process by which we get at musical forms. By analysis we find that the phrase, which is a germ both rhythmic and melodic, is the fundamental principle of form. The synthetic process combines phrases into sections, sections into periods, and periods into various larger shapes, such as the song form, the rondo, or the minuet. Further development brings us to the sonata form, which is a descendant of the rondo.

By learning the rules of form the hearer will become able to take the two chief subjects used in a symphonic movement, and trace them through all the developments and modifications evolved by the composer's fancy. Without a knowledge of form the hearer does not know what to expect. He is ignorant as to when he ought to hear the subjects, when he may listen for the beginning of their development. With the knowledge of form, however, he is no longer at this disadvantage. Nay, more, whenever the composer imposes upon the recognized anatomy of the sonata some new charm of fleshly integument, the informed hearer experiences the shock of a happy surprise. For him there is a piquancy of interest which the unskilled listener misses. He has a delight akin to that of the cultured reader of Swinburne's rhythmic witcheries. Better still, he acquires the power of discriminating between styles; for it is not alone in the fundamental thought that Beethoven differs from Mendelssohn, or Schumann from Brahms, but in the treatment. And by constantly preserving before the mind the anatomy of the symphony, the hearer will soon learn to detect wherein the differences lie, just as accurately as a portrait-painter will discern what makes one face differ from another. The music-lover who is thoroughly skilled in form will speedily acquire the ability to tell why Mendelssohn's music is airy and graceful, Beethoven's profound and massive, Mozart's smooth and vocal; for from analyzing the compositions into their periods, sections, and phrases, he will finally come to analyzing the germinal thoughts, the phrases themselves; and therein he will reach the origin of the differences in style. Long before the lover of music has reached this point in his study of form, he will have learned the difference between machine-made music and that which is the fruit of the spirit. He will be able to discern art-work from carpenter-work, and he will find his love for the real and noble in art increasing daily.

It is a very old process, that of picking things to pieces to see what they are made of; and if in nine cases out of ten we are in the unhappy state of the little maid who finds her doll stuffed with sawdust, we must put the blame in the right place, and thank heaven that Tschai-kowsky, Dvořák, and Brahms are still with us. But, after all, the study of form is not enough. Its natural complement is a knowledge of the history of music. We need to know whence these forms came, how they were

developed, and what were the purposes of the artists who dealt with them in the various stages of their growth. Otherwise we shall be without perspective in our view of the musical field, and shall fall into the absurdity of measuring all epochs by the standard of the present. To him who knows the history of the tone-art it is an inspiration to be able to read Beethoven by the light of Wagner; but to him who does not know, or who disregards the meaning of history, the value of the past is overshadowed. It is just this want of perspective that makes so many ardent lovers of Wagner's music lose their enjoyment of Haydn and Mozart. They blame these fathers of music for not doing as Wagner did, forgetting that they belonged to the peaceful dawn of the art, when the morning stars sang together.

Aside from its inestimable importance in helping us to estimate the esthetic value of the work before us, the history of music is a study delightful in itself. To him who loves art, the history of any branch of it must be luminous. To him who has studied the history of other arts, that of music will be a revelation. The development of church counterpoint among the profound masters of the Netherlands school is in itself an epitome of the whole development of music, and throws a powerful side-light upon the emotions and impulses which worked in the Reformation. Beginning with Okeghem and his canonic riddles, music found in Josquin Desprès a guide toward beauty of utterance. Gombert followed, and opened to her the door of Nature, and finally came Lasso and Palestrina, who taught her to voice the celestial aspirations of the soul. Luther seized upon the dawning desire for simpler and broader thought in music, and, reviving congregational singing, which had been forbidden by the Council of Laodicea, made the Protestant chorale the hymn of the church militant. Almost simultaneously with that movement, the Renaissance laid hold of music, and, in striving to resurrect the dramatic recitative of the Greeks, a little body of enthusiasts in Florence brought to birth the opera.

What a world of art-history is wrapped in the records of those three centuries preceding the year 1600! What a panoramic display of the course of human emotion, of intellectual yearning, of religious aspiration, is to be found in the history of music from Pope Gregory to Jacopo Peri! And what a flood of light it throws upon that form of music which, being the most familiar, is the most misunderstood in our day. It is an assertion which cannot be overthrown that no man is prepared to express an opinion upon the artistic value of an opera who does not know the history of music. Without that information he is ignorant of the nature and purpose of the lyric drama. The necessary knowledge can be gained only by going back to the origin of the opera, and by following that branch of music through its various phases of development down to the present day. To do this is to know why Mozart is immortal through his "Don Giovanni"; to know why Rossini's "William Tell" lives when his "Semiramide" is but the rattling of dry bones; to know why Gounod's "Faust" still touches the great heart of the people with a deeper emotion than all the rhythmic jingle of Donizetti and Bellini; to know why Verdi's "Aida" and "Otello" tower among other Italian works like giants, and why Richard Wagner's music-dramas have shaken humanity. It is only the student of musical history who can withstand the overwhelming personal influence of a

great singer, so as to perceive the value or the worthlessness of the music which the singer voices. It is only the student of musical history who can rightly measure the worth of a De Reszke or a Patti.

The lover of music, who wishes to listen intelligently, may spend a lifetime in study and never know too much; but he may in a much shorter period acquire information which is neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, yet will suffice for his daily wants. He needs to read only three books to lay the foundation. One volume on Form, one on the Theory of Music, and one on the History of Music will provide the student with the elementary instruction of which he is in search. On each of these subjects there have been written small, comprehensive books, giving all the salient facts without incumbrance of detail.

Once the music-lover has acquired the habit of listening with his mind, the development of his taste for good music will be rapid. Listening with the mind, let him remember, depends primarily on ability to perceive the form of a composition; and let him, therefore, first of all master that subject. After a time the practice of analyzing, which at first will undoubtedly interfere with the indolent ear-tickled pleasure of older days, will become so easy that the mind will be unconscious of effort. Then, with a knowledge of the limits and purposes of musical epochs and composers added to the analytical habit, the listener, without labor and with freedom from the embarrassments which beset him in his uninformed days, will get from music an esthetic pleasure and a mental glow of which he never before dreamed.

Nor will he be satisfied to rest on this sum of information. He will hunger to know what constitutes good singing and playing; he will be eager to learn what has been said about the esthetics of so subtle an art. He will be ready to deepen and widen his stock of knowledge, and he will find before him a field of study full of profit and pleasure. A year of sincere study ought to lift the student far above the level of the commonplace, and enable him to stand where he will hear with the mind as well as the sense. He will not be completely equipped, but he will no longer be of the number of those who, having ears, hear not. He will be out of the slough of despond and well along the straight and narrow path. The promised land will lift its glory before him, for no mistress smiles more kindly or more swiftly on honest devotion than divine Music.

W. J. Henderson.

Some Tenement-House Evils.

THE need of caring for children who could not be accepted as pupils in our public schools years ago appealed to some of the best citizens of New York. Schools maintained at private expense were established and are still maintained under the care and management of the Children's Aid Society. The helplessness of childhood appealed strongly to public sympathy, and we have in our city several fine school-buildings erected at the expense of private citizens for the benefit of such poor children. These buildings are equipped with every modern requisite for a perfect school-building. The managers of the Children's Aid Society schools early recognized the need of manual

training for this class of children, and introduced a system of manual training,—limited, it is true, but with results that proved the need of such training. The girls were taught to sew, and certain schools introduced cooking. In the system girls were much more benefited than boys, because it was easier to procure teachers for them. This introduction of manual labor appealed at once to those who had made a study of the needs of this class of our citizens, and as a result hundreds of sewing- and cooking-schools sprang into being, and results can now be seen in some of the homes of the pupils.

There is, however, another side to this question. Are not these schools educating a pauper class? These children know that they are being educated at the expense of private charity. They receive a free lunch, clothing is given them, and they are to all intents and purposes the wards of the managers of the societies, and of the charitable persons maintaining these various schools. Parents are relieved of responsibilities that they should bear, and the child from its infancy receives that for which it never makes the slightest return. Do the benefits received compare with the injury done the child by accustoming it to the receiving of charity? If statistics could be gathered, there is not a doubt in my mind but that a large percentage of adult pauperism could be traced to these schools. Would I abolish them? By no means. I would have these schools remain under their present management, but have them subsidized by the Government, thus removing the stigma of charity from the hearts and lives of the pupils. I would abolish the free lunch. Every child should pay a penny a day for its lunch, or perform some item of labor that would be recognized as a return for what was received. There should be in the vicinity of all our school-buildings erected in tenement-house districts a penny lunch restaurant, established and maintained as far as necessary by private benevolence, and, in connection with this restaurant, a day-nursery where the babies could be left while the older children were in school, thus removing one prolific source of absenteeism.

Facing this question of the present condition of the working-man and his family, it is my firm conviction, based on close observation covering a period of five years, that to attribute the misery, suffering, poverty, and crime committed in the homes to intemperance is to attribute it to the secondary instead of the primary cause. The true cause is the utter ignorance of the wife and mother. Her ignorance prevents her from doing those things that would make her home a place of rest, a refuge, for her husband and children. Her ignorance prevents her from buying or preparing the kind of food that would give nourishment, and satisfy the cravings of hunger, which drive the inmates of the home to stimulants, to silence longings the causes of which are unknown to them. Teach every girl the hygiene of foods, and you have gone far toward making a home of peace and happiness, because the most prolific source of intemperance has been removed.

As proof, let me state facts gathered three years ago while preparing a paper based on this question. I visited 244 women, all wives and mothers. Of 244 women five knew how to make bread, and one did make it. One woman of the entire number cut and made the garments worn by herself and children; three could make the garments if they were cut and basted

or joined together. Two made soup once in a while; a few cooked fish. I found that they knew nothing of cooking beyond frying meat and boiling a few vegetables. Not one family used oatmeal or any farinaceous food. The women, when at home, spent their time lounging in their neighbors' rooms, or about the street doorways. Why? To kill time; because they did not know how to do the work necessary to make and keep their families comfortable. These women had worked from early life in factories, had married, and had gone into homes of their own without the faintest ideal, or the least knowledge of how to make a home comfortable. Many of them did not know how to make a fire, or sweep a room. They burned and wasted the food they attempted to cook. Many of them acknowledged that the men they married never drank to excess until after their marriage. All of them had lost children. We can readily understand why. The matron of one of our seaside sanitariums told me that not less than 85% of the mothers who came there in the summer acknowledged that they never gave their children baths; that it was a common thing to have a mother ask, when told by the resident physician to give her child a warm bath, "How shall I do it, sir?" They do not know, and can scarcely be made to understand, the value and importance of cleanliness and regularity in the care of their infants. One mother, sturdy and healthy-looking, sat on the piazza of the sanitarium, rocking a feeble, puny baby boy. The look of dumb agony in her eyes would have moved the hardest heart. "Your baby is quite ill; I'm sorry," I said. "Yes, 'm. He's goin' like the rest. This is the seventh, 'm." Investigation brought out the fact that she "did n't believe in these new-fangled notions that a child must not have a bit or a sup of a thing but milk." She began too late in life to study hygiene and sanitation, and the baby went out of life a victim to ignorance and prejudice. I asked how the father felt when he saw his babies leave him one by one. "Ah, it breaks his heart, and drives him to drink for weeks. He'll be kilt if this one goes," and she rocked back and forth with the tears slowly falling on the puny face. This woman and her husband had attended public school in New York city, one leaving school at eleven, the other at thirteen years of age. Does any system educate that leaves such ignorance in the minds of those who have passed through at least seven grades in that system?

As this condition of things exists, how shall it be mitigated?

First: By adapting our system of education to the wants of a large class of our citizens. By maintaining at the expense of the public, as our present public schools are maintained, the several kindergarten and industrial schools supported now by private citizens. Maintain these schools as industrial and manual training-schools, and let the citizens of all classes make their choice as to which school their children shall attend. This will remove class distinction, which now exists under the approval of a democracy which declares all men free and equal, but which distinguishes at the very entrance into life between the children of its citizens.

Second: Let there be no such thing as an Italian, a German, or any other school but an American. Recognize in every child in the land a future American citizen, or a mother of citizens, and educate them to meet the responsibilities of the future.

Third : Almsgiving increases far more than it diminishes the evils of tenement-house life. It is not the alms they need, but the education to meet the difficulties that lie within and about them. And these will yield only when men and women of intelligence and wise sympathy go among them and teach them to conquer themselves, give to them the ambition to be that of which they never dreamed — men and women thinking and planning for their own and their children's future, realizing their responsibilities as parents, and meeting these responsibilities with intelligence. Mothers' classes should be organized in every tenement-house square in our city. These classes should give lessons in cooking, sewing, and especially in mending and the cutting of cloth into garments. The women should be encouraged to bring their own materials, both old and new. Where the needs are pressing and alms must be given, let the garments be of suitable material, made and altered by the receiver if possible. There should be short practical talks on the value of money; the care, moral and physical, of children; the responsibility of a wife and mother; the reason for cleanliness of person and rooms. There should be on every square through our tenement-house districts provision for giving hot- and cold-water baths at all seasons of the year; also some provision for the care of infants, during the absence of the mother at work, that would not interfere with the attendance of the older children at school. The health laws concerning tenement-houses should be enforced, and the tenants made familiar with their rights and responsibilities as tenants.

Clubs should be maintained for the young girls and the boys employed during the day. The amusements and practical work introduced in each club should be such as will arouse and awaken the highest and best in the members. A few such clubs do exist, but they do not receive the support their importance demands. The clubs for girls should be organized in rooms similar in size to those they occupy as homes. One room should be fitted up in the simplest manner as a kitchen that could be used as a living-room by a family in their own circumstances. Here they should learn to use an oil-stove, that the discomfort of a tenement-house room in summer might be reduced. The girls should be made to understand that the aim of this life should not be the "having of a good time," but the fitting of themselves to meet future duties and responsibilities, that they may enjoy the blessings that come from knowing how to meet them.

No one realizes her deficiencies more than does the working-girl herself. Talking to a club of girls, I said: "Girls, why is it that so many whom we all know, just as pretty, just as trim as any of you, in two or three years after marriage are broken down, slovenly, unhappy? Why is it that the men they marry are as much changed as they are, and spend their time loafing and drinking when not at work?" A dead silence was the only answer. "Girls, do you know any who have so changed?" "Yes, indeed we do," was the answer given by several. "Shall I tell you the reason? It is because they did not know how to keep house. They were discouraged by their own ignorance, and became careless and slovenly because they were discouraged. The husband soon tired of the dirty, disorderly house and the slovenly wife, and found rest and entertainment out of it. Am I not right?" "Indeed

you are!" "What will make your future different from this?" "We'll learn what we should know." From that time on, whenever that club-room was open, you would find the members busy over little garments designed for one of the sanitariums at the seaside. As they worked some one read. During the winter practical talks, illustrated by the stereopticon, were given by physicians. Household matters were the subject of several talks; a library, which was used freely, was another means of good. Multiply this class of club by fifty, and you will have created a current that will revolutionize the lives of hundreds.

Boys' clubs, devoted to the instruction and entertaining of boys, that will open avenues of entertainment in themselves, should number, at least, one to five hundred of the liquor-shops that debase and ruin our boys. Entertainments to which fathers and mothers can come in company should be held at least once a month. Remember that with this class it is a rare thing for the husband and wife to spend an evening in company. Workingmen's clubs should be organized, where the members can meet and discuss the questions of the day with intelligent and educated men. It is time the workingman, whose opportunities for education are limited, received his instruction from some other source than a ward politician or a political demagogue, and in some other place than a rum-shop. Our recent elections have proved most conclusively that the workingmen are a force that will be felt more and more strongly every year. It is time that we recognized the fact that there are wards in every city where the non-taxpaying citizen outnumbers the taxpayer citizen by a hundred to one. These wards are peopled by the most ignorant, the most degraded of human beings. These are the citizens who make the criminal politicians of our time possible. It will take more than the jury system, or the punishments inflicted by law, to crush the heads of these political serpents. They retain their ill-gotten gains, and return to their little kingdoms crowned heroes.

Who is to change these conditions? The intelligent men and women who value the future of the city; who have a care for the children about their own hearthstone; who would save their children from contamination and the sure misery that must follow if this large and increasing class is left in the condition that our present system of education leaves them — either the wards of charitable benevolence, their very souls branded with dependence, or in the equally bad state of knowing their ignorance and their inability to conquer it, and consequently slowly sinking through discouragement to the level of brutes possessed of immortal souls, dragging with them the peace and happiness of the nation.

Lillian W. Betts.

The Prevention of Blindness in Infants.

ACCORDING to the census of 1880, there are about fifty thousand blind persons in the United States. Of these at least fifteen thousand have become so from a kind of inflammation that is likely to attack the eyes of a new-born infant. It is not claiming more than statistics justify to assert that not one of these fifteen thousand persons would have become blind had the proper measures been instituted at the right season. Ophthalmia neonatorum, or the sore eyes of the new-born, is a preventable disease. In those large hospitals where

the preventive measures first put in practice by Professor Credé, of Leipsic, are in force, the disease is practically stamped out. But, unfortunately, all infants are not born in a well-regulated hospital, and a very large number make their advent into the world under the superintendence of persons wholly ignorant of the gravity of this disease, and with no knowledge of the proper method of treating it after it has once been established.

The eyes of the baby from one to three days old become red and begin to discharge matter. The officiating person pooh-poohs the idea of its being a serious thing, says it is simply a cold in the eye, suggests some simple remedy,—the mother's milk usually,—and promises that it will be all right in a few days. In a certain number of instances that is the fortunate termination of ophthalmia neonatorum, for all cases are not of the virulent type; but they all begin in the same way, and at the outset of any case no one can foretell to which category it will belong. The disease going from bad to worse, the infant is finally taken, perhaps, to a competent practitioner, and the heartrending fact is revealed that it has come too late. An irreparable damage has been done—the cornea has ulcerated off, and the child is hopelessly blind.

But even more frequently the child is not taken to a doctor who understands the case until the acute inflammation has passed away, and then it is for the purpose of having the "scum" removed from the sightless eyeballs. Any one who has once seen the look of anguish in the face of one of these mothers when told that this cannot be done, and that her baby can never see, will never afterward regard babies' sore eyes as an insignificant affair.

It is not the purpose of this communication to consider the subject from a purely medical standpoint. There are, however, it must be confessed, many practitioners in good standing who are shamefully ignorant of the whole matter, and to their criminal negligence are due the sightless eyes of thousands of their fellow-beings. With them it will be left for the faculty to deal; and I am glad to say that in our colleges and clinics young men are now learning the proper method of dealing with such cases. But it takes a long time for knowledge to percolate in a professional way from the practitioner to the people, and particularly to the class of ignorant and poor among whom the disease, from various circumstances of environment, is most rife. Many infants among these people are never seen by a medical man at all, and when they are it is only in a cursory and casual way, and not once in a thousand times, perhaps, is the condition of the eyes examined into or inquired about. There is about the whole matter a state of ignorance, apathy, and indifference, against which science and humanity are having a hard struggle.

The readiest and most efficient way of meeting and overcoming this is to put a knowledge of the dangers of the disease in possession of the mothers, and of those having the care of new-born children. The public at large must be made aware of the irremediable evils that are likely to follow from the neglect of what has been regarded as a simple and innocent affection. One medium through which this knowledge can be extensively disseminated is the various charitable organizations, municipal and private, with which our country is so abundantly supplied. Let every society or or-

ganization which has to do especially with women, have printed and widely distributed among its people cards containing something like this:

If the new-born baby's eyes become red, and begin to run matter, take it *at once* to a doctor. This condition is dangerous, and may lead to total blindness.

By this means thousands of eyes that would have been lost will be saved. There is no need to appeal to the humanitarian sentiments of the readers of this magazine; a simple statement of the facts is sufficient, we are sure, to arouse their interest and enlist their coöperation in such a work.

But there is another aspect of the subject which, if somewhat narrower and on a lower plane, is yet of no mean importance from the standpoint of political economy. Every child becoming blind in infancy is henceforth, so long as it lives, a charge upon the community. Instead of being, as it should be, a producer, it is a consumer only; or at least its production, even in the most favorable cases, is only a tithe of what it would have been had the individual possessed good vision. The total loss to the commonwealth of our nation from this source reaches proportions which are astonishing from their magnitude. A very simple calculation will show how very large this is.

The minimum cost of sustenance of a single person in our best and most economically managed institutions for the blind is about \$132 a year. The cost of the "keep" of these fifteen thousand blind people is, therefore, nearly two millions of dollars annually. But these people, if they had not been blind, would have been contributors instead of an expense to the community, and their net contribution to the general fund can be taken as at least one dollar a day on the average. Adding this to the cost of maintenance, we have the total loss to the commonwealth of seven million five hundred thousand dollars each year, and this takes no account of those made partially blind by the disease, and who are thus handicapped in the race of life.

In some countries of Europe the state has taken the matter in hand, and has made it compulsory on the attendant to report at once to the proper medical authorities all infants whose eyes show signs of being affected. In spite of earnest petitions Great Britain has refused to take any official notice of it. In this country three States at least have taken definite action in the matter. Two years ago the legislature of New York passed an ordinance making it compulsory on the attendant to report all cases at once to the sanitary authorities, and Maine and Rhode Island have within the year followed her worthy example. Several other States have, I believe, the matter under consideration. All this is good and necessary, and should be made universal; but of what advantage are statutes if the people are unaware of the danger? In some way or ways we must let them into the knowledge of what babies' sore eyes may mean. One method I have suggested, but there are others which will occur to some of the many thousand readers of *THE CENTURY*. And still further to increase the spreading of the facts, I trust that the newspapers of the country will publish so much of this communication as shall embody the essential idea of the great danger of the disease when left to itself or under improper care and treatment.

Swan M. Burnett, M. D.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SOME MORE BOYS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

Little Cousin Jasper.

LITTLE Cousin Jasper he
Don't live in this town, like me;
He lives 'way to Rensselaer,
An' ist comes to visit here.

He says 'at our court-house square
Ain't nigh big as thein is there.
He says their town 's big as four
Er five towns like this, an' more.

He says ef his folks moved here
He 'd cry to leave Rensselaer;
'Cause they 's prairies there, an' lakes,
An' wil'-ducks, an' rattlesnakes.

Yes, an' little Jasper's pa
Shoots most things you ever saw.
Wunst he shot a deer, one day,
'At swummed off, an' got away.

Little Cousin Jasper went
An' camped out wunst in a tent
Wiv his pa, an' helt his gun
While he kilt a turrapun.

An' when his ma heerd o' that,
An' more things his pa 's been at,
She says, "Yes; an' he 'll git shot
'Fore he 's man-grown, like as not."

An' they 's mustrats there, an' minks,
An' di-dippers, an' chewinks—
Yes; an' cal'mus-root you chew
All up, an' 't won't pizen you.

An', in town, 's a flag-pole there—
Highest one 'at 's anywhere
In this world—wite in the street
Where the big mass-meetin's meet.



Yes; an' Jasper he says they
Got a brass-band there, an' play
On it, an' march up an' down,
An' all over round the town.

Wisht our town ain't like it is;
Wisht it 's ist as big as his;
Wisht 'at his folks they 'd move here,
An' we 'd move to Rensselaer.

The Doodle-Bugs's Charm.

WHEN Uncle Sidney he comes here,—
An' Fred an' me an' Min,—
My ma she says she bet you yet
The roof 'll tumble in!
Fer uncle he ist romps with us;
An' wunst, out in our shed,
He telled us 'bout the doodle-bugs,
And what they 'll do; he said,
Ef you 'll ist holler "Doodle-bugs!"
Out by our garden-bed—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"



Ain't Uncle Sidney funny man?
"He 's childish 'most as me,"—
My ma sometimes she tells him that,—
"He acts so foolishly."
W'y, wunst, out in our garden-path,
Wite by the pie-plant bed,
He all sprawled out there in the dirt,
An' ist scroched down his head,
An' "Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-bugs!"
My Uncle Sidney said,—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"

An' nen he showed us little holes
All bored there in the ground,
An' little weenty heaps o' dust
'At 's piled there all around.
An' uncle said, when he 's like us,
Er purt' nigh big as Fred,
That wuz the doodle-bugs's charm,
To call 'em up, he said:
"Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-bugs!"
An' they 'd poke out their head—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"

Home Again.

I 'm been a-visitin' 'bout a week
To my little cousin's at Nameless Creek;
An' I 'm got the hives, an' a new straw hat,
An' I 'm come back home where my beau lives at.



The Spoiled Child.

'CAUSE Herbert Graham 's a' on'y child —
"Wuz I there, ma?"
His parents uz got him purt' nigh sp'iled —
"Wuz I there, ma?"
Alluz ever'where his ma tells
Where she 's been at, little Herbert yells,
"Wuz I there, ma?"
An' when she telled us wunst when she
Wuz ist 'bout big as him an' me,
W'y, little Herbert he says, says-ee,
"Wuz I there, ma?"
Foolishest young-un you ever saw —
"Wuz I there, ma? Wuz I there, ma?"



The Bee-Bag.

WHEN I was ist a brownie,—a weenty-teeny
brownie,
Long afore I got to be like childern is to-day,—
My good old brownie granny gimme sweeter thing
an can'y—
An' 'at 's my little bee-bag the fairies stoled away!
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!

One time when I been swung in wiv annuver brownie
young-un,
An' lef' sleepin' in a pea-pod while our parents went
to play,
I waked up ist a-cryin', an' a-sobbin', an' a-sighin'
Fer my little funny bee-bag the fairies stoled away!
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!



It 's awful much bewilderin', but 'at 's why I 'm a
childern,
Ner goin' to git to be no more a brownie sence
that day;
My parents, so imprudent, lef' me sleepin' when they
should n't—
An' I want my little bee-bag the fairies stoled away.
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!

The Truly Marvelous.

GIUNTS is the biggest men they air
In all this world er anywhere;
An' Tom Thumb he 's the most littlest man,
'Cause wunst he lived in a' oyshture-can!



You Dear Old Gotham.

YOU 'VE grown a byword in the land
For rank corruption and misfeasance,
For streets ill cleaned, ill lighted, and
For many an unabated nuisance.

Naught, naught within your courts is chaste,
Except, perhaps, a recent statue;
E'en that is far above you placed,
And frowns and points its arrow at you.

I love you for the olden days
Of Stuyvesants and Knickerbockers;
For those of Peter Pindar's lays,
When there were fewer bells than knockers.

'T was sport to drive a sleigh and pair
When Murray Hill a wooded ridge was,
And gallants knew exactly where
A certain place called Kissing Bridge was.

Then Wall Street was a walk for sheep
(They say that "lams" may still be found there),
And lovers rendezvous would keep
In Maiden Lane and by-paths round there;

Those days have drifted back until
They seem to-day like Old World fables;
But, dear old town, I love you still,
In spite of horse-cars, steam, and cables.

William Bard McVickar.

Observations.

THE masculine mind makes its blunders by overlooking details; the feminine, by seeing nothing else.

No concise, unqualified assertion is ever entirely true — not even this one.

If you are undecided as to whether any particular thing is right or wrong, you are in the way of finding out.

To be popular with men, speak neither of your misfortunes nor successes; to be popular with women, speak of both.

VICE is indulgence; virtue, abstinence.

THE man who thinks that what was good enough for him is good enough for his son, should pay conscience-money to his father.

ASK only the well about their health.

YOU can always get on with people who don't care a straw for you; but intercourse with those who love you has its difficulties.

If your *fiancée* smilingly accepts even the best of apologies for the smallest of inattentions, she is beginning to cool; and if you make many of them, you are.

THE world is at once very much more keen-witted and very much more stupid than we think.

IN these times there are no unappreciated geniuses; but there are a great many over-appreciated mediocrities.

WE pass our lives in realizing the truth of commonplace.

How dentists and dressmakers escape becoming irreclaimable skeptics as to the courage of men and the amiability of women is a mystery indeed.

So long as lovers can quarrel, they are still lovers.

PERFECTED humanity will live in a dead calm. All movement arises from imperfection.

FAR beyond conquering, women love to be conquered.

Manley H. Pike.

Opportunity.

WE used to go, a lot of us together,
To pick the May-pinks, when 't was fittin' weather;

And I would toll her off from all the others —
She liked me, 'cause, she said, she "had no brothers."

I always meant to speak, but, my good gracious!
She 'd scare me so, I 'd feel 't would be audacious.

And once she said, a kind of disconnected,
"A man must feel so flat when he 's rejected!"

Three springs 't was so; the fourth, I made my mind
To bring the business to some sort of wind up.

Says I: "Look here, you know I'm not your brother!
Give me my answer, one way or the other!"

She laughed until she fairly seemed to smother;
And then, "Since either 'll do, why take the other!"

That 's what she said, and walked off just as airy —
It takes a girl like that to be *contrary*.

She 'd said I would feel flat. Well, for that matter,
The flattest pancake could n't have felt flatter.

I stood it for a year; we acted pleasant;
We never met when other folks were n't present;

Till May-pink time. I could n't help but love her;
So I made up my mind to try it over.

I put ^{it} stronger this time; she turned white
As May-pinks the pine-needles hide from sight.

"I 'm promised to Elnathan Kent," she stammered.
I thought she 'd hear my heart, the way it hammered;

And something seemed to catch me up and shake me:
"I 'm promised, too," I said; "you 've got to take me!"

"You tell Elnathan Kent to go to Hades!"
"Why, John!" she said, "such language ain't for ladies!"

"I could n't tell him that," — her voice was shakin' —
"But I *might* say I found I was mistaken.

"And, John," she said, "if you 'd spoke so last May-
time,
I would n't have to spoil poor Nathan's play-time."

I seemed to see a thousand miles a minute;
My head felt just like fire and ice was in it.

"If I 'd 'spoke so' four years ago?" I shouted.
She smiled up in my face, and then she shouted,

And looked off, sort of absent, at a steeple:
"I 's'pose," she said, "we 'd be old married people!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

Beauty.

AMONG the weeds let bloom one rose,
Lo, all the field with beauty glows!
So to the plainest face a smile
Will lend it Beauty's mask the while.

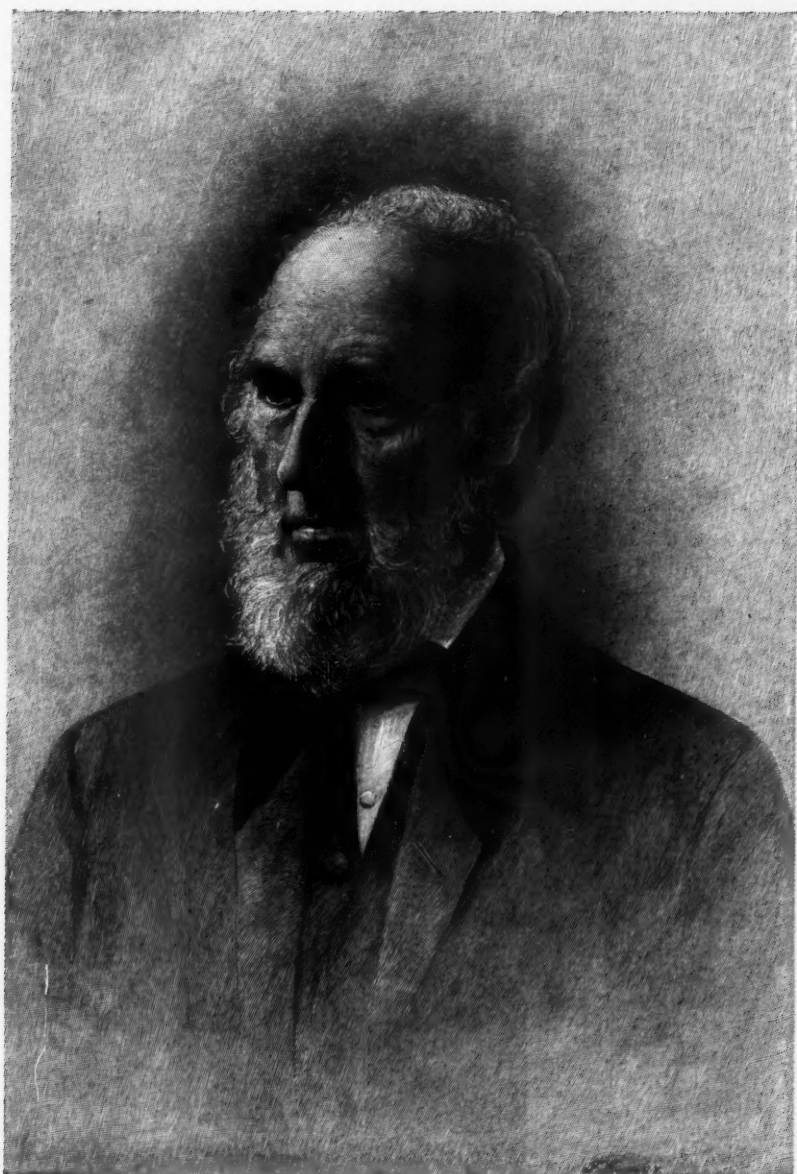
Frank Dempster Sherman.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sancted,
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any song
My songs that found no tongue,
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

John G. McKelvie

Sixth Mo. 11. 1879.



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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.